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MEMOIR

OF THE

Rev. EDWARD D. GRIFFIN, D.D.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM HIS OWN WRITINGS.

By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

MINISTER OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION IN ALBANY.

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E. D. Griffin

MEMOIR OF REV. DOCTOR GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE TIME OF HIS SETTLEMENT AT NEW-HARTFORD.

Edward Dorr Griffin was born at East Haddam, Connecticut, January 6, 1770. His father was George Griffin, a wealthy farmer, a man of a vigorous intellect, of great enterprise, and of a superior education for a common one of that day. His mother was Eve Dorr, of Lyme, and is said to have been distinguished for her lovely and engaging qualities. She belonged to a family strongly marked by good sense, and extensively known in the civil history both of the state and nation.* He had two brothers, (Col. Josiah Griffin, of East Haddam, and George Griffin, Esq. an eminent lawyer of the city of New-York,) and five sisters, all of whom were married. He was named after

* Her mother was a sister of the first Governor Griswold.

his uncle, the Reverend Edward Dorr, of Hartford, and was, in the intention of his parents, devoted to the ministry from his birth; a circumstance which was certainly somewhat singular, as neither of his parents at that time made any pretensions to piety. His uncle, who married a daughter of Governor Talcott, but had no children, would probably have educated him if he had lived, but he was removed during his nephew's infancy.

As he was intended for the ministry, and withal was incapacitated by bodily indisposition to labour much upon the farm, he was kept almost constantly at school up to the time of his entering college. His preparatory studies were chiefly under the Reverend Joseph Vaill, of Hadlyme, towards whom he continued till the close of life to cherish the most grateful and filial veneration.

In September, 1786, he became a member of Yale College. Here he distinguished himself in every department of study, and gave unequivocal indications of a commanding and splendid intellect. He graduated with the highest honors of his class, in 1790.

While he was at home during one of his college vacations, a circumstance occurred by means of which he had well nigh lost his life. His father had a fine young horse, whose spirit no one had been able to subdue. Edward mounted him, rode him for several hours, and returned in high spirits, declaring that he would have him for his Bucephalus. Shortly after he mounted him a second time, upon which the horse instantly stood erect upon his hind feet,

and fell backwards upon Edward with his whole weight. When he was taken up, all signs of animation had fled, and his friends for some time supposed that the vital principle was gone. By the blessing of God, however, upon the vigorous applications that were made to his body, he gradually revived, and at no distant period was able to return to college and prosecute his studies with his accustomed alacrity.

The following account of the commencement and progress of his religious impressions is extracted from some brief recollections of his early life, which he committed to writing but a short time previous to his death.

I had religious impressions occasionally from my earliest childhood. When I was quite young, certainly not more than four or five years old, one of my companions, a little older than myself, told me, while in the fields, about death and a future state. I remember I was deeply affected. My mother afterwards informed me that I came home weeping, and asked her about these things, and appeared not to get over it all day. In later life I have often been affected at the condescension of Him who frequently visited a poor, ignorant, wicked child, and forced him into the secret corner to pray. I remember some instances in which my prayers were so earnest that I thought I should prevail, and was determined to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Once in a time of sickness, my distress of mind was succeeded by a hope; but it was full of self-righteousness, saying to others, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou." I remember that, in looking around among those I knew, I could see none whom I would allow to be christians. They all fell short of the standard which I had erected. With all these motions of conscience, I know not that any person supposed that I was other than a thoughtless, light and playful child.

I went to college in hope of being fitted for the ministry. I not unfrequently attended the Saturday evening prayer meeting, and found my conscience affected by it. I used to calculate that if I were not converted while in college, I should probably die in my sins. I always shrunk with horror at the idea of going into the ministry without religion. If then I should not be a christian when I graduated, I should study law; and the temptations of that life and society would carry me farther and farther from God, and in all probability would seal my ruin. Thus I calculated. Still I remained unchanged. When I entered my senior year, I thought it was high time to fix on my future course; and as God had not changed my heart, I said to myself, "What should I wait for the Lord any longer?" (2 Kings vi. 33.) and devoted myself to the law. For nearly two years I threw off the restraints of conscience, and made up my mind to be a man of the world; but my habits and sense of propriety kept me from vicious courses.

After I graduated, I engaged as principal of an academy at Derby, about ten miles west of New-Haven, where I spent nine of the gayest months of my life. In July, 1791, I was taken sick. The thought which I had frequently had before in sickness returned upon me with greater power: "If I cannot bear this for a short time, how can I bear the pains of hell forever?" I have no distinct recollection of the exercises which accompanied this uneasiness. I can only say that I found myself resolved to lead a different life, and to devote myself to the service of God. I had often formed such a resolution, but this seemed to be more deep and real than any which I had formed before. That was all I knew about myself. After my recovery, these thoughts continued and increased; but it was two or three months before I durst conclude that I was a child of God. Still the thought of changing my profession never entered my mind. I have often wondered how this could be; but I believe it arose from a natural fixedness of purpose, which renders it difficult for me to change. One Sabbath, in the course of that fall, my mind was strangely

tried throughout the day with occasional thoughts about my future course as a lawyer,—the wide separation from domestic friends it would occasion, &c. The course appeared more fraught with trials than ever it had done before. Still not a thought of change once crossed my mind, any more than though there had been but one profession. After the second service I returned to my lodgings, and taking a small Bible and *putting it under my arm*, started for my chamber. A stray thought, as I passed through the room, occurred to me—"I have seen ministers carry a Bible thus to the meeting-house." The question instantly came back upon me—"And why should not *you* be a minister?" It made no impression. "And why should not *you* be a minister?" Still I turned it off. "And why should not *you* be a minister?" By the time I had reached the top of the stairs, this question had been thrown back upon me so often, and seemingly by another, that I was brought to a solemn resolution to examine it seriously. I had little christian experience or knowledge, and probably was presumptuous in looking for guidance to the passages to which I should open: but so it was. I prayed most earnestly that God would reveal my duty by the portion of scripture to which he should direct me, and then opened the Bible and read. I did this several times, and every time opened to something which seemed, at least to my imagination, in favor of the change. I turned then to the thing itself. I had not gone too far to change. That was the time of life for me to choose a profession. I had finished my academical education. I hoped I possessed religion: I had looked forward to the ministry in case I should obtain that qualification, though of late I had wholly lost sight of the object. Why should I not return to it? I was afraid I was tempting God by asking for direction in the way I did: but I ventured to entreat him to guide me again, and I would ask but that once; and I opened to Christ's sermon on the mount. Instantly the whole character of Christ as a *preacher* opened to my view. There had never been but one perfect example: And how did he spend his time in his passage through this world? Not in contending who should

have that flock of sheep or that piece of ground, but in preaching the everlasting gospel and plucking souls as brands from the burnings. My mind was settled at once. From the time the thought had first occurred to me, till my purpose was as fixed as it ever has been since, was not more than half or three quarters of an hour. I had been habituated, with my proud heart, to pour contempt on the ministry; and it presented itself before me, at that moment, as "the loss of all things." I had been accustomed, with my vain mind, to anticipate the highest civil honors in the profession of the law. The disappointment which I should bring to friends by this relinquishment, stood full before me. And yet with all this sacrifice on the one hand, and all this contempt on the other, I chose to be a minister. I hugged the cross. And though the age of missions had not yet dawned, I well remember that, in Dr. Craft's chamber, that memorable afternoon, I felt that I should be willing to spend my days among the pagans of the wilderness, if such should be the will of God.

Shortly after this he commenced his theological studies under the direction of the Reverend Dr. Jonathan Edwards of New-Haven, afterwards President of Union College. While attending to his duties as an instructor, he pursued the course of reading which Dr. Edwards pointed out, and wrote extensively on his system of theological questions.

In the spring of 1792 he joined the congregational church at Derby, and soon after left the academy and returned to East-Haddam, where he had the smallpox. That disorder having left his eyes weak, he spent part of the summer at his father's house. Here he found himself in peculiarly trying circumstances. He was the only professor of religion in a family of ten; and neither his regard for his relatives, nor his convictions of duty, would suffer him

to remain silent upon what was with himself the all-engrossing subject. He conversed with them earnestly and affectionately, beseeching them with tears to attend to the things that belonged to their peace; and the event proved that his labors and struggles in their behalf were not in vain. Nor was his influence confined to his own family; for he statedly attended a prayer meeting in the neighborhood, at which those who were much older in the christian life than himself found themselves at once quickened and edified by his fervent prayers and thrilling addresses.

The latter part of the summer and most of the autumn he passed at New-Haven, completing his theological studies. He was licensed to preach, by the West Association of New-Haven County, on the last day of October. Early in November he returned to his father's house, and on the evening of the next day accompanied his youngest sister to a prayer meeting at the place where he had been accustomed to attend. When she left the meeting she took his arm, and burst into tears, saying, "The singing of those christians convinces me that they have something which I want." That, as he afterwards declared, was to him a moment of great triumph. When they arrived at home, his father's family, and his brother's family in the neighborhood, were made acquainted with the fact; and while his sister lay weeping in anguish of spirit, he was making his appeals to those around him. "That," said he, "was the beginning of American revivals, so far as they fell under my personal ob-

servation; and from that moment I know they have never ceased." His youngest sister, his mother, his brother's wife, and several others of the family were brought to hope in God's forgiving mercy; and before any breach was made in the domestic circle, all were members of the church but two.

His first sermon was preached November 10, 1792, at Hadlyme, in the pulpit of his venerable friend under whose tuition he had been fitted for college. In January succeeding he commenced his labors at New-Salem, a small village about seven miles from his father's house, and continued there till the last of May. His preaching was almost immediately attended by manifest tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit. A revival of great power commenced, and a church was gathered where there had not been one for more than forty years. In New-Salem, and the parts of East Haddam and Lyme adjacent to it, about one hundred were hopefully added to the Lord.

In the early part of June, 1793, he commenced preaching at Farmington as a candidate for settlement. The manner in which he was there received, and the circumstances which prevented his becoming the pastor of the church, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Noah Porter, D. D. then a member, now the minister, of the congregation to which Mr. Griffin was called.

"There are few men whom I remember with more affection than Dr. Griffin. He was the first minister of Christ of whose preaching I have any distinct recollection, or from whom I received any deep and permanent sense of divine things. I was twelve years old when he preached in this

town; and I remember his person, attitude, dress, modulations of voice, and some of his texts and illustrations, as though they were presented but yesterday. Simplicity and impressiveness you know were remarkable characteristics of his preaching. All was on a level with the capacity of a child. It was not till two or three years after this that I began to consider myself a christian; but the impressions of truth which I received from him have probably contributed more to make me what I am, (so far as there is any thing good belonging to me,) than what I have received by means of any other man.

"In the year 1796, a committee of the church, of which the late Governor Treadwell was a member, was appointed to draw up 'a compendious history of the church from its origin' to that time. This was done by Gov. Treadwell; and the extract which I am about to give you, contains the answers to some of the inquiries suggested in your letter. For several years previous to Dr. Griffin's introduction to this pulpit, the society had been divided; and the mutual animosities of the parties were sometimes violent; first relative to Mr. Olcott, for some years pastor of the church; and after his dismission, relative to Mr. Jonathan Brown, a candidate for the ministry, who preached here immediately before Dr. Griffin, and had warm admirers in the society, but to the greater and better part of the church was unacceptable. 'Mr. Brown,' the record says, 'preached here till March, 1793,' and adds, 'After he had left us several efforts were made by his friends to recall him, but without success. The society then invited Mr. Edward Dorr Griffin to supply the pulpit. He accordingly supplied it until December then next, with great ability and reputation; when, having been invited by the society, the church called him to the work of the ministry almost unanimously; and temporalities being adjusted, he accepted the invitation in April, 1794; and in May following a council was called to ordain him. But a formidable opposition, consisting chiefly of those who felt aggrieved at the loss of Mr. Brown and of those who differed from Mr. G. and the church on the

subject of baptism and the doctrines of grace, remonstrated before the council; which, after a hearing, determined not to proceed, principally by reason of objections against some of the members of the council, and against the form of the contract between the society and Mr. Griffin. Wherefore, as no decision was had on the merits, the church in the month of June following voted to call a second council to ordain Mr. Griffin, with which vote the society concurred. Accordingly another council was convened; and the opposers persevering in their efforts, laid in sundry unfounded charges against Mr. Griffin, and the proofs not being prepared, the council adjourned: and being again convened, and the evidences taken, Mr. Griffin was acquitted with honor, and his character fully vindicated. But the gloomy prospect before him induced Mr. Griffin in that stage of the business to request the council not to proceed to ordain him, if they judged he could fairly be released from the obligations of his contract; and accordingly the council, on consultation, thought proper to proceed no further.' "

In July and August, 1794, he preached several sabbaths at Middlebury, Conn. where he introduced meetings on week days as usual, and was instrumental of the hopeful conversion of several individuals. He also supplied three other places for a short time previous to the commencement of his labors at New-Hartford. In referring to his views at that period of life, he says,

I felt it to be a principal recommendation of a place as my residence, that the people would allow me to hold as many meetings as I pleased. I held extra meetings in every place where I preached, which was a new thing at that day. What then appeared strange, bating some youthful indiscretions, has long since become the general usage. I had an opportunity to see the whole field of death before a bone began to move. And no one who comes upon the stage forty years afterwards can have any idea of the state of things at that time.

CHAPTER II.

HIS RESIDENCE AT NEW-HARTFORD.

Mr. Griffin was ordained and installed pastor of the congregational church at New-Hartford, June 4, 1795, having supplied them for some months in the capacity of a candidate. Almost immediately after he commenced his labors, there was an increased attention to religion among his people, and a revival of considerable power succeeded, which resulted in the addition of about fifty persons to the church.

On the 17th of May, 1796, he was married to Frances Huntington, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Joseph Huntington, of Coventry, and niece and adopted daughter of Governor Samuel Huntington, of Norwich, Conn. formerly President of Congress, and one of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence. Doctor H. and Governor H. were brothers, and married sisters. Governor H. had no children; and Mrs. Griffin's mother dying when she was two years old, gave her and her brother Samuel (afterwards Governor of Ohio,) to her sister and her sister's husband the Governor, who brought them up as their own children, and made them their heirs.

In the year 1797 he commenced a regular journal of his christian experience, which he continued, not however without frequent and sometimes protracted interruptions, till the close of life. Under date of July 12th of that year, he writes thus:

This day ever memorable to my soul for the commencement of these memoirs, has been set apart as a day of secret prayer and fasting. It has pleased God, I hope, to return to me after a painful absence of several months, and after I had almost despaired of so great a blessing. May I be humbly thankful all my days that the Lord, as I hope, has come to look up and bring home his long lost wandering sheep. May the pains of absence teach me to wander no more. Alas, how have new relations, and the new cares of a family state, drawn my mind away from God. There are more dangers in every pleasing earthly scene than the inexperienced are aware of. Adversity, I find, is a much safer state than prosperity. May adversities uninterrupted be my lot, if a humble dependance on God and sweet communion with him can be enjoyed on no easier terms. Sure I am that the possession of the whole world for the same space of time could not produce so much happiness, as the absence of God for fourteen months past has produced misery. The conclusion is, that all the world cannot countervail the loss of God. I have now lived in God's world more than twenty-seven years. It is just about six years since, I hope, he effectually turned my attention to religion; and yet (with regret I say it) I have never kept any journal of God's dealings with me before now. By this neglect I believe I have lost much. May God enable me to be more faithful in future. I find none of my own exercises committed to writing, except a covenant which contains sundry resolutions, bearing date April 20th, 1793, with a space left to insert new ones; all which, with some small alterations, I will transcribe, and now solemnly renew in the presence of God.

Resolved, in the strength of Christ, to lay aside vain conversation, puerile behavior, excessive levity, pride of life, improper exertions to please the world, the lusts of the flesh, reflections on things unlawful to speak or act, impatience or discontent at the dispensations of providence, gloom and dejection contrary to the direction "Rejoice evermore," slander, flattery and deceit, self-sufficient airs, authoritative or dogmatic assertions of my own opinion, and every thing opposed to an humble deportment; petulance, harshness, and impatient expressions in my family or elsewhere; want of attention to please and to interchange civilities from indolence, pride and sourness under the garb of deadness to the world, careless disregard of the minute principles of prudence and correct behaviour; waste of time, and whatever is inconsistent with the character of a disciple and follower of Jesus,—a minister of the everlasting gospel,—a guide and example of souls, to whom those are committed for whom Christ died: remembering that the eyes of a censorious world and of a holy God are upon me, and that for every breach of this covenant I must give an account.

Resolved at the close of every day to repeat the above resolutions, and compare my conduct through the day therewith.

Resolved that it is best ordinarily to mingle more praises and thanksgivings with our devotions than is usually done.

Resolved generally to close evening devotions with fixed contemplations on the glory of God, of Christ, of Heaven, on the vanity of the world, &c.

Resolved to devote a portion of time on every Sabbath morning to contemplations on God and Christ, and Heaven, and divine love, and the great things commemorated by the day; on the solemnity of divine worship,—on the importance of the place which I am to fill in the course of the day; on the worth of souls, and the weight of the charge committed to me, &c.

Resolved to devote a portion of time every Sabbath evening, to examine into the manner in which the duties of the

day have been performed,—to apply the preaching to myself, and to enter into a fixed, full self-examination.

Resolved to confine myself generally to practical books on the Sabbath, and when possible, avoid writing sermons on that day.

The experience of more than four years has convinced me that "he that trusteth to his own heart is a fool." When these resolutions were written, they assumed the air of assurance that they would be kept. But alas, I find I have more reason to be diffident of my own heart than I was sensible of at that time. I would now, with dependance on the strength of Christ alone, form some *new* resolutions.

Resolved to set apart, as often as is convenient, days for private prayer and fasting.

Resolved to spend as much time as possible in making religious visits to my people, especially to the sick and afflicted, and to spend as little time as possible in visits where religious conversation cannot be introduced, and to attend as many religious meetings as are convenient out of season.

Resolved to pay particular attention to the religious instruction of the children, and to take measures to catechise them.

Resolved to be much in prayer for my people, to set good examples before them, and not conduct so as to grieve the Spirit of God away from us.

Resolved, as a husband, to avoid all petulancy and pretensions to authority and superiority,—to maintain a manly tenderness,—to be much in religious conversation with my wife,—to seek to help her onward in the divine life,—to pray for her,—to avoid idolatrous affections, and endeavor to support her, by benevolent sympathy, under the unavoidable trials of life.

Resolved, as the head of a family, to avoid harshness and severity of expression or discipline, to mingle decision with tenderness in order to unite in the minds of the children respectful fear and affectionate confidence; to reprove in a way

to convict, to talk frequently with them on religion, and to pray for them.

Resolved to avoid a stoical severity in my deportment, and to win, by a kind, affable address, the confidence and friendship of those whom it is my duty to serve.

Resolved to keep up an epistolary correspondence with a number of pious faithful friends, and not forget them in my prayers.

Resolved to avoid intimacies with the wicked.

Resolved to retire to rest by nine, to arise (unless it becomes necessary to have different hours in the winter) by five; to devote to reading and transcribing from the Bible and to devotion all the time until eight; exercise until nine; study until twelve; rest until two; study until five; exercise, rest or visit, until night; necessary visits and company excepted.

Resolved to begin early in the week to write my sermons, and to endeavor to keep some sermons beforehand.

All which resolutions may God, in his boundless mercy, enable me to keep unto the end, unless he shall convince me of the propriety of making some alterations in them. Amen.

Sabbath, July 16. I find that one great cause of coldness and barrenness in religion is the indulgence of vain, worldly, romantic thoughts. Therefore,

Resolved to employ my mind, when not engaged on other necessary subjects, in profitable contemplations.

How much more knowledge might I store up by a due observance of this rule one year, than I have gained in all my life. May God enable me to keep this resolution, for without him I have learned that I can do nothing. I find that my spiritual enemies will never be overcome without a most diligent watch kept up against them, and without a life of prayer. I would, therefore, though my own weakness is evident, wish to Resolve evermore to "*watch* and *pray* that I enter not into temptation."

Wednesday, July 26*th*. Last night a young man came to converse with me, who I never knew was serious, but who has at turns been anxious for himself these several years, and

has, in the course of the last two months, indulged a hope. The occasion, I must say, was exceedingly joyful and animating to me. It encouraged me to hope that God was again returning among us. After he went away I had the most precious season that I have had these fifteen months. My soul went forth, as I really thought, in prayer for this precious people, and for Zion at large. My greatest desire seemed to be for these objects. I could scarcely think or pray for any thing else. I was, as I frequently have been of late, affected with the great things which God is doing for Zion at the present day. O may thy kingdom come!

Sabbath evening, July 30th. I view it a matter of so much importance to ascertain with precision my true character, that I have

Resolved to write down carefully the result of every examination, whenever I can bring my mind to any point; that, by a retrospective survey of my exercises, I may always have before my eyes the summary of the evidence in favor of my adoption. In this part of my memoirs I resolve to observe, if possible, a more scrupulous exactness than in any other. God forbid that I should flatter myself where flattery may prove everlastingly fatal!

Examination. I have been endeavoring to determine the grounds of my uneasiness in view of my conduct this day. Can say no more than this: It gives me pain that I have acted such an unworthy, inconsistent part, by which leanness has been brought into my own soul, and my ministrations rendered comparatively useless. It is difficult to trace my motives any farther. My exercises are indistinct. Alas, if I had lived more at home, I should have been more acquainted with myself. I once pursued this duty with more faithfulness, until it became comparatively easy to search about my heart; but it has now been so long neglected, that I find myself a stranger at home, and have forgotten the way around the different apartments of my mind.

It seems at times perfectly incredible, and almost impossible, that so much sin can consist with grace. I have lately had

more doubts than before. My doubts increase accordingly as I neglect the duties of prayer, contemplation, watchfulness, and examination.

August 2d, Wednesday morning. This day is appointed to be set apart by me in company with some of the neighboring ministers, as a day of fasting and prayer. I would wish through the day,

(1.) To banish every worldly care and thought.

(2.) Strive to possess myself of a deep sense of my sin.

(3.) As the chief object of our prayers is to be, by express agreement, the advancement of Zion, I would wish to possess myself of views of the worth of the church, and of the importance of her being advanced.

(4.) Guard myself, when leading in prayer, against a wish to appear artificially ardent or humble.

(5.) Guard against introducing or joining in any conversation, even though it may be of the religious kind, which shall tend to take my mind off from the immediate business of the day.

(6.) Strive to ask all truly in the name of Christ.

Evening. Upon a review of my exercises through the day, I find much cause for shame and humiliation, and that it is much easier to *make* resolutions than to *keep* them.

Sabbath morning, August 6th. Expect to preach to-day in opposition to what is commonly called the *half-way practice;* to which many of the people are strongly attached, and which threatens to raise disturbances among us, the Lord knows how serious. Have also to administer the Lord's supper. It is my desire this day not to be actuated by a wilful, haughty resolution to carry my point; not to exhibit any imprudent, effeminate weakness or fear; to exercise a deep concern that the people may walk in the true order of the gospel, and that they may not break to pieces and injure themselves. I wish to go to the sanctuary under a sense of my own unworthiness, and apprehensive that my imprudences, negligences, and unfaithfulness, may have given occasion to the discontents which appear. I wish to feel humility and

fervency in prayer; to have close, fixed attention in singing God's praise; and at the sacrament to exercise humility, penitence, and faith, and make a renewed dedication of myself to God.

Sabbath evening. Have reason to bless God that he has given me a better Sabbath than I have been wont to have. But I fear I have not possessed a sufficiently tender, humble spirit; that I was desirous to convince my people that I was not afraid of them. Have felt the operation of spiritual pride in consequence of some enlargements. This, alas, is no new thing.

I fear I have been too willing that the people should send me away, under the notion of getting a better place. I have endeavored to correct myself, and have made the following resolutions:—

(1.) Let me not be so selfish as to be unaffected with what will injure the people, out of respect to private interest. (2.) Let me not wish myself removed from a place in which God has placed me and blessed my labors. (3.) Let me not do any thing to effect a dissolution of our connexion; but be as faithful, prayerful, prudent, and humble, as though this was the only place in which I could labor; and then, if the Lord send me away, I can go with a good conscience, with good reputation, and with his blessing. (4.) Let me be humble, patient, and resigned in all my conversation on the subject.

Examination. Have tried myself on the subject of leaving this people, and think I can say that I would not, by any means, exchange this for a more agreeable place, without God's approbation and direction: Because, (1.) I dare not run away from a place in which he has put me, for fear of carrying his curse with me. (2.) I would be where I can be the most useful, and that he can best determine. I think I would rather be useful in a poor place than useless in another. The interest which I am to take care of seems too great to be sacrificed to private considerations. Besides, I feel as though the pleasantest place without the approbation and presence of God, would be very unpleasant. "Give what thou canst,

without thee we are poor, and with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

I think I can further say that I would rather the Lord should determine all the circumstances of my life than choose for myself; because this will conduce most to the general good, and to my own happiness. I think the first motive is the strongest. I think that I wish the Lord, whose I am and who has an important interest to promote, to direct where and how I shall serve him. I wish to be at his disposal and command. I feel it a happiness that I am in his hands, and that he will dispose of all things so as best to answer his most excellent purposes. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." If afflictions will make me better, I know I am willing to bear them; or if they will help forward the redeeming plan, I think I am willing God should impose them, at least to a considerable degree. My heart is deceitful—I dare not go any further. And yet I must say, it seems that, feeling as I now do, I should not object if the Lord should take any thing which I have, if it would promote that cause which Christ died to promote, which is the cause of all truth and of all happiness.

Sabbath morning, August 13th. I expect to preach this morning from Genesis, v. 24. The subject has been sweet to me. I desire (1.) to deliver it with a sincere desire to maintain in future a more close walk with God myself, and to persuade others to do so likewise. (2.) To avoid the pride which is too apt to arise from the belief that I am delivering a good sermon.

From some symptoms discovered in the place, and from the increased desires of my own mind, I have had some hopes that my sermons this day will be blessed. The weather however looks so unpromising, that I fear few will attend meeting. But I desire to go, not discouraged at this, but believing that God can make it a most glorious day,—a day of extensive good, though the meeting be thin. O Lord, in mercy, I entreat thee, grant me this desire of my mind!

Noon. My thoughts have this forenoon been scattered, my

mind for the most part dark and dead, though possessed, I hope, of some sweetness in the duties of the sanctuary. How much need have I to preach to myself the things which I preach to others! O that I might in future maintain a more intimate walk with God.

This afternoon I expect to preach on the importance of the soul, from Matt. xvi. 26. May I be influenced through all the exercises by an humble concern for souls, and not be unmindful of my own vineyard.

Evening. Blessed be the Lord, I hope I had this afternoon some sense of the worth of souls, and some desires for their salvation. But yet much self was mingled with my exercises. Much of my apparent zeal, I fear, arose from pride and animal affection. If souls are so important as I have represented, may I in future be more concerned for *my own* and for those committed to me; and not sleep away my life in security, and amuse myself with toys, or at best with vain speculations, while thousands for whom Christ died are perishing all around me. I own I have not a realizing sense of these things.

Examination. The greatest desires of my mind at present seem to be, (1.) that God would reduce me to a mild, tender, sweet-tempered, amiable Christian, in all my deportment towards my family, towards my people, and towards the world. (2.) That he would direct me to adopt the best possible plan to promote the immortal interests of this people, and to spend my time, and to exercise my faculties, so as to answer, in the happiest manner, the purposes of my existence. (3.) That he would come down among this people with the powerful influences of his Spirit. It is my hearty desire that he would bow the hearts of my bitterest enemies with the influences of his religion. I find nothing in my heart opposed to an affectionate wish that they may be happy in Christ. I should exceedingly rejoice in an opportunity of pouring into their distressed souls the consolations of the gospel, and leading them to the Saviour.

I feel greatly pained with the opposite of a soft, mild, sweet

disposition. I am firmly persuaded that if habits of good temper are not formed in youth, they never will be, without almost a miracle; and age must be soured and ruffled with November storms. Therefore, with great seriousness, I have

Resolved to avoid every appearance of impatience in the manner of my conversation with all, and never to consider any circumstances sufficient to justify a departure from this rule.

Further, I do firmly believe that if mild, tender, lenient measures, attended at times with unimpassioned correction, and followed up with exhortation and prayer, do not effect the purposes of family government, nothing will. Therefore,

Resolved, never to speak to my domestics with any appearance of temper, nor adopt a system of harsh treatment of them, but to speak to them tenderly and mildly, even in reproof; and not to undertake to reprove them for every little slip, lest they grow hardened.

I must fix it in my mind not to expect every thing according to my wishes in those with whom I have intercourse. Others have to bear things in *me*, and why should not *I* bear with the weaknesses of others? It is no excuse for me to lose my temper, that others do wrong.

Thursday, August 17th. Resolved, (extraordinaries excepted,) to begin to write for the Sabbath on Monday, to complete my sermons Monday and Tuesday, and to devote Thursday to visit my people for religious purposes; or if any thing, when I am not on a journey, and when no fast, thanksgiving, ministers' meeting, or concert occurs, should prevent my visiting that day, to spend two days the next week.

Resolved, for the present, to devote the first Wednesday in every other month, viz. January, March, May, July, September, November, to correspond with christian friends and to pray for them, though they must not be forgotten daily.

Resolved to read some devotional piece, besides the scriptures, every day.

Resolved to set apart some day as near as convenient to the 6th of January, (my birth-day and the commencement of

a new year,) and to the 6th of April, (the next quarter, and not far from the time when I first made a profession of religion, and first became acquainted with her whom providence has given me for a wife,) and to the 6th of July, (the next quarter, and about the time from which I have dated what I hope was a saving conversion, and about the time of commencing these memoirs; also between last quarter day and this, both my marriage and my ordination took place;) and to the 6th of October, (the next quarter day, and not far from the time when I was first licensed to preach the everlasting gospel, and also about the time of first coming to New-Hartford;) as days of fasting and prayer. On these days I purpose to call to mind the events above enumerated and make suitable reflections on them, renew the dedication of myself to God, make suitable confessions and humiliations, and enter into a train of self-examination; review my resolutions, &c. Besides these, I will from time to time set apart days for special devotion, as God shall put it into my heart.

Resolved to keep a book in which to insert the result of the intercourse with my people, in my visits, and any names, or cases, or memoranda, which shall appear useful to me as a minister or a christian.

Examination. *Sabbath evening, August 20th.* I have been this evening examining my feelings towards God, the law, and Jesus Christ, and the plan of salvation by him. I have asked myself such questions as these: Am I pleased with a God who sits on the throne of the universe, governing all matters so as to promote the highest happiness of the universe; who, in the exercise of infinite benevolence, has entered on a system of operations most conducive to manifest and diffuse himself, and to complete a kingdom of holy, benevolent, and happy beings; who is perfectly pure and holy; and who, as the faithful guardian of the universe, has resolved to punish every thing which opposes its happiness; who abhors every sin, even mine; who has manifested his abhorrence of sin in the destruction of the old world, Sodom, &c. and on the cross, and in the punishment of my sins; who is

just, merciful, patient, and faithful; who has made discoveries of these perfections in the gospel, and in all that he has done for Zion, from the days of Adam; who requires himself to be loved and respected supremely? &c. Do I love the law which requires perfect benevolence and sinless perfection, and condemns for every transgression? Would I wish for a law any wise different? Have I any hopes of being able to atone for my sins? Am I pleased with the character and offices of Christ and the way of salvation by him? That he should have all the praise of my salvation, and that I should be exempt from punishment in consequence of the opportunity which he has given God to manifest, in his treatment of him, his abhorrence of my sins? &c. And after the most serious and elaborate examination, I dare not come to any fixed conclusion, though I hope my heart is pleased with this representation of God, and the law, and Christ. I think I feel ashamed that while so many hearts in heaven and earth are flaming with love and admiration in view of these truths, mine is so little affected by them, that I cannot decide whether I love them or not. Yet I solemnly determine not to give up the examination until I can answer decisively. I am resolved to pursue it to-morrow. And O, may the Lord give me light to see and know myself, and to love him with fervency.

Examination. *Monday evening, Aug. 21st.* This morning I pursued the examination which was left unfinished last night; but was again unable to come to any fixed conclusion. Have been on the subject, at turns, through the day. This evening I have renewed it with more fixed attention, and blessed be God, I have enjoyed more clearness of views, by which I have been enabled to render the following answers to the following questions:

Would you consent to see your house in ashes and to be stripped of every thing on earth to rescue your greatest enemy from an eternal hell, and to secure to him increasing eternal glory?

Yes, certainly: I would give up every thing that I could give up, of an earthly nature, for this purpose.

Are you pleased that God has given a law requiring such a temper in all?

Surely I am. What a most beautiful and glorious society does such a law tend to produce!

Does not God, by enacting a law to make such a temper general, act like an excellent being?

Yes, his encouragement of such a temper proves him to be a most excellent being.

Does not the manifestation which Christ has made of such a temper, cause him to appear, independently of gratitude, an excellent being?

Yes, benevolence to the great whole looks amiably, let it exist where it may.

If the law is such an excellent rule, does it not look desirable that every one should conform to it?

Most certainly it does. What beautiful society would this produce! What a foundation for immortal union, love, and happiness!

Does it not appear desirable that, in order to sanctify and honor and support this most lovely rule, transgressions of it should be severely frowned upon and punished?

It seems that any measures which conduce to the universal, or even general establishment of this rule, so essential to the happiness of the universe, are desirable.

Since it would have tended to lessen the respectability of this rule, had my transgressions of it escaped without a frown, am I pleased with the idea of not being pardoned but in consequence of the opportunity which was given on the cross to manifest this frown?

As Christ came to honor and magnify that law, (which he said required only love to God and man,) by his obedience and death, I am pleased with his coming into the world. Further, I am willing to be pardoned, and to have it understood that I am an undeserving rebel, saved by sovereign grace. I wish to have it openly declared that I was a monstrous rebel in opposing such an excellent law, in order that the law may be supported and sin discountenanced. I should wish to make

the declaration myself, and condemn my conduct before three worlds, if there was no other way to have it condemned.

Since I have sinned, and since it must be known in order that God's righteousness may appear, I wish to have it publicly understood that I am a vile undeserving wretch indebted to boundless grace for pardon. I wish by all means to have it understood that my sins are not winked at, and that God manifested his abhorrence of them by what took place on the cross, and that it was in consequence of this manifestation that he gratified his grace in my pardon, and also in consequence of the intercession of my Advocate. I think I rejoice in Christ as my prophet, priest, and king; and can with pleasure commit to him the care of all my spiritual interests.

Does not the belief that all the works and operations of God have the same design as the law, viz. to promote general happiness, and that he has the temper required in the law, make him appear very amiable and worthy?

Most lovely and glorious. So far as I can know my heart, this is the God whom I approve and love. This is the God whom I choose for my everlasting portion. How rich is the universe in containing such a God! With pleasing adoration I look up and say, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts. To him be glory for ever. Amen.

Examination. *Wednesday, August* 23*d.* Since Monday, God has appeared as sitting on the top of the universe, and pouring out the law from his very heart. Methinks I could trace this golden chain, which binds the world together, up to this heart, in which it in a sense originates. This view of things, I think, has given me pleasant thoughts of God.

I have in times past found it extremely difficult to gain a realizing view of the need and fitness of Christ's dying to atone for sin. This has appeared the gordian knot in divinity. I thought I could more easily see the propriety of his advocacy: but it was hard to see how *my* sins were properly punished, or any frown properly manifested against them, by the sufferings of Christ. Lately I have been particularly solicitous to look into this matter more deeply; and have by a divine bless-

ing been enabled, I trust, to see and feel the beauty and excellency of this way of pardon, and indeed of all the offices of Christ. I think he has truly appeared the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. I could, with far more understanding and clearness than ever, realize the force of that text, "To them therefore which believe, he is precious." Such a succession of views as the following, has led to a more realizing sense of the propriety and fitness of the atonement.

Might it not appear to the universe that God was an enemy to the sin of him who offered a sin offering in Israel? Is it not easy to see that, if the world sees me standing by a lamb whose life God is taking, by mutual agreement, in the room of mine, and on which he lays his rod avowedly as a substitute for me, the death of the lamb expresses God's feelings towards my sin, (so far as the death of the lamb is of weight,) and discountenances transgression, and supports and sanctions the law in its preceptive part, and as much, to say the least, in its penal part? If I am to be pardoned by Christ, the Lord expressly and avowedly laid his wrath on him as a substitute for *me*, as much as though I was the *only* sinner to be redeemed, and as much as though I was present on the spot attending on the sacrifice. And previous (in the order of nature) to my pardon by the substitute, there is as much a mutual agreement between God and my soul, that the anger which was about to fall on my sins, should still be expressed, and should fall on Christ, as though the agreement had been made before the cross. If then any resentment against a son could be expressed by resentment against his father who should purposely step into his place to take the blow, God's anger towards my sin was expressed, and the law vindicated and confirmed on the cross.

I think, in reading the 7th, 8th, and 9th chapters of Hebrews, yesterday and to-day, I have indeed seen the insufficiency of the ancient sacrifices to atone for sin, and the desirableness that so great a sacrifice should be made. How could the sacrifice of a pigeon or a dove express God's full abhorrence of sin, and show the world what an evil it was to transgress

the law? I feel that in proportion to the greatness of the sacrifice, is the law honored. I cannot therefore bear the thought of an atonement by a less sacrifice than Jesus Christ. I rejoice in him as my atonement, for the honor which he has done to the law. I do not wish to be saved without such an atonement. This, I think is the deep feeling of my soul.

EXAMINATION. *Saturday morning, August 26th.* Last night, in closing my prayer with "for Christ's sake," the propriety of Christ's *advocacy* rushed on my mind with new light. It appeared undesirable that any blessings should be bestowed on me for my own sake; for this would be patronizing my iniquity, which is the whole of my natural character. It appeared desirable that they should be bestowed avowedly for Christ's sake, that it might be publicly understood that they were bestowed in consequence of what took place on the cross, and out of respect to a perfect righteousness, that they might be removed the farthest from the appearance of being a favor to sin. Hence appeared the propriety of his intercessions for his people, and of favors bestowed in consequence of his intercessions. It was clearly opened to my view how that his advocacy was founded on his atonement for sin and obedience to the law.

My heart has been lately desiring to look into these things; to trace the spiritual glory and beauty of them. I never so realizingly perceived the importance of growing in knowledge, and of attaining a deep acquaintance with the scriptures. At the same time, I never so fully saw the impropriety, and even profaneness of studying these things for the sake of mere speculation. It looks like handling infinitely important things idly and carelessly, and akin to taking God's name in vain. O may I in future avoid this great sin, of which I have been so deeply guilty!

Monday, August 28th. This day I have set apart for special devotion, to seek God in regard to a journey which I expect to commence to-morrow. I expected to have commenced the journey to day, and hoped to have spent a day in devotion last week. But necessary avocations disappointed me in re-

gard to the latter object, and a disappointment (which at first seemed grievous, but now seems a mercy,) postpones my journey till to-morrow, and affords me opportunity to make preparation for it by a day of devotion.

My requests in regard to my journey are,—that God would prosper me therein, succeed me in all my business, preserve me and my wife in health and safety, and return us in due time to our family laden with rich experience of his goodness: that he would keep my house and family and parish in safety until my return; that I may find my friends in peace and happiness and enjoy them; that in all business I may feel my dependance on God alone for success; that I may be preserved from irritated feelings, and from imprudent or passionate expressions, in consequence of any diversity of opinions or misunderstandings in business; that I may be preserved from vain and wandering thoughts, from vain conversation, from a mean conformity to the world in things improper; and on the other hand, from sour, morose rigidity, and in a word, from being drawn away from God by intercourse with the world; that I may be preserved from any airs which would be an expression of pride and self-importance, and consider myself as a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, and as such, watched by a censorious world; that I may be preserved from the neglect of daily secret prayer in my absence; that I may enjoy my religious friends in a religious way, more than in former journeys, and derive more instruction, animation, and refreshment from them; that I may keep in mind that the honor of religion depends greatly on the conduct and examples of Christ's ministers; and that I may keep up a punctual observance of all my former resolutions during my absence.

These shall be my special petitions through the day. I resolve furthermore to devote some part of the day to prayer for friends, and that I will look over my memoirs and resolutions, make suitable reflections on myself, enter into a train of self-examination, and renew my covenant with God; that I will remember Zion at the throne of grace, adore God for light lately received, and make those common petitions which appear suitable.

Evening. I have reviewed my memoirs and find myself too neglectful in observing my resolutions, especially some which (I am ashamed to say) were almost forgotten; though perhaps they were not of the first importance. God grant me grace so to conduct myself, that these resolutions will not rise up in judgment against me. Let me ever remember, that "it is better not to vow unto the Lord, than to vow and not pay."

I have been rather desultory in my petitions to day, and have been not so clear as before in examination. I find it does not answer to seek God negligently, nor to think of enjoying a day of special devotion, unless the day is *wholly* consecrated to devotion. It will not answer to have the attention divided between religious and secular things on such days, and to resolve to devote only as much of the day to religion as shall seem convenient. Hours must be fixed and unchangeably consecrated. However, I have enjoyed some happiness, and I believe some fervency to day, and conclude with expressing a hope of the divine presence and blessing in our journey.

Sabbath morning, Sept. 10th. Last night I returned from my journey, laden with rich experience of God's goodness. Never did we find friends universally so kind and tender. We have accomplished our business more to our mind than we expected. No misunderstanding arose. All was love and success, and our temporal interest is better than we anticipated. Throughout the journey God appeared, more than in any former journey, willing to attend upon me whenever I was disposed for a moment to turn aside from the world to attend on him. He did not hide himself from my search. But I have abundant matter for self-accusation. I have, to a cruel degree, forsaken and forgotten God. I have abundant reason to accuse myself of vanity in thoughts and words, of levity, of worldly-mindedness and undue attempts to please the world by improper conformities, of idolatrous affections, &c. &c. Never was a visit more agreeable, so far as the world could contribute to make it so. And circumstances have been so ordered seemingly on purpose to give us a fair opportunity to determine whether the world or God can afford the most satis-

faction. And here I record it to the praise of our adorable Master, that the happiness which I feel this morning in contemplating the affairs of his kingdom, is far superior to any which the world has afforded during my journey. I most deeply realize how much religion is superior to worldly good, how much better God is as a Master than the world.

Wednesday, Oct. 4th. In consequence of reading the prayers of Miss Anthony, and discovering her intense desire to obtain more clear and transforming views of God, I have been led to reflect on the great difference between her prayers and mine. I have been, for the most part, asking for particular exercises of divine power, to produce effects in regard to me, my friends, my people, and Zion at large. And in prayer my mind has been more on the desired effects, than on that fulness and glorious sufficiency of wisdom, power, goodness, majesty, condescension, patience, faithfulness and truth, which there is in God. Thus I have stopped at the threshold, without getting into the temple. Had I in prayer been more intent to gaze into God, and had I exercised myself more in adoration and praise, I believe my acquaintance with God would have been vastly greater, and my mind more transformed into his likeness. Let it in future be the burden of my prayer, "Lord, show me thy glory."

Sabbath morning, Oct. 8th. Expect to preach both parts of the day from Exodus xxxiii. 18. May I, under the influence of a delight in the essential glory of God, long, through the day, to bring it out to view, in order to exalt God in the esteem of men, to show them what ground of everlasting joy there is, to prepare them to enjoy the good which is within their reach, and to prepare them, by proper exercises towards God, to compose a part of a duly proportioned, well adjusted, harmonious, happy universe.

Sabbath, Dec. 17th. EXAMINATION. I have a solicitous fear that I shall be left of God to fall into sin. This is my most distressing apprehension. I fear sin more than any other evil. But why? Is it for fear of public shame? Is it for fear of final punishment? Is it for fear of those dreadful stings of

conscience which devils possess and dread? I think the reason is, that sin is *wrong*, and is what my nature, in sober frames, abhors. Good men may have stings of conscience. And if the heart hates what the conscience disapproves, it is a proof of religion. Well, if I know what it is to hate, I think I do detest those sins which most easily beset me. I think I hate to break sac ed obligations and act an unworthy, wicked part. I think I hate to oppose that law and divine benevolence which seeks the diffusion of happiness. And if any good was offered me to be enjoyed in this world, I think I should choose exemption from sin and the free enjoyment of God before any other. O that I might keep my ordination vows and adorn my profession by holy examples!

Dec. 18*th.* Some years ago in a distant town I gave a poor disciple a coat. Last night he came, wearing the coat, and brought a boy to live with me, which I exceedingly wanted. Had it not been for the coat he would not have brought him. I was affected, and was reminded of the Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." May I never forget that it is profitable to lend to the Lord.

During the course of twenty-four hours the Lord has bestowed upon me four peculiar and distinguishing favors, and three of a less kind which are still worthy of more than common notice. Three of the four I had, I hope, trusted God for. The other was an unexpected and surprising favor. Is it not good to serve and trust the Lord? Indeed, he is a good Master. May I never forget the lesson which these dispensations have taught me.

Sabbath night, Dec. 24*th.* Have had a pleasant afternoon, though attended with some wanderings. Preached on the design and duty of prayer in consistency with the immutability of God. In the first prayer, had a train of reflections which left an impression on my mind of the folly of making calculations for happiness on worldly circumstances, and of indulging painful feelings on account of situation, &c. It appeared that all happiness must be derived from God, and that if I am bound down to the necessity of being happy in God, or being

wretched, I ought to consider it a great mercy. For, being in such a necessity, I have less temptation to forsake God for other objects. And I have learned that I cannot endure such temptations. If this situation be less calculated to wean me from the world, to afford me an opportunity to overcome my pride and other corruptions, to prepare for a life of usefulness and for a world of happiness, here let me live, and here let me die, and thank God for having put me in circumstances so favorable to my eternal well being.

Examination. Why is it that I feel calm and happy to-night? I think the following reasons conduce to this. (1.) A sense of the kindness and mercy of the Lord. (2.) More hope of his favor. (3.) More expectation and hope that as God has not cast me off forever, he will assist me in overcoming my corruptions and enable me to lead a holy, happy life. That God should own and bless and undertake to carry me through my warfare, seems the most desirable thing that could happen to me. I long to be delivered from pride, anger and vanity. The mercies of God seem affecting and pleasant. That he is on the mercy seat to hear when sinners pray, seems an inexpressible favor and happiness. The prophetic office of Christ, and the knowledge which he communicates, appear precious. It seems desirable that he who redeemed the Church should have the office of administering salvation to it. And the excellencies of Christ, his tenderness, love, faithfulness, and amiableness, seem to add a relish to the salvation which he imparts. Salvation tastes the sweeter for coming from him.

Sabbath morning, March 4th. This forenoon expect to explain the true character of Israel's God. I wish to do it with a sincere desire to lead the people to a true knowledge of themselves and of God. And I wish to be affected myself with a sense of the beauty of the divine perfections. In the afternoon expect to administer a pointed reproof for some growing evils in the place. May I speak with humility, with tenderness, and with effect.

Noon. I have attended to my mind, and think I can say

that the reproof which I have prepared to administer this afternoon, has not proceeded from any other principle, (chiefly,) than a wish to do good. I wish to administer it with humble firmness, and leave the event with God. If it gives offence, I think I can appeal to my conscience that I meant well. God give abundant effect to the reproof, and prevent any from taking offence.

Night. If ever I spoke with humble firmness, with a desire to do good, without the fear of man, and with tenderness, I have done so this afternoon; though the reproof was the most pointed of any which I ever administered. Upon a view of the whole, I think that I have (with as much right feeling as I ever attain to,) done my duty, both in writing and delivering this sermon. And if offence is taken and disturbances are excited, I trust I shall not be accountable for them. With God I leave the event; beseeching him to carry the truth to the consciences of all, and cause it to produce permanent and general good. Felt serious and happy in all the public exercises of the day.

Sabbath evening, March 11th. I did not greatly feel my sermons to-day; yet I had some freedom and ardor in prayer, especially in the first prayer this afternoon. Col. Gardiner's zeal, whose life I am now reading, shows me my own deadness and barrenness. O that I might follow him, and other saints, and the Son of God, with less unequal steps. O for a fresh anointing from God, that would make me more, much more of a living man.

I have this day been showing that Christ and his disciples are one in affection. And is it the case with me that I in very deed love the Redeemer? I think I am pleased to think that Christ came into the world to support the principle of supreme love to God, tenderness towards the poor, forgiveness of enemies, mutual affection and kindness between relatives, and general benevolence to mankind and all beings. He did this in taking measures that the *law* should not be set aside while sinners were saved. He sanctified by his death every just and excellent principle; and he appears excellent in this view. I

hope I feel in some degree unworthy of any favor from God, and feel it to be inconsistent with inflexible purity, (which must always be armed against sin,) to overlook my sins and bestow on me any favor but out of respect to the atonement and perfect righteousness of Christ. Though my duties, so far as they are good, are worthy of divine approbation, yet my character, viewing it at large, is unworthy of God's acceptance. My best duties cannot make amends for my sins. And therefore I consent to have my own righteousness disclaimed as filthy rags, and to have nothing which I have done the ground of any favor from God. In this view I think I approve of Christ as my atonement, righteousness, and Advocate. I think I approve of him as my Prophet, to instruct me in the grand and excellent things of God; as my Lawgiver and Protector, as the Disposer of my life, as my Physician and Shepherd, as my Captain to fight my battles and deliver me from the world, the flesh, and the devil, as the Head of influence, as my Strength and Comforter, as a hiding place from the wind, &c.; as one appointed to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to deliver the captives, and to give joy to such as mourn in Zion; as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and as my *all in all.* Such a Saviour I hope, I cordially love, and cast myself upon him as my Saviour from sin and death.

January 7th, 1799. Yesterday I was twenty-nine years old; and this day I set apart, (though my senses seem to be locked up by a cold,) to commemorate my birth day and the commencement of a new year. The Lord has once more visited this town. The sermon which I delivered in the afternoon of November 4th, I believe had more effect, through God's blessing, than any sermon I ever delivered in my life, especially on elderly people, who lay most on my mind. Last night I conversed with two men for whom I had felt very special interest. They both appear to be lately born again. My soul was overjoyed. It seemed almost enough; and I was well nigh ready to say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart," &c. Glory be to God that he has thus so soon and so wonderfully

visited this place again, when hope was just giving up the ghost. I here leave it on record, that he is a prayer-hearing and wonder-working God. My soul has lately been desirous of seeing the kingdom of God come throughout the world, and has had hopes that such a day would draw nigh. I think the good appearances here have afforded me more solid satisfying comfort than I ever enjoyed in an awakening before. Among other peculiar circumstances calculated to produce joy, God has fastened on a number of heads of families, the least probable and the most important members of the society. Things are just as I could wish, and every thing looks wonderful. Began inspector of the schools under the new law. I have lately felt much interested in forming a system of education for the rising generation in this town, which promises with a blessing, to make them a generation to God's praise. I have desired, hoped, and prayed that God would carry it through. Some murmur, but I leave the affair with God. I know not that I ever set about any business with more pleasure than this. It promises much. Every thing has the appearance of being ordered in mercy.

Of the revival alluded to in the preceding paragraph, the following detailed account was given in two letters from Mr. GRIFFIN, to the Editors of the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, and published in the numbers of that work for December, 1800, and January, 1801.

LETTER I.

Not having expected that an account of the late work of God among us would be called for, I have not been careful to charge my mind with particulars. Many impressive circumstances, which, had they stood alone, would not have been soon forgotten, have given place to others, which in their turn arrested and engrossed the attention. A succinct and general account shall however be attempted.

The work of divine grace among us, three years ago, by

which nearly fifty persons were hopefully added to the Lord, had not wholly ceased to produce effects on the people generally, when the late scene of mercy and wonder commenced. In the interval, several were, in the judgment of charity, "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works." It is not known, however, that any thing took place in the summer of 1798, which had immediate connection with the present work, unless it were some trying conflicts in a number of praying minds, which appeared to humble and prepare them for the blessings and the duties of the ensuing winter.

Late in October, 1798, the people frequently hearing of the display of divine grace in West Simsbury, were increasingly impressed with the information. Our conferences soon became more crowded and evinced deeper feeling. Serious people began to break their minds to each other; and it was discovered (so far were present impressions from being the effect of mere *sympathy*) that there had been, for a considerable time, in their minds, special desires for the revival of religion; while each one, unapprized of his neighbor's feelings, had supposed his exercises peculiar to himself. It was soon agreed to institute a secret meeting for the express purpose of praying for effusions of the Spirit; which was the scene of such wrestlings as are not, it is apprehended, commonly experienced. Several circumstances conspired to increase our anxiety. The glorious work had already begun in Torringford, and the cloud appeared to be going all around us. It seemed as though Providence, by avoiding us, designed to bring to remembrance our past abuses of his grace. Besides, having been so recently visited with distinguishing favors, we dared not allow ourselves to expect a repetition of them so soon; and we began to apprehend it was the purpose of Him whom we had lately grieved from among us, that we should, for penalty, stand alone parched up in sight of surrounding showers. We considered what must be the probable fate of the risen generation, if we were to see no more of "the days that were past" for a number of years, and the apprehension that we might not caused sensations more easily felt than described.

This was the state of the people when, on a Sabbath in the month of November, it was the sovereign pleasure of a most merciful God, very sensibly to manifest himself in the public assembly. Many abiding impressions were made on minds seemingly the least susceptible, and on several grown old in unbelief. From that memorable day the flame which had been kindling in secret, broke out. By desire of the people, religious conferences were set up in different parts of the town, which continued to be attended by deeply affected crowds; and in which divine presence and power were manifested to a degree which we had never before witnessed. It is not meant that they were marked with out-cries, distortions of body, or any symptoms of intemperate zeal; but only that the power of divine truth made deep impression on the assemblies. You might often see a congregation sit with deep solemnity depicted in their countenances, without observing a tear or sob during the service. This last observation is not made with design to cast odium on such natural expressions of a wounded spirit. But the case was so with us that most of those who were exercised, were often too deeply impressed to weep. Addresses to the passions, now no longer necessary since the attention was engaged, were avoided; and the aim was to come at the conscience. Little terror was preached, except what is implied in the doctrines of the entire depravity of the carnal heart—its enmity against God—its deceitful doublings and attempts to avoid the soul-humbling terms of the gospel, the radical defects of the doings of the unregenerate, and the sovereignty of God in the dispensations of his grace. The more clearly these and other kindred doctrines were displayed and understood, the more were convictions promoted. By convictions is meant those views and feelings which are caused by uncovered truth, and the influences of the Spirit, antecedently to conversion.

The order and progress of these convictions were pretty much as follows: The subjects of them were brought to feel that they were transgressors, yet not that they were totally sinful. As their convictions increased, they were constrained to acknowledge their destitution of *love* to God; but yet they

thought they had no *enmity* against him. At length they would come to see that enmity filled their hearts. This was particularly exemplified in a certain house, in which were two persons exercised in mind. One appeared to have a clear sense of this enmity, and wondered how she could have been ignorant of it so long. The other was sensible that she possessed none of that love to God which the law required, but could not believe that she entertained such enmity as filled the other with so much remorse and anguish. A few days afterwards, seeing a friend to whom she had expressed this sentiment, she was anxious to let him know her mistake, and informed him that she had discovered that she "hated God with all her heart."

In the first stages of conviction, it was not easy for the subjects to realize their desert of eternal death. But afterwards, even while they gave decisive evidence of being still as devoid of a right temper as those wretches whose mouths will be stopped by the light of the last day, their conviction of this desert was, in many instances, very clear. Nevertheless, even to the last, their hearts would recoil at the thought of being in God's hands, and would rise against him for having reserved it to himself to decide whether to sanctify and pardon them or not. Though the display of this doctrine had the most powerful tendency to strip them of all hopes from themselves, and to bring them to the feet of sovereign grace; yet as it thus sapped the foundation on which they rested, their feelings were excited against it. There was a man who, having been well indoctrinated, had for many years advocated this truth; who notwithstanding, when he came to be concerned about his salvation and to apply this truth to his own case, was much displeased with it. He was at times quite agitated by a warfare between his understanding and heart; the former assenting to the truth, the latter resisting it. He said it depended on God and not on himself, whether he ever should comply with the gospel; and for God to withhold his influences, and then punish him for not possessing the temper which these influences alone could produce, appeared to him hard. Before conviction

had become deep and powerful, many attempted to exculpate themselves with this plea of inability, and like their ancestor, to cast the blame upon God, by pleading, "The nature which *he* gave me, beguiled me." This was the enemy's strong hold. All who were a little more thoughtful than common, but not thoroughly convicted, would, upon the first attack, flee to this refuge: "They would be glad to repent, but could not, their nature and heart were so bad;" as though their nature and heart were not *they themselves.* But the progress of conviction in general soon removed this "refuge of lies," and filled them with a sense of utter inexcusableness; and in every case, as soon as their enmity was slain, this plea wholly vanished, and their language immediately became, "I wonder I ever should ask the question, *How can I repent?* My only wonder now is *that I could hold out so long.*"

It was not uncommon for the hearts of the convicted, as they rose against God, to rise also against his ministers. Several who had not betrayed their feelings in the season of them, afterwards confessed that such resentments had arisen. In some instances, the emotions were plainly discoverable, and in one, particularly, the subject was so incensed as to break out in bitter expressions, but a few hours before being relieved from the anguish of a deeply troubled spirit. Such things seemed to be satisfying evidence that mere conviction no more meliorates the heart in *this*, than in the *other* world; but serves rather to draw out its corruptions into still stronger exercise. It may be suitable to add, that these sallies of resentment were occasioned by the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, closely and affectionately applied to the conscience.

As soon as the heart of stone was removed and a heart of flesh given, the subjects of this happy change exhibited sentiments and feelings widely different from those above described. They were now wrapt up in admiration of the laws and absolute government of God, which had before been the object of so much cavil and disgust. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy and danger which attend the detail of individual cases, it may on the whole, it is hoped, be more useful than

injurious to confirm and illustrate the observation just now advanced by some particular relations.

There was a man, who, for a number of years, had entertained hope of his personal interest in the covenant; and being of inoffensive behavior, had given people no other special ground to distrust him than his opposition to divine sovereignty, and disgust (which he now believes arose from a self-righteous temper,) at the doctrine that God has no regard for the doings of the unregenerate. He thought the impenitent were thus too much discouraged from making their own exertions. Emboldened by a favorable opinion of his state, he offered himself some time ago for communion with the church. And because he could not assent to their confession of faith, he petitioned to have several articles struck out, particularly the one which asserts the doctrine of election. The church did not consent, and he withdrew. But so exquisitely was his sensibility touched, that he had it in serious consideration to dispose of his property, and remove to some place "where he might enjoy gospel ordinances." It pleased God the last winter, to convince him that his "feet stood on slippery places;" and after a scene of distressing conviction, his mind was composed in view of those very truths which had been the objects of his opposition. Since then, he has publicly manifested his belief in the articles adopted by the church, and has been received by them, to the "furtherance" of their "joy of faith" and "comfort of love."

Another might be mentioned who was equally opposed to the essential truths of revelation. Having the care of a school in town, last winter, he was required by the inspectors to subscribe to the belief, "that the *general system* of doctrines taught in the assembly's catechism, is agreeable to the word of God." He could not comply, on the ground that the catechism asserts, "God hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass." The inspectors, loth to lose him, endeavored to convince him. But this clause appeared to him so exceptionable that he persisted in declining, and would have left his school rather than comply, had he not at last discovered that the

phrase "general system" would leave him room after subscribing, to withhold his assent to the offensive article. Soon after this, his conscience was seized by the convincing power of truth, a great revolution was produced in his views and feelings, and he has since professed to be filled with admiration of a government planned by eternal wisdom, and administered by unerring rectitude.

It might perhaps not be unsuitable to mention the case of a man upwards of 70 years of age; who, belonging to the lowest class of society, and living in a very retired place, was extremely illiterate, and had little intercourse with the world, yet was possessed of a strong mind and malignant passions. Having conceived a strong disgust at some of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, he had given his word that he would hear them no more. Because his wife had united with the church, and attended public worship, he rendered her life very uncomfortable. On which subject I went to converse with him last summer, and am certain I never saw a case in which so much deliberate rancor and deadly hatred were expressed against every thing sacred, against the essential truths of revelation, and against the ministers and church of Christ in general. In the expression both of his countenance and lips he approximated the nearest to my ideas of "the spirits in prison" of any person I ever beheld. His enmity was not awakened to sudden rage, (for my treatment aimed at being conciliatory,) but seemed deep-rooted and implacable. His resolution of keeping from public worship he pertinaciously adhered to: nor had he any connection with the conferences during the first period of the awakening. Yet, disconnected as he was from all religious society and the means of grace, it pleased God late in the winter, to take strong hold of his mind. He continued for a while trembling in retirement; but when he could contain no longer, he came out to find the conferences, and to seek some experienced christians to whom he might lay open his distress. Being called out of town about this time, I did not see him in this condition; and when I saw him next, he was, in appearance, "clothed and in his right mind." Inqui-

ry being made respecting his apprehensions of those doctrines which had been so offensive, he replied, "they are the foundation of the world." Every air seemed changed. Softness and gentleness had taken the place of native ferocity, and the man appeared tamed. I could not help reflecting that a religion which will make such changes in the tempers and manners of men is a religion worth possessing. An awakening which produces such effects will not be censured by the friends of human happiness.

It would not consist with the designed brevity of this narrative, nor yet perhaps with propriety, to detail all the interesting circumstances in the experiences of more than a hundred persons, who appear to have been the subjects of this work. It may, however, be not unuseful to go so far into particulars as to exhibit some of the distinguishing fruits of it. The subjects of it have generally expressed a choice that God should pursue the "determinate counsel" of his own will, and without consulting them, decide respecting their salvation. To the question, whether they expected to alter the divine mind by prayer? it has been answered "I sometimes think, if this were possible, I should not dare to pray." When asked what was the first thing which composed their anxious minds? they have sometimes answered, "the thought that I was in the hands of God. It seems to me that whatever becomes of me, whether I live or die, I cannot bear to be out of his hands." Many have expressed a willingness to put their names to a blank, and leave it with God to fill it up; and *that*, because his having the government would secure the termination of all things in his own glory.

They do not found their hopes on the suggestion of scripture passages to their minds, on dreams, or seeing sights, or hearing voices, or on blind unaccountable impulses; but on the persuasion that they have discovered in themselves the exercises of love to God and man, originating not in selfishness. When asked what they had discovered in God to engage their affections? they have sometimes answered, "I think I love him because he hates sin, because he hates *my* sins." They

frequently have declared that God appeared altogether more glorious to them for being sin-hating and sin-avenging; that they were willing he should abide by his determination not to have mercy on them or their friends, if they would not repent and believe the gospel. One observed in confidence to a friend, and without the appearance of ostentation, that she had been so taken up all day in rejoicing in God's perfections and the certain accomplishment of his glory, that she had scarcely thought of what would be her own destiny; that she must believe she reckoned more of his glory and the public good than of her own happiness. Some declared that if they could have their choice, either to live a life of religion and poverty, or revel in the pleasures of the world, unmolested by conscience or fear, and at last be converted on a dying bed, and be as happy hereafter as if they had made the other choice, they should prefer the former; and *that*, for the glory of God, and not merely for the happiness which the prospects of future glory would daily afford; for they believed their choice would be the same, though in certain expectation that fears and conflicts would render a religious life less happy than a life of sensuality. Their predominant desire still appears to be that God may be glorified, and that they may render him voluntary glory in a life of obedience, and may enjoy him in a life of communion with him. A prospect of the full attainment of these ends is what appears to render the heavenly state the object of their eager desire. Their admiration of Jesus Christ seems most excited by his zeal to support his Father's law—a law, the glories of which they appear distinctly though imperfectly to apprehend. The Bible is to them a new book. Prayer seems their delight. Their hearts are peculiarly united to the people of God. But the most observable part of their character is a lovely appearance of meekness and humility. Little of that presumptuous confidence, too much of which has sometimes appeared in young professors, is observable in them. Accordingly they have not that uninterrupted elevation of spirits which in the inexperienced is generally bottomed on comparative ignorance of remaining corruption, and over-

rating their attainments. Accustomed to discriminate between true and false affections, they appear not to set to their account so much of the "wood, hay and stubble," as perhaps some have done. By reason of the views they have had of the deceitfulness of their hearts, and the comparison and examination they have made to discover how near in appearance false religion lies to the true, they have great diffidence and distrust of themselves. A sense of their ill desert abides and increases upon them after apparent renovation; a considerable time posterior to which, some have been heard to say, "I never had an idea what a heart I had till this week." Each one seems to apprehend his own depravity to be the greatest. They appear not to be calculating to bring God into debt by their new obedience. A person not greatly indoctrinated, but lovely in the charms of child-like simplicity, was heard to say, "I will tell you, sir, what appears to me would be *exactly right.* It would be exactly right for me to live thirty or forty years in the world without ever sinning again, and be serving God all the time; and then it would be just right for me to be sent to hell for what I have already done." The hopeful subjects of the work as yet exhibit "fruits meet for repentance." Some we have had opportunity to see under the pressure of heavy afflictions; who have seemed calmly to acquiesce in the dispensations of providence.

In giving the foregoing description, special care has been taken not to paint an ideal image of what they *ought to be*, but scrupulously to delineate the views and exercises which they have really expressed. In these views and exercises they have, however, circumstantially differed; some having been first and chiefly affected with the beauty of the divine law; others, with the glories and all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ; others, with the divine perfections generally; others, and perhaps the greatest number, with the fitness of divine sovereignty. Some have been for a great while, others, a much shorter time, under trouble of mind. One man in advanced life, who had lately been only a little more thoughtful than common, in this state retired to rest, and was suddenly seized with pow-

erful and very distinct convictions of truth, and in the judgment of charity, almost immediately passed to uncommonly clear exercises of love to God and his kingdom.

With the gift of grace, some have received an uncommon gift of prayer. A man who formerly had not been disposed to give much credit to religion, falling into a conference of young people one evening, and hearing a prayer made by an illiterate youth, was much surprised and even convinced; and afterwards observed, that he was satisfied such a prayer could not, a few months before, have possibly dropt from those lips.

It is believed that the outlines of this narrative, equally describe the features and fruits of this extensive, (and may we not add, genuine and remarkably pure) work, in at least fifty or sixty adjacent congregations. It is proposed shortly to give you a more entire picture of it, as it relates to this place; till then, I am, &c.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

New-Hartford, Aug. 1800.

LETTER II.

In pursuance of the design suggested in the close of my last, the narrative, which was then left unfinished, will now be resumed.

The late attention of our state legislature to schools, has led the way to important benefits to children, as well in this as in many other towns. In consequence of the new arrangements, school-masters of serious minds have been employed, who have entered in earnest upon instructing the children in the principles of religion, and praying with them. The effect has been, that many schools have been awakened, and as we have good reason to conclude, have received lasting benefits. Three of the schools in this town were last winter under the care of men professedly pious, and very faithful in imparting these instructions. Out of these nearly twenty children, in the course of the winter, it is hoped, were introduced into "marvellous light." The knowledge possessed by such as we hope have been savingly enlightened by the Divine Spirit, is worthy of particular observation. Important ideas and distinc-

tions, which it has been attempted in vain to give to others of of their age, appear familiar to *them.* One lad in particular, in a certain interview which was had with him, discriminated between true and false affections, and stated the grounds of his hopes and fears in a manner very surprising and affecting. It was the more so, because the evening before an attempt had been made with children of the same age and neighborhood, and of equal abilities and opportunity; and it had seemed like "ploughing on a rock;" insomuch that the hope was almost relinquished of ever being able to introduce discriminating ideas into minds so young. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that in a remarkable manner it hath pleased the Most High, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings to perfect praise."

It is hoped that about fifty heads of families have been the subjects of this work; a considerable part of whom rank among the most respectable and influential characters in the town. This, however, gives the young no just encouragement to hazard their salvation on the chance of being called in at "the eleventh hour." Had they seen the anguish of some of these for neglecting so long the great business of life, it might discourage such neglect in them. Penetrated with remorse for the waste of life, and for the lax examples by which they supposed they had corrupted others, they seemed to conclude it was probably too late for them to find mercy; yet were anxious to disburden their conscience of one torment, by solemnly warning the youth not to follow their steps. "We are soon going," said they, "to receive the reward of wasted life; and we warn you to proceed no further in search of a more convenient time to prepare for death. We have been over the ground between you and us, and this 'more convenient season' does not lie before you. O that we could be placed back to your age, for then we might have hope. If you did but know and feel as we do the value of youth, you would surely better improve it." In language of this import have they been frequently heard to vent themselves, while despair and anguish seemed settled on every feature; all which,

united, produced sensations in the affected hearers not easily described.

The power of the Almighty Spirit has prostrated the stoutness of a considerable number, who were the last that human expectation would have fixed on to be the subjects of such a change. One man who lives at a distance from the sanctuary, and who perhaps seldom, if ever, visited it in his life; and who, as might be expected, was extremely ignorant and stupid; has been visited in his own house, and in the view of charity, brought into the kingdom. His heart seems now for the first time to be towards the sanctuary, though ill health prevents him from enjoying the blessings and privileges of it. Another old man in the same neighborhood, who had not been into our house of worship, and probably not into any other, for more than twenty years, has been arrested, in his retirement, by the Divine Spirit, and still remains "like the troubled sea when it cannot rest."

It has been a remarkable season for the destruction of false hopes. Nearly twenty of those who have lately appeared to build "on the rock," have been plucked off from the sandy foundation. As a caution to others, it may perhaps not be improper briefly to state the previous situation of some of these. One had supposed that she loved the God of Providence because she had some sense of his daily kindness to her and her family. She was the one mentioned in my former letter, who was brought to see and acknowledge that she hated the real character of God with all her heart. Another, having been brought up in gay life, was also very ignorant of the essential nature of true religion, insensible of the deceitfulness of her heart, and in full confidence of her good estate. Another, accustomed to contemplate moral truth, in the light of a clear and penetrating intellect, had mistaken the assent of the understanding for affections of the heart. Another had been the subject of some exercises in early life, which had induced the hope that he was within the embraces of the gracious covenant. But he had become a worldling, and lived in the omission of family prayer. Still, while under his late conflicts, he

would reach back, and fasten anew on his former hope, (which he had made little account of in the days of his carelessness,) until the power of the Divine Spirit broke his hold. Another had formerly rested her hope on some suggestion to her mind, (somewhat like a voice,) assuring her in time of sickness and anxiety, that her sins were forgiven. Another had been introduced into a hoping state in a season of awakening several years ago; since which, nothing special had occurred as a ground of self distrust, except that she had sometimes, for a considerable season, neglected prayer and spiritual contemplations for worldly objects. Another was first put upon suspecting and searching himself by finding in his heart an undue appetite for the gaities and vanities of youth. He had just returned from a party of pleasure when his conflict began. Another was the man mentioned in my former letter, as having been so opposed to the sovereignty of God, in the dispensation of his grace. The rest, for aught that appeared, were as hopeful candidates for heaven as many professors. From observing the effects which the light of God's presence had upon false hopes, a trembling reflection arose, "How many such hopes will probably be chased away by the opening light of eternity!" The Lord seemed come to "search Jerusalem with candles," and to find out those who were "settled on their lees." The church felt the shock. No less than three conversed with me in one week on the expediency of withdrawing from the sacrament. That same presence which at Sinai made all the church and even Moses, "exceedingly fear and quake," rendered it now a time of trembling with professors in general. Nevertheless it was, in respect to most of them, a season of great quickening and a remarkable day of prayer. Two persons have been for several months under deep dejection, which at times bordered on despair; one being extremely weakened by ill health; the other having experienced such dreadful heart-risings against God, as to be terrified into the apprehension that her condemnation is sealed. Some, after having had, so far as we can judge, a saving change passed upon their hearts, have had seasons of thick

darkness. One person, after the dawn of a joyful morning, was for two or three months overshadowed with a cloud, and by turns appeared in almost total despair, and notwithstanding he had such apprehensions of guilt and danger that sleepless and "wearisome nights" were "appointed" to him, yet he verily thought, (to use his own frequent expression,) *that he was as stupid as the beasts*, and that his stupidity was daily increasing; though to others it was evident that what he considered the increase of his stupidity, was only the increase of his anxiety about it. In other instances, the enemy has attempted to divert people from their anxiety with premature hopes.

We have met with little or no open opposition to the work; the corruptions of those who were not drawn into it having been held in awe by a present God. It is apprehended there has scarcely been a person in town of sufficient age for serious thought who has not felt an unusual solemnity on his mind. A general reformation of morals and sobriety of conduct are observable through the town. Family prayer has been remarkably revived. On the day of the general election of state officers, (a day usually devoted to festivity,) the young people of their own accord assembled in the sanctuary; where, by their particular desire, a sermon was delivered to them: and they went home generally agreed that one day spent in the courts of the Lord was better than a thousand wasted in vanity. Upon the whole, it is a given point among the candid that much good and no hurt has been produced by this religious revival, and that it would be a matter of exceeding joy and gratitude, if such a revival should be extended through the world.

In this work the Divine Spirit seems to have borne strong testimony to the truth of those doctrines which are generally embraced by our churches, and which are often distinguished by the appellation of Calvinism. These doctrines appear to have been "the sword of the spirit," by which sinners have been "pricked in their hearts," and to have been "like as a fire and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." It is

under the weekly display of these that the work has been carried on in all our towns. These have been the truths which the awakened have deeply felt, and these the prominent objects in view of which the young converts have been transported. The scenes which have been opened before us have brought into view what to many is convincing evidence that there is such a thing as *experimental religion;* and that mere outward morality is not the qualification which fits the soul for the enjoyment of God. People who before were of inoffensive conduct and of engaging social affections, have been brought to see that their hearts were full of enmity to God; and now give charitable evidence of possessing tempers, to which before they were utter strangers. It may be added, that some of the subjects of the work now acknowledge that they lived many years in dependance on a moral life, (and one of them, driven from this ground, tried to rest on the scheme of Universalism;) but they are now brought to see that they were "leaning on a broken reed," and no longer rest on supposed *innocence* or *good works,* but on Him who came to save the chief of sinners. I am, &c.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

In the course of the year 1800 Mrs. Griffin's health became so much impaired that her physicians advised that she should be removed to a milder climate. In consequence of this, Mr. G. presented to his congregation the alternative of either withdrawing from his labors and relinquishing his salary till there should be time to make the necessary experiment on Mrs. G's health, or of immediately resigning his pastoral charge. The congregation chose the former side of the alternative; and accordingly, in the early part of October, he left New-Hartford with Mrs. G. and travelled as far south as New-Jersey. Having received an invita-

tion from his friend, the Rev. Mr. (now Doctor) Hillyer, who at that time resided in Morris county, to come and pass as much time with him as he might find convenient, he availed himself of the obliging invitation and remained with Mr. H. several weeks. During this period he preached frequently in the neighboring congregations, and was every where listened to with the deepest interest. About this time the church in Orange became vacant by the removal of the Rev. Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Griffin was engaged to occupy the pulpit for the winter. His preaching here was attended by manifest tokens of the divine favor, and about fifty were added to the church as the fruit of his labors. The following letter to the Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, dated "New-Jersey, Newark, (Orangedale) March 3, 1801," describes the interesting state of things which existed during his residence there:

Dear Brother—

I have been hoping for a private opportunity to transmit a letter to you; but not finding it, and being unable to wait any longer, I sit down to write by mail. And I hope you will be kind enough to do the same by me. I have been waiting very impatiently for a letter from Mr. Mills, in answer to the one which, at his request, I wrote him. I will thank you to show him this letter, and give my love to him, and let him know I am anxious to hear from him, as I shall be from you. Give my love also to Mr. Miller, and all the rest of our dear circle of ministers; and let them know I shall consider it a favor if they will write. I want to hear all about you—the state of your monthly meetings—of religion—of all dear friends—and particularly every thing about my church and people, which you can possibly think of. Brother Washburn writes that your circle love yet to pray, and that Jesus some-

times comes in the midst. I long to be with you. The sweet days of other years, especially the beloved seasons on the well known mountain, sometimes come on my mind, and almost overwhelm me.

Those days are past, alas, to return again no more. You know not how much I miss that precious and united brotherhood of ministers. The ministers here are agreeable, friendly and pious, but I have not prayed, and wept, and triumphed with them. I shall never see such another circle. They were my first love. Alas! can they be mine no more? Let God ultimately decide this question; and let us submit. I hope, one day, we shall all meet to part no more forever. How transporting—how soothing will be that meeting after the tedious lonely years of separation! Oh when will it once be!

"March 4th. I had written thus far last evening, when I was interrupted by some people who came in to converse about religion. Oh my brother, with what words shall I acknowledge the most wonderful goodness of God to a poor unworthy sinner, who has trembled for fear that God was about to thrust him out of the ministry, and employ him no more in his glorious service. Contrary to all expectations, God has given me the desire of my heart, and suffered me once more to see his power and glory, so as we have together seen them in the sanctuary. The God who appeared in the little school house when it was proclaimed that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by,—God of all our former revivals—hath in boundless mercy appeared in this place. In some neighboring places he has been, for the winter and year past, displaying his glory. Latterly he hath revived our hopes even here.

"The first encouraging appearance was a crowded and solemn house on the Sabbath—next, we began to hear praying people express their hopes and desires that God would appear in his glory here. For two months the waters of the sanctuary have been silently rising. The prayers and tears of God's people have evinced the struggles and the longings of their souls. Lately the secret and enkindling fire has broke out

into a glorious flame. People who formerly used the language of the Red Sea, and who have since for years, been buried up in the world, now come forward to accuse themselves, and to lament with tears over their neglects. Others, who have had an indistinguishable hope for many years, are emerging into clear and joyous light. The more confirmed and experienced christians, who have waited long for the salvation of Israel, are triumphing and praising, and some of the aged, crying with Simeon, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart,' &c. In other cases all hopes are shaken. Generally, the dry bones tremble and quake; and some few, we hope, begin to live. A very great and increasing impression seems to rest on the whole society. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Some people who have not been to meeting for ten or twenty years, are out,—attend with tears, and are among the number of those that tremble. People come in from abroad to behold the wonders of God, and go away seemingly impressed. May this glorious work spread from town to town, and from land to land, until the world shall be deluged in a flood of glory, as the waters cover the sea.

Some alarming providences of God have greatly tended to promote this work. And indeed, every feature of it proves it to be a work of God, and not of man. And let God, and not man, have all the glory. Accursed be the wretch who could have the heart to pilfer it from him. I have not written half enough, but my paper fails. We have two crowded conferences in a week, one lecture, one private prayer meeting, and I am about to appoint a private conference for only the awakened. I have only room to add, that I am your ever affectionate brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

The congregation were desirous of giving him a call, but he discouraged it on the ground that, if the health of Mrs. G. would permit him to remain at New-Hartford, he was unwilling to leave it for any other place. The people of Newark, however,

without having previously communicated to him their intention, actually made out a call for him to settle as colleague with the venerable Doctor McWhorter. In June they returned to New-Hartford, carrying with them an infant daughter, Frances Louisa, who had been born during the period of their sojourn at Orange. They returned, however, only to make arrangements for an ultimate removal; for Mrs. G. had become so confirmed in the opinion that a more southern climate was essential to her health, that her husband could not doubt that the providence of God pointed him to another field of labor. Accordingly his pastoral relation to the church at New-Hartford was dissolved by mutual consent in August, though not without many severe struggles on his part and the deepest regrets on the part of his people.

CHAPTER III.

HIS FIRST RESIDENCE AT NEWARK.

Immediately after resigning his pastoral charge at New-Hartford, Mr. GRIFFIN returned with his family to Newark, accepted the call which had previously been given him, and on the 20th of October, 1801, was installed Colleague Pastor with the Rev. Dr. McWHORTER. The congregation over which he was placed was one of the largest and most respectable in the United States; qualified in every respect to estimate the labors of a most eloquent, gifted and devoted minister.

For nearly three years from April 1799, Mr. G. seems to have kept no record of his private religious exercises, owing probably, in a great measure to his having been, during a part of the time, in an unsettled state, and for some time after he went to Newark, greatly burdened with care. He resumes his journal under date of January 30th, 1803, as follows:

Spent the last week on a preaching tour, in the neighboring congregations, where a glorious work of God's grace appears to be beginning. Have been deeply impressed of late, with a conviction of a great mistake which I made in some former revivals. My mother's children made me the keeper

of their vineyard, but my own I did not keep. Being often engaged in public prayers, I thought it was neither necessary nor practicable to attend so much at large to the duties of the closet. And when I preached or heard preaching, I was so concerned for others, that I did not sufficiently apply the truth to myself, and my prayers were so much upon others, that I did not enough pray for the promotion of religion in my own heart. The consequence was twofold: I got away from God, and the duties of the closet have never been so faithfully attended since; and further, I was lifted up by divine favors, and had need to be left to fall into sin to humble me. But lately I have resolved more to seek the advancement of religion in myself, while I endeavor to promote it in others, and have desired to be converted, and to catch the shower which is falling around me. Lord, while thou art converting sinners and infidels, and giving thy people a fresh unction, I pray that I may be the subject of these renewing influences, whether I have ever felt them before or not. I desire to consider myself only as a *needy sinner*, and to put myself in the way of these influences which are shed down upon others. O why may I not be converted by them, as well as those around me?

February 5. I have just been reading a most admirable piece, recommending the dispersion of religious tracts. The writer possesses precisely those views of the superior importance of laboring for the soul, which I have generally had. It has inflamed my desire to add the dispersion of such tracts to my other attempts to promote (what I now hope I can say is my favorite object) the salvation of men, the advancement of that beloved cause which it cost the Saviour so much to establish. O to employ every faculty during life, and to seize every new measure to promote this object. To have pious tracts to carry out with me when I walk or ride abroad, or when I take a journey,—how would it tend to keep my heart, to keep my eye, on the great end of life, and to increase my usefulness. My soul swells at the prospect. O this is such a life as I desire. I thank God for the new impression. I pray that it may lead to great good. I pray that it may never sub-

side, but be increased, until it fixes me in the unalterable habit of striving for usefulness in this way. It is now in my heart to endeavor to engage others in this measure. Lord, if this impression is from thee, and is designed to lead to the promotion of a religious tract society, O give me wisdom, smile on the design, and open a way for its accomplishment, and may this impression lead to the salvation of thousands.

February 14*th.* I have been set upon conversing more with my family. I find it is the best, yes the very best, remedy against my greatest dangers. If my soul were set on the salvation of my house, probably salvation would come to them, and we should have a little heaven below the skies. I most earnestly desire thee, O God, whilst thou art making me the instrument of good to others, to indulge me with the happiness of seeing thy power rest upon my poor family. O why may not we be sharers in thy salvation which is so profusely bestowed on others? I feel a strong desire, and see the necessity, to support unremitted watchfulness, prayer and dependance on the strength of Christ, and to commit my salvation more into his hands. I think I feel more humble and dependant, and more of a christian temper than for years past. I clearly see that Christ can enable me to overcome temptation. The keeping of the saints amidst their dangers and fears, is by him who supports the mountains, and whose faithfulness changes not. To him I commit myself, rejoicing. I see by what wondrous measures he is now delivering me from my enemies which were too strong for me. He will deliver and make me a monument of his heaven-astonishing grace. I have been lately wishing to be taken up by some mighty power, and get forward at once very far in my journey, so as to have little to do afterwards to arrive at perfect sanctification. But this is a fruitless hope. I am enlisted in a warfare, and every inch of ground must be taken sword in hand. Those corruptions which are constitutional will live with me, and die only with me. They will trouble me through life. The only remedy is to live near to God. This alone is the water which will quench the fire. The moment I get away from him,

they will always stand ready to harrass me and drive me back. Divine enjoyment,—spiritual pride,—falls, humiliation, prayer,—elevation,—enjoyment,—pride,—falls,—humiliation, &c. &c. must be my round through life. I have lately found that I ought to turn my heart and soul more immediately to Christ, and like others, (of whom I have lately read,) mourn for the feebleness of my love to Christ. Could I rest more on *him*, I might support habitual pleasant contemplations, which render the mind more like God. I should then look less on perplexities, and fix my eye less on my miserable depravity, although I should not *see* it less. I have given up my worldly matters into the hands of Christ, and while I am caring for his interest, I see he is caring for mine. By some merciful interpositions, I see he may be fully trusted for my daily bread, and I think I can leave the rest with him.

If I know any thing of my heart, I am sure that I care more for the success of my ministry than for any worldly interest. And upon a review of my life, I must be confident that the three strongest desires which have habitually influenced me for years, are (1.) To be delivered from sin. O if this could be, I could bear any thing, and be happy in poverty and disgrace. (2.) To enjoy God. I think I surely long more for this than riches or honors, and would give up every thing for it. (3.) That God's kingdom may come. When I hear of any appearance favorable to Zion, my heart is glad. I would rather be an instrument in promoting this interest than to wear laurels for learning, eloquence, &c. I think I have had and daily have, fair opportunities to make the experiment. Since I have been in this place, I am more than ever convinced that I am spoiled for the world, that I cannot live on popular breath or the estimation of the gay. I cannot live confined to their society. The company of the pious, though poor, is far sweeter. I must have the conscience of good people on the side of my preaching, or all the applauses of the world are irksome and terrifying to me. I must have christians for my companions, and cannot live in the world. I know I have a dreadful body of sin struggling within me. I know that pride has much

influence in my best public duties, and has more influence on my deliberate and habitual conduct than any other wrong affection; but I think it does not govern. Still I ought to be cautious. My zeal to propagate the truth may be a proud and wilful desire to support my own sentiments. From the zeal which appears in politics, and among the most corrupt sects in the christian church, it is evident that this is one of the most powerful principles of the natural heart. And when I see the worshippers of Moloch flaming with zeal for their god, and sacrificing their very children to him, my heart says,—What zeal, what sacrifices, what willingness to resign up a child to God, can I depend on as evidence of true religion?

February 26th. Yesterday I sensibly felt for a moment what boldness and fortitude in preaching would result from disinterested humility, that should be perfectly indifferent to the good opinions of others as a personal honor; and saw how different was the assurance of a self-confident spirit; and had a glimpse of the principle which rendered the meek and humble Jesus so intrepid.

Monday, February 28th. Yesterday I went to the house of God under a great sense of my own unworthiness, and fearful of making attempts at eloquence, lest I should be influenced by pride. I endeavored to speak with all the simplicity and sincerity of one who had no regard to the opinions of men, any farther than not to injure the cause of religion, and I found myself much assisted, although I depended much on extemporaneous exertion. I found a solemn sense of divine things more beneficial, even to render my services acceptable, than all the flourish of affected zeal and eloquence. Let this remove the objection, that if I should become unstudious to please, I should lose my influence and degrade the gospel.

I have lately been so fearful of selfishness and pride that I have scarcely dared to move. I now see that their motions have been as constant as the palpitations of my heart, and have exerted an uninterrupted influence on my external conduct,—sometimes to spur me forward to zeal in the line of duty, sometimes to hold me back and to weaken my exer-

tions, and sometimes to turn my feet aside from the right path. Let me never again be blind to their motions, or be at a loss when to find them in my heart. O how can I bear to live with these filthy vipers in my bosom until I am fifty or sixty years old? But it must be, if I live at all. What can I do but resist them with all the strength that God shall give me, and take care that they are not suffered to shape or influence my outward conduct? But of this I am sure, that I must not omit or relax in a single duty, for fear of being influenced by improper feelings. I must pursue my course and strive to purify my motives.

When I see those of whom I have formed the best opinion, complaining and mourning for sin, saying that they view themselves the greatest of sinners; professing more readily than any other grace, a deep sense that they deserve nothing at the hands of God, that they have not the least dependance on anything they have ever done, that they are willing to be saved by mere mercy, and that God should take the credit of their salvation to himself; when I see them afraid of deception and jealous of themselves; I am conscious that all this is exactly my own habitual experience; but then I apprehend that my consciousness of being unworthy arises, (not like theirs, from a superior acquaintance with my own heart, but) from the obviousness of my sins. When I hear a dying saint say of her bodily pains, "These are nothing to the pains of sin;" my whole heart says Amen. With Mrs. Rowe I think I can certainly and habitually say, If God should bid me form a wish, and take whatever in heaven or earth I had to ask, it should not be the wealth of this world, nor the crowns of princes: no, nor yet the wreaths of martyrs nor thrones of archangels: my first request is to be made holy: this is my highest concern. When I hear the most humble christians declare that they have not the least hope of advancing one foot in their course, any farther than they are carried by God,—that they have no strength against one temptation—that they shall do every thing that they are left to do,—that their only hope for pardon, strength, and life, is in God; I know that I

habitually feel the same: Yet I fear that conscience may do all this. When I heard an eminent saint to-day declare that the days of her affliction had been the sweetest days of her life, I knew that I could say the same; and then my soul replied, What is it that can have made my afflictions so happy, if I had not true religion? My soul trusted in God that he would do right, and would protect me as far as it was best, and make the trials work for my good; and I felt a delight in committing the case to him, leaning on, and communing with him. Could all this arise from the mistaken supposition that he was my friend? But yet, if I love him, why do I not keep his commandments?

How impudent is sin! It would lead one on to commit the most daring crimes when conscience testifies that God is looking on, and would deliberately rush upon the thick bosses of his buckler. When it acts in an Atheist, it does not appear so impudent, as when it shows all its airs by the very side of an awakened conscience. In christians its awful impudence appears to the greatest advantage; which probably was one reason that such a body of sin was left to abide and work in sanctified hearts. Here it discovers its true nature, and shows itself to be as impudent as hell.

March 12th. A great sinner I am, and I have a great sense of it; but is it anything more than conscience? Could I so conduct myself if I had religion? And without it conscience would not sleep in a man in my station, and studies, and living in an awakening. But if I have a sanctified part within me, I have amazingly strong corruptions too. Yet if I have not a sanctified part, what mean these exercises? The other day, under an exquisite sense of sin, I clearly felt that all that I could do could, in the nature of things, have no tendency to atone for the least sin. I believe the feeling is habitual, and that I am not erecting a superstructure of self-righteousness. To-day the feeling returned, and while I was thinking what sacrifice I would be willing to make to escape the dominion of sin, I forgot myself, and turned in my mind what I would be willing to suffer to atone for what is past. But I was awa-

kened out of my reverie by the disgust which arose from such a thought; a disgust which I did not artificially raise; for my reasoning powers were so absent, (I not being in self-examination, but borne down under a sense of sin,) that I pursued the thought as though I expected to find pleasure in it. I felt that all the atonement that I could make (accepted or not accepted) was insipid, and had no relish with my soul. It was free grace that I wanted. If I know my heart, I am willing to receive mercy, and on God's own terms. My heart is submissive and pliable. I would come to any terms which God should appoint. I think I certainly desire, above all things of a personal nature, pardon by the mercy of God in Christ,—strength, and assurance of strength to carry me through my warfare, (the thought of being strengthened and loved by a lovely, all-sufficient Saviour, how sweet!) and a complete deliverance from sin; or if I must still sin, that it may be the means of humbling me, making me more circumspect, and exalting the riches of free, astonishing grace. I have, in a lecture, been studying to discriminate between true and false repentance; and have inquired, (1.) Is your sense of sin connected with a sense of the purity, holiness, and justice of God? My heart replied, Yes, as I wish not to make any alteration in Him. I wish him not to be less an enemy to my sins; but O for pardon and strength. (2.) Have you much anxiety for the sins of your heart, as well as conduct; setting a guard over small sins which are invisible to the world? Certainly, I have lately, as is evident from my late journal. (3.) Does your repentance produce actual renunciation of sin; making you resolute not to spare any sin, even those which may conduce most to present advantage? Does it render you meek, gentle, and humble, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits? Here I pause.—I cannot answer in the affirmative to all this. I think there is no favorite sin that I would wish to retain, whatever the renunciation of it would cost me; and that there is no duty which I would willingly neglect, whatever be the sacrifice or labor, or immediate consequence to me. I feel gentle, submissive, and broken—But ah! my

strong corruptions. When I would do good, evil is present with me: and what I would not that do I. O wretched man that I am!

Have been reading my journal. How solemn the review of past years! What an awful examination shall I sustain when all the sins of my life shall be collected together, and an account taken of them. Black has been my life; I need seas of blood to wash me clean. Egypt never was darker. Awful! awful! God be merciful to me a sinner! By my journal I was much struck with the distresses which sin has caused me through so many years. O let it not be suffered so to disturb my peace again, and turn my years into years of hell. If I have any wisdom I shall be taught with the briers and thorns of former days. In reading this moment the 88th Psalm, I perceived that good men have gone through dreadful scenes; and I could say with Heman, "I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." A momentary sweetness passed through my mind, while in his language I plead, "Shall thy loving kindred be declared in the grave, or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark," &c. In the darkness and distress which I felt about leaving New-Hartford, and amidst the apprehension, (like that of Jonah, whose sins I imitated,) "I am cast out of thy sight," the Lord was at work beyond the bounds of my sight to prepare this station of usefulness and happiness for me. This is fact. I see, therefore, that it may be the case, that amidst my present darkness, he is preparing for me joys for following years, and a pleasant habitation forever.

[Written January 9th, 1830.] A scene which took place in the forenoon of March 14th, 1803, I have never forgotten. As I was walking the streets of Newark, pondering upon my sins, a flash of light came across my mind, sending home a conviction of sin, which instantly deprived me of hope. I do not know that I could be more sure of being in an unregenerated state if I were in hell. The following dialogue then took place with myself: "Well, go to Christ, as you direct

other sinners to do." "But he is away beyond the hills, and I cannot get to him." "Well, ask God to bring you to him." "But the prayers of the unregenerate cannot ascend above the clouds. I have nothing to stand upon to begin." I felt then totally undone,—helpless and hopeless. I died then, as Paul did on the plains of Damascus. Instantly the scene changed. "Well, if that God who, self-moved, let down a hand to pluck Abraham and David from a state of unregeneracy, self-moved shall let down a hand to pluck me from destruction, I live; otherwise I die." I was composed in a moment, and seemed to lie down at his feet, and rest every issue on his will, without a struggle. And had the words of the leper been in my mind, (Mat. viii. 2,) "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," they would have exactly expressed my feelings; they would have expressed precisely all the hope I had. Was not this a casting of myself entirely on the sovereign mercy of God? Was not this resting every hope, tranquilly, upon his sovereign will? This I have learnt from the reflections of near seven and twenty years, to call the dernier resort.

In that spot, at God's feet, without asking him what he would do with me, I chose to lie, contented to have his will done, and fearing to know the result, lest, if it should prove favorable, (which betrayed a secret hope,) I should be proud. Thus I continued through Monday and Tuesday. But out of that death and submission arose the life and light that followed; just as in the case of the first death and resurrection of the sinner, his death to all hope, (Romans, viii. 9,) and his resurrection to hope in Christ.

The week that followed changed the whole character of my experiences and preaching, and made them permanently more full of Christ.

Monday, March 14th. I set out on a preaching tour among the neighboring congregations; and the Lord, both on this and former tours, has bestowed the greatest personal blessings on me, while I have been laboring for him. On Monday and Tuesday I allowed not myself to hope that I was a Christian, put myself in the attitude of an awakened sinner, applying

the sermons which I heard addressed to sinners to myself; pleaded for an interest in Christ; felt a tender conscience; was very fearful of pride and every movement of animal affection, which should lessen a sense of my ruined condition and total dependance on sovereign mercy; felt most happy in this state of mind; felt uncomfortable, when for a moment I lost a sense of my straits and necessities, and coveted the pleasure of lying, all my life, at the feet of God, trembling in uncertainty, that I might enjoy a sense of dependance, and feel after a precious Saviour. I had for some weeks been much in the same frame, and had fully felt that I was utterly in the hands of a sovereign God; that if he should not renew me, I should perish; that if he should not be disposed to give me an interest in Christ, all exertion could not move him to it, and that my eternal life hung suspended on his mere pleasure. I longed after deliverance from sin; longed to be made holy by the influences which are descending around me; but dreaded flights of joy, lest they should raise me from my proper place. All these exercises had been very distinct. Monday I was at Springfield, and Tuesday at Bottlehill; accompanied on the tour by Mr. Thompson. Mr. Richards met me at Bottlehill, and staid all night with me. In the evening we discoursed largely on the subject of christian experience; I proposing questions for him to solve respecting the decisiveness or indecisiveness of sundry marks of piety. I expressed to him my doubts of my own religion. I complained that I had always found it difficult realizingly to feel that I deserved eternal punishment. He said that christians obtained this sense by seeing that God is so unspeakably lovely, that no conceivable punishment is great enough for sinning against him; that he had seen God's holiness, purity and justice to be so glorious, that it appeared if men should never commit an outward sin, they would deserve to be eternally damned for not loving him. While he was conversing, I thought I had some glimpse of the excellent purity, grandeur, awfulness, and sweetness of divine holiness; and saw that I had been searching for the door of deliverance, on the wrong side of the room, in seeking

a sense of the evil of sin from examining what I had done rather than what God is. I was convinced that a view of the purity of God would best discover the awful nature of sin, and would be most effectual to produce true and deep repentance, self-loathing and actual renunciation of sin; and my heart said, "O for such views of God forever!" I mentioned another prime difficulty that I had always felt, viz. to apprehend Christ as bearing my sins, and being a proper substitute for me. I stated what efforts my reason had made to examine the nature and end of the atonement, and to obtain this apprehension. He observed that common christians could not go into this critical examination of the atonement,—that with them all was a matter of mere faith and reliance on the promise and oath of God to accept the sacrifice of Christ as a substitute for them; and that from a sense of the value of Christ's personal character, and consequently of his blood, they felt it proper that his death should be accepted as a full atonement for them. I was convinced that I had been substituting reason for faith, that I ought to yield more implicit belief to the testimony which God had given of his Son, to look with a believing eye on those precise aspects which his priesthood assumes in the first Epistle to the Hebrews, rather than on my own systematical reasonings, and that a failure here had been my great mistake, by means of which I had been so long destitute of an adequate sense of Christ as my substitute. O for more faith and less of the pride of reason! O for the meekness, and if I may so say, the passiveness of faith, to submit to the righteousness of God! He disclosed to me a distressing conflict which he formerly had had on this point; which subsided in consequence of a transporting contemplation of Heb. vii. 26: "For such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." As soon as these words were mentioned, they appeared transparent, and to contain within them all that I wanted, if I could only break the glass, and get at the treasure. With these feelings I retired to sleep.

When I awoke, that glorious High Priest was before me, just as he is expressed in Heb. vii. 26.

Wednesday morning, 16*th*. Having noted down the particulars of last evening, coloring them no doubt with the views I had this morning, I then proceeded in my diary thus. Read the context to the verse which was repeated last evening. O what emphasis does Paul, throughout this Epistle, lay upon the priesthood of Christ:—Much more than I have done in my experiences, which have been more concerned with the divine government, law, &c. This morning I have felt that there is a ponderous reality in the priesthood of Christ, and that it is a great honor to the holiness of God that no sinner can be admitted to him, but by the sacrifice of our High Priest. My heart has been moved and delighted with a sense of his priesthood. There is much more reality in it than I have hitherto discovered;—a reality which I am now convinced that neither flesh and blood, nor any reasonings can reveal. I begin to think that when saints get to Heaven much of their happiness and astonishment will arise from views which they will wonder that they had not possessed before, as they will be views of that glorious scheme of salvation which had been revealed. I now perceive why many evangelical ministers have in their preaching drawn the greatest motives to love and obedience from the cross of Christ. My soul has some melting sense of the blessed High Priest, the way of access to the awful majesty of divine purity,—or rather, the way into the holy of holies; for I feel that the expressions made by the Holy Ghost, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, are best adapted to convey the idea to our weak apprehension. O for clearer views of the priesthood of Christ! O for more faith, and less dependance on reason! These new views, were they clear enough, would, I perceive, be ravishing, and would be the best preservatives from sin. Let me not seek darkness, (under the notion that ravishing discoveries would raise me up to cast me down) as a guard against sin. This light is the only thing that will purify the heart. It is the cross of Christ, seen and felt, that must crucify sin.

O for these views! Let this be my search and prayer this day and forever. I am resolved to attend more to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and will try to drink from the fountain,—to take in the precise representations of the Holy Ghost, and not confine myself to artificial and systematic views of my own. This has been my great mistake. The Scriptures are admirably adapted to the weakness of our apprehensions. I am convinced that christians generally have much more sense of the priesthood of Christ than I have had; and hence this subject, (which ought to have been so conspicuous and frequently urged,) has been so awfully overlooked in my preaching. It has been a just complaint that there was not enough of Christ in my sermons. And when I have spoken of the atonement it has been in a clumsy, systematic way, in which the most charming views of it have been passed by. What I have said on this subject has been the stiff and frigid statement of one devoid (in a great measure at least,) of spiritual discernment. Before the majesty of this spiritual truth, how do the little arts of seizing the passions by loosely, lightly, and I had almost said profanely, talking of Christ's scars and sighs, bow and flee away. In how unhallowed a manner have I treated this infinitely dignified, this holy and heavenly theme! I now perceive that self-righteousness may be chiefly if not wholly renounced, without any proper faith in the priesthood of Christ, (for I believe I had mostly renounced it before,) and for aught I know, without any true religion. There will be no self-righteousness in hell. And I know not but a sinner may be so enlightened on earth as to renounce it. He may undoubtedly like the damned be convinced that he deserves misery and no favor; and what is this but a renunciation of self-righteousness? If it be asked, what then keeps him from despair? I answer a hope that mercy may yet be extended to him by a sovereign God. If it be asked, why does he pray and use means? I answer, because he rightly believes, that in this way he is more likely to receive saving light, though he is too much enlightened to suppose his duties will purchase any favor. I am convinced at least, that all these secondary signs

of religion fail of satisfying the enlightened and jealous mind; that nothing can satisfy but a direct and clear view of God and Christ. O let my mind be filled, be purified, be happy in these views! This will be the peace which passeth understanding. This, compared to a confinement of views to my sinful self, will be what manhood is to infancy. I would leave the first principles and go on to perfection. By my sins I have been kept a babe, if I be any thing. If I have any, I have but very little religion.

During my journey to Turkey, the same day, I could think of nothing with pleasure but this sweet and glorious text; and when the sense of it was a little abated, I was enabled repeatedly to renew it, by thinking for a moment of the holiness of God, and my own impurity; and then I could again sweetly say, "Such a High Priest became us," &c. During Mr. Thompson's sermon from the words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," my mind was solemnly fixed in a view of the reality of all he said, in a view, clearer than ever before of the holiness of God,—the evil and ingratitude of sin as against the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the need of this blessed High Priest, and his love in undertaking and dying for men. And when I came to speak after his sermon, I was affected, spoke with simplicity and feeling on these points; informed the people that I could not convey the sense I had of the holiness of God and the glorious mystery of this High Priest; that flesh and blood, I was sure, could not reveal it to them. I could not bear that any should lose so much as to lose this precious Saviour, and affectionately invited, and urged all to come to him. Although I took no pains to speak, and was only struggling in vain to get out the sense of these things which was in my mind, the people were melted under the discourse. My exercises this day will be more discovered in what I wrote next morning.

Thursday morning, *March 17th.* "Lord I believe; help thou my unbelief." I find that my sense of the atonement which depended on former reasonings, was not the true sense: this flesh and blood cannot reveal; and the only way in which

God reveals it is by exciting faith. We may reason on the fitness of the atonement; and after all, the true sense of it comes only by implicit belief of the heart, in the word and oath by which Jesus was constituted and declared the High Priest of the world. God has declared, (and the victim was so precious that it was proper for him so to do,) that he will accept this sacrifice for men, and we must believe him, and must expect to discover the reality and glory of the atonement by faith, and not by speculation.

Yesterday was a great day with my soul. I had very distinct views of the purity and holiness of God, of the way of access to him by Christ, and of the preciousness of our great High Priest; insomuch that in my public exhortation I could dwell on no other subject. I longed to recommend this holy God and this blessed Saviour to the people, who seemed affected by the representation, as being a representation of great things. After divine service I told brother Thompson that if these views, so new, of those great truths which are the essence and pith of all divine truth, and on which my mind had always labored with so much darkness, should continue, and my mind should remain so different from what it had ever been, and if I should, under the power of these truths, lead a new life, I should almost conclude that I never experienced the new birth before. When Mr. Thompson was preaching and praying, and making so much account of an opportunity afforded us to escape from ruin, I thought he was, (and saw that I had been, in my preaching and praying,) too selfish. I wanted he should make more account of the opportunity afforded us to worship, adore, and honor God and Christ, and my heart refused to follow him in prayer, and turned off to these subjects; feeling that an opportunity to worship God was the chief consideration which should excite gratitude. During the day I could think of Christ, and rejoice in him without sensible exaltation and pride; a thing perhaps unknown to me before. I felt that it was reasonable I should devote my life wholly to him, and that I was not my own but bought with a price. Sin appeared exceeding sinful, as being

against God and Christ, and derived all its evil from this circumstance. I perceived that I had been mistaken in supposing that a direct view of myself and my sins would be the most effectual guard against sin. From the effect which a present sense of the love and priesthood of Christ had upon my mind, I was certain that these views would prove the surest death of sin; that it was the cross of Christ that must crucify it. Now I resolved to seek for these views of him in order to conquer. Formerly I felt that God and Christ were set in opposition to each other, and was in danger of conceiving of Christ as taking our part, and of God as being against us. But now they appeared to be wonderfully united. It seemed that in all that the Son had done to introduce sinners to God, he was cheerfully honoring the divine holiness; which seemed to be greatly honored, in that sinners are not suffered to approach God but through the blood of the High Priest; that the Father in his readiness to send his Son into the world, and then to receive sinners through him, had as much love for men as had the Son; that Christ was not taking the part of man against holiness, and that the Father was ready to take the part of man in a way consistent with holiness, being as willing to receive sinners through his Son, as his Son was to be the medium and intercessor; and that it was out of regard to the holiness of God that the Son is the High Priest to bring sinners near to him. There appeared a perfect harmony, and no difference, between them. I adored, delighted in, and was humbled before, this plan of salvation. I saw it; I saw it wonderful and glorious,—just as I wished to have it. I wished to approach God and be saved only in this way. I wished not to have my part taken, only as the part of holiness was taken by the same means. This discovery of the holiness of God, and the blessed High Priest, was like a sun to cast light all around. Every part of truth opened to view,—such as the common mercies of God,—the love of God and Christ,—obligations to universal holiness,—ingratitude, sin, &c. I could not bear ever to sin again. I felt humble, meek, gentle, kindly affectioned towards men, indif-

ferent to the opinions of the world, to honors, distinctions, riches, and desired nothing but clearer views of God and Christ, and to serve, glorify, and enjoy him. These feelings were not wrought up by pains: I seemed only to lie still and receive them. They were not excited by calling in aid the animal affections; these lay uncommonly still. The view was spiritual, still, humbling, purifying, abstracting from the world, and silencing to selfishness, pride, and every evil passion. All was silent wonder and complacency. Yet all the time, though happy, affected, and wondering, I was sensible that I had only a faint glimpse of the glories of God and Christ, and felt guilty that I saw no more. That blessed verse run in my mind, and burst forth in every prayer, exhortation, and private discourse. When I, for a moment, lost a sense of the beauty of the plan of grace, I would reflect, "For such a High Priest became us who was holy." The holiness of the High Priest (which was the thing most sweetly affecting to my soul, as it showed me that there was one, polluted as I am, which a holy God could accept for me,) would revive a deep sense of my own impurity, the purity of God, and the consistency of the plan of grace. I feared to lose these views,—views of the very thing which I had long desired to see. I wanted more of them. I feared hypocritical worship, and every thing but meekness, sincerity, love, adoration, faith, and gratitude. In the evening, at my lodgings, I could not but recommend this blessed Saviour to the youth of the family. I clearly saw, what I never so saw before, that he was a perfect medium of access to God for a whole world,—that all might come to God by him. In my bed-chamber, in secret prayer, all these views were perhaps more clear than ever. I felt that I might be saved,—that I was brought near to a pure God by this High Priest, and saw how I could approach God and be saved by him. It was easier to realize this great truth, (which had always been the most difficult of apprehension,) than any thing else. I felt that I could not pay any thing in return. It was all free, rich, astonishing grace. I was an eternal bankrupt, overwhelmed with obligation. In the light of these discove-

ries, all the common mercies of my life swelled to an amazing size. I wanted and longed that my wife, child, sister, father, and all my friends, and all the world, should see, adore, and enjoy this Saviour. I felt like one who had found a great treasure, and wished to have all know of it, and share it. I felt that I certainly did take firm hold of the great High Priest,—that it was clearly a right hold,—that there was not a phantom in my embrace, but the very High Priest whom Paul recommended to the Hebrews. He appeared a solid rock on which I certainly stood firm. I had even then no excitement of animal affections. All was still, solid and real; and for the first time I lay down quietly on my bed in the full assurance of hope; not a single doubt of my salvation remaining. Oh what a blessed change in twenty-four hours! This is a blessed morning. How trifling is learning, fame, every thing, to these discoveries of Christ! I feel willing to suffer labor, fatigue, shame, contempt, and even death for this glorious Redeemer. O give me this life of communion with him, and I desire no more! Never did I before make this aspiration with half so much solid reality of desire. Every thing appears like filthy trash to this. All the Bible, all truth opens, and appears solid, weighty, and glorious. Turn which way I will, light shines around me,—on every contemplation—every truth. O Lord give me faith and keep me humble! To think that after so many and so great sins and abuses of privileges, he should reveal himself to me! To think that he should from eternity ordain me to everlasting life! Why me? Why me? I am astonished. I am sweetly overwhelmed and swallowed up.

The state of my mind, the rest of the day and evening, will appear from the short record which I made next morning.

Friday morning, 18*th*, *Baskingridge.* Was affected yesterday when I entered the house of God at Baskingridge, and saw the crowded seats, and solemn countenances. The place was awful, for God was there. I was much affected in prayer with a sense of Christ, and wept;—was enabled to plead with him. Mr. Thompson having read a most precious hymn of

praise to Christ, I could not help speaking a word to the people before they sung it, praying them not to trifle with such precious words and lose such a heavenly treasure. In every prayer through the day and evening, and almost in every individual petition, I had a distinct sense that God was too holy to suffer such polluted creatures to approach him but through the blessed High Priest. In proportion as I could apprehend this medium I was delighted. I did not wish to go to God in my own name. I durst not for my life approach directly to immaculate holiness. How can it be deemed a privilege to be excused from using this medium, and to go naked to him who is a consuming fire? While a hymn was sung, expressive of God's hatred of sin, discovered in casting the angels out of heaven, Adam out of Eden, turning this world into a vale of tears, myriads into hell, and (what appeared more expressive) laying his wrath on his beloved Son, I had an awful sense of his majesty and holiness, and sin appeared, as being against such a God, more dreadful than ever. I never felt such a calm, solid, strong opposition to sin: an opposition which I could trace to its source, being able to tell and to know why I was opposed to sin, viz. because it was against such a holy God.

In the evening, while hearing divine truth preached and sung, I saw these truths (which I had felt through the day) to be real and certain. I saw that it was one thing to talk, and another to feel—saw that certain truths which I had often expressed, were far different from what I had conceived them to be, and other great truths that were uttered by others I perceived would be greater than either they or I then conceived, if fully realized. I saw that it was a different thing to approach God from what I had formerly imagined. When joining in prayer with Mr. Armstrong, my mind was more deeply fixed throughout than perhaps ever before when joining in prayer with another. In exhortation I was enabled to give such a description of the great and dreadful, the holy and just Majesty of heaven, as induced one minister to call in question his religion, another man to doubt, who had not

had a doubt in seven years, and another minister to say, "O 'tis too much. These things were designed only for angels." I was enabled also to give such a view of the great High Priest as was said to be refreshing to christians. I mention this only as an evidence of the state of my mind. I feel this morning that this sense of God and Christ would always keep down pride, passion, selfishness, and is the most powerful principle against all sin. If this is faith, let me never again complain that faith will not fortify the heart against sin. It has been because faith was too weak that it has not more prevailed. If it is this to be united to Christ, then life flows from such union, and he is indeed the vine to the branches. While opposing a general meeting of the congregations, my heart wept with love to Christ, when the question arose whether I was opposing his beloved interest; and I clearly saw that I would sacrifice character, and every thing to serve him. While on my way to Lamington I had some sweet meditations on these delightful subjects; and one idea appeared so real and important that I stopped on the road to note it down with my pencil. It was this,—that we can have no view of the priesthood of Christ, without an accompanying view of the holiness of God.

Lamington, two o'clock P. M. These views which I have had are certainly opposed to pride and every sin, and are the only means of conquering sin. For two days past I have scarcely had a single thought for my own character, or any private interest. Formerly, when with my brethren, I used to study the character which I should support. But scarcely a single thought of the kind has intruded for two days. My mind has been employed in thinking, not what I am, or am to be in the eyes of men, but what Christ is. How different is religion from nature! How different is the sanctified from the unsanctified heart in every feeling, view, motive, and motion! May I this day speak for God,—with proper views of Christ,—and with great success! O for a day of glory!

Nine o'clock P. M. In a certain part of the public service Satan or my own wicked heart suggested that one of my

brethren would be more acceptable to the people than myself. At once the feeling prevailed, "And is it not enough for you to share the love of the Redeemer without the applause of men? Could such a one as you expect more?" It is, it is enough. I am satisfied: let others take the applause. Have felt to-day that I might indeed be easily saved, and that Christ is sufficient for the whole world. In reviewing my late humiliations and distresses, and glooms and doubts, and cries for mercy, and the consequent relief and joy, I am more sensible that to humble ourselves before the Lord is the only way to be lifted up. And when in future days I shall find my heart broken at God's feet, let me remember this, and patiently wait his time of deliverance.

Sabbath morning, Connecticut Farms. The past week I have thought with myself—How much calmer, sweeter, brighter, happier, to live thus, to enjoy the blessed High Priest, a clear conscience, and the assurance of a happy immortality, than to sink into sin, pride, self-seeking, worldly-mindedness, and be filled with darkness and shaken with tempests. Why should I then return to folly? O let it not be. My desires for a new life are calm, solid, and strong. I desire to be made, through every future day, very different from what I ever have been; and to be enabled to look back upon this era as the period when, (if I did not begin to see,) I was, by a second touch of Christ, like the men of Bethsaida, (Mark, viii. 22, 25,) brought to more distinct vision. I am not my own but his who brought me from the pit, and I have a desire to do something for this divine friend, something to please and honor a holy God,—and to be wholly devoted. I now see that God could easily bring me to be willing to suffer reproach and misery, and even death, from a direct and mere love of him and his Son. I think I certainly feel something of this temper. O how much better to renounce the idea of being great, and respected as a man of learning or influence, and become an humble christian, let it cost pride as many grinding pains as it may, and retain a clear conscience, an humble confident hope, the bright shinings of a Father's countenance, and be a

tender, meek, modest, affectionate, humble saint, dead to the world, dead to the opinions of men, (any further than duty binds us to respect their opinions,) and thus avoid the conflicts of pride, and the darkness, falls and guilt which pride occasions. I certainly would rather be thus, retired from the world, unknowing and unknown, possessing only the excellency of modest and solid worth, and enjoying God and Christ and heaven in the house of my pilgrimage, than to be the most celebrated divine on earth. Let me in my dress, house, studies, preaching, company, address, intercourse with men, journies,—and every thing, take and hold this ground so crossing to pride, but so congenial with a spiritual mind. I can now contemplate God and Christ with tearful tenderness, and can draw from them all my arguments for repentance, for active service, for suffering, and for holy living. I can contemplate them and their love without pride. To enjoy them and hope for salvation, does not lift me up as once it did. My heart is afraid of pride and presumption, and is jealous and cautious lest something should awake, and grieve away my Beloved, and trembles at the presumption of speaking one word to God, but sensibly in the name of Jesus, or even of thinking of him, but as being brought near by the blood of his Son. Yet perhaps it is impossible to have a full and immediate sense of this in every petition and thought of God. Perhaps, preserving a general sense that he is reconciled by his Son, I may acceptably present petitions to him, as a reconciled Father, without always having a direct view of the priesthood of Christ.

My present views have marshalled before me such an immensity of objects to pray for and to thank for, that in prayer this morning, I rapidly passed through a great variety of matter, not knowing which to take first, nor when to stop.

Formerly I had much exertion to make to brace myself with resolution against the fear of man. But during a considerable part of the last week, I had no more thought of guarding against this than against murder; the consideration of human opinions being wholly out of mind, and swallowed up in view of God and Christ.

O what wonders are these! And has God indeed chosen me from eternity? Has he redeemed me by the blood of Christ,—called and sanctified me by the Holy Ghost,—put me into the ministry,—and so wonderfully blessed me therein? O his affecting faithfulness, that without any seeking, contrivance, or wisdom of my own, he should take care of my salvation, during all my forgetfulness of myself and him! And is the creature, who, under all this mercy, has so much sinned,—is he pardoned? Are my crimson stains become white as snow? Am I indeed as a child? May I be assured of being delivered from those devices of Satan and my own heart which I feared would prove my ruin? Am I to conquer, and to live near to God? To live a serene life after all my distress and fears? After all my guilt, to die a happy death? and to reign on an eternal throne? O, grace, grace, grace! O, the ocean without a bottom or a shore! Now Lord I am wholly thine! Riches, character, the world, are dead. This is no passion, but a solid reality of feeling. No tender tumult,—all is calm,—more like clear vision, than an elevation of animal affections. I see it all in a holy God, and a holy all-sufficient High Priest. I pant after more knowledge of them; and if I know any thing about humility, I am deeply humble while I view these things,—while I view them with scarce a doubt of my adoption. In former times, when my hope was strong, it would arise from tender meltings of soul; now from a direct view of a holy God, and the blessed High Priest, who brings me near to him, and it is now therefore a much more solid thing. Formerly my hope made me think myself more than others; this makes me forget all such comparisons,—makes me appear a bare naked nothing before God, and to wonder why he should set his love on me. And when I think of others, it is only with desire that they may share with me in these views and blessings. These views bring me to abhor and dread the least secret movement of sin,—to watch against it, and long for more views of God, and of the great mystery of redemption,—to be tremblingly fearful of God's withdrawment. They render more affecting all the common mercies of my

life, and bring me to see that the government is, and ought to be, the Lord's. The question of having another to govern or decide, is dead; and the revival of it would seem strange. The more guilty I feel, the happier I am; for without a sense of guilt, I cannot relish the precious High Priest. And I can easily conceive that a sense of guilt will be felt through eternity among the redeemed. When I ask, Do I possess a right idea of the holiness of God and Christ? I can decide the question thus: By holiness it is evident I mean what is opposite to my sin; for when I lose a sweet sense of the propriety of a holy High Priest, I revive it by looking at my pollution, and seeing the necessity of a High Priest of an opposite character; and then the sense of his holiness becomes sweet, and at the same time, I approve and reverence the holiness of God the Father. I have had an awful sense of this holiness, and tremble at the thought of approaching him, except through the mediation of Jesus. When following others in prayer, or when looking forward to public worship, I have trembled at the thought of making one petition, or doing any thing, but in the name of a mediator. My present views produce gratitude, whichever way I look, wonder, astonishment,—a sense of bankruptcy,—of obligation to live and to die for Christ,—joy, trust, confidence in his veracity and all sufficiency for a whole world. They bring my lost time before me,—show me that there is abundance to do and to think of,—and the importance of being up and doing. They produce a tender desire that all my friends may see and enjoy this glory and honor, this God and Christ. They produce a living principle, strongly counteracting pride and every sin; and I clearly perceive that if this principle should become strong enough, it would drive all sin from my heart, and make me holy as God is holy. I have not enough preached Jesus; and when I have preached him, it was not enough in the simplicity of the gospel. I have had too much the awkward formality of system, and have not presented him precisely in the right aspects. Were I now to preach any sermon that I possess, I should drop many of the expressions, and should speak of Christ in

words more resembling the life. I ought to have taken the phrases and aspects of this great mystery more directly from the Bible, and made less use of systematic phrases. Nothing will crucify the world but the cross of Christ. During the past week I felt no agony of desire for the success of my ministrations, being more engrossed with the thought of pleasing God than even of converting sinners. Feeling that the cause was God's,—that he had power with a word to bring the prosperity of Zion at any time, I calmly left it with him. So my mind was moulded.

I am not without hope that the past week will form a new era in my life. Perhaps I have explored the mazes of sin, and the depths of Satan, long enough to fit me for the ministry; (for it is with reference to the people as much as to themselves, that God regulates the experience of his ministers,) and now he may design to lead me to an exquisite relish and a deep understanding of the great Redeemer, and to display more fully his cross for the crucifixion of sinners, and the relief of the broken hearted. He is now bringing me out of long perplexity in regard to temporals; and perhaps I may be now passing from the state of B, which (as described by John Newton) is marked with conflict, into the state of C, which is distinguished for happy contemplation. But let me not put off my armor as though the warfare were accomplished.

Am now going to the house of God, desirous to pray, to sing, to preach aright, and with success, and to enjoy the presence of God. All depends on him. I have dwelt particularly on these several petitions, not content with asking generally for the divine assistance. May divine influences descend this day all around and through the christian world. No blessing would be so sweet to me as this.

Noon. A calm, sweet, humble frame through all the exercises,—melting now and then when speaking of Jesus,—accompanied with a still but strong desire that success might attend the word. In the last prayer, I owned to the Lord that the cause was his, not mine; that he loved it better than I did; that the souls of men were his; that the whole case was

known to him; that he saw what was to be done; that all depended on him: and while I said, O that a blessing might attend the word, I adored his sovereignty, and left the matter with him, saying, "Not my will but thine be done." In pronouncing the blessing, I wished the rich blessings of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, might come upon the people.

Night. Felt some effects of exhaustion: less sensible enjoyment, and less fixedness of thought,—but an increasing desire to do good, as I proceeded in the sermon. Before the blessing I again addressed the people.

Wednesday, March 23d. Monday and Tuesday I visited my people; took much pleasure in recommending a holy God, and a blessed High Priest. Felt the effects of last week's views. Have seen that there is such a thing as being moved to duty by the fear of God and the love of Christ. Received a letter from a christian brother, admonishing me, with great plainness, to beware of the dangers arising from my new situation. At another time, I might have felt my pride wounded; but my heart was affected with gratitude for his faithful friendship.

I am deeply sensible that during all my ministry I have been under the strong power of unbelief. I have not seen the danger, and no wonder that I have not feared it nor prayed against it.

In my late attempts to gain more full views of the mystery of redemption, I have been convinced that the Jewish types were designed, not only to instruct that nation, but to teach christians also; being well adapted to the weakness of our apprehensions now. As for instance the entrance of the High Priest into the presence of the Shekinah by blood and sacrifice, and with so much awe and caution, helps our conceptions of the manner in which our great High Priest brings us near to God by the sacrifice of himself. The same of the intercession of the High Priest for the people,—the scape goat, &c.

How long the peculiar state of mind described in several preceding paragraphs continued, does not appear, as the record of his exercises is interrupted from March till September; though it is evident that, at the latter period, he had lost in some degree that deep and overwhelming sense of divine things by which his spirit had sometimes seemed well nigh entranced. Under date of March 3, 1804, he writes thus:

Was struck this morning in reading Phil. ii. 14, 15. "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." In christian meekness and wisdom, what a dignity! Here is no carrying things by loud and pertinacious disputings,—no pert and loquacious attempts to correct every word that shall drop from others, not agreeing precisely with one's own mind. Among the crooked and perverse we must prevail and make our influence felt by the meekness of wisdom,—by a prudent deportment and temperate counsels, rather than attempt to storm, and carry the fortress with the strength of words. Here is a dignity and prudence, in opposition to rendering one's self common; a dignity which I have too much reputed hypocrisy, and selfish temporizing. But this wisdom I much want. Murmurings too are to be avoided in all cases: murmurings at want of success in my ministry, murmurings at general wickedness,—murmurings at unreasonable men,—murmurings at want of support,—murmurings at the trials of life,—murmurings of every kind.

March 5th. How comes it to pass that some worldly men preserve a character with fewer blots, are more generous, more socially sweet, &c. than many christians? Without considering the difference in natural tempers, I give this reason: in some cases, pride being the strongest passion, and more easily influencing the other corruptions than grace, as being more

congenial with them, can command the field with less conflict than grace can in other men; and being always in exercise, (whereas grace is not) preserves the man from indecent things more steadily than grace. And this principle when it has taken the government, is much more powerful than in the christian, who, being habitually engaged to weaken it, feels less its aid when grace is absent. Add to this, that Satan does not make such violent onsets upon one who is not resisting his dominion. A predominant corruption controls the whole man without opposition; whereas grace never controls the whole heart and is opposed. Some predominant passion which is congenial to the whole soul, and which controls the whole man, and that uniformly, may produce greater and more uniform *visible* effects than grace commonly does. Thus the unbelieving Jews have shown more unconquerable fortitude under persecution and contempt, and more unvaried adherence to their religion, than most christians. But this sentiment does not weaken the necessity of sanctification and good works.

April 5th, Sabbath morning. Yes, I now am convinced and assuredly know that the only way to be happy is to keep the mind independent of all worldly things, and to derive our happiness from setting the Lord always before us, receiving him for our portion, trusting in his fatherly love and protection, and looking on all the dreams of this life as about to dissolve in the light of eternity, when we awake in his likeness. The moment we come down upon earth to take our comfort here, we find our hearts the mark of all those shafts that are flying thick in this region of care, disappointment, sin, and sorrow. Then we are restless and pant after retirement. But why? Because the groves are stiller than our breasts, and we dream that our hearts would be as still if we were there. But alas, whether in grove or city, while turbulent passions disturb the breast, there is equal restlessness. And in grove or city there is equal rest while passion sleeps. Nothing can still and subdue the passions but the keeping of the heart in heaven. This is the great secret of happiness. "Their sorrows

are multiplied who seek another God." Ah, here is the cause of all my misery! I have forsaken the fountain of living waters, for broken cisterns. When I can be more independent of the opinions of men,—can have my pride, envy, anger, and avarice subdued by heavenly mindedness,—can again soothe the sorrows of life, as I once used to do, by looking on the near approach of eternity,—then, and not till then, I shall be at rest. Return unto thy rest, O my soul! Unbelief and guilt have prevented me from returning. I have got disused to view God with filial and delightful confidence, nourished by intimate communion with him, and therefore it is that I have become in so great a degree a stranger to peace. Vain world be gone! Thou art the enemy of my peace. Passion, be still. Let me again fly to the bosom of my God! "There would I fix my last abode, and drown the sorrows of my soul."

June 25th. A day for special devotion. I am now convinced that the occasion of my being unable to realize divine things, of the loss of the serenity and self-enjoyment which I formerly possessed, of the restlessness that cannot find a home, —of an incapacity to resist the distracting influence of the world, and to bear up calmly against its frowns,—is the neglect of my closet, and the discontinuance of days of special devotion. It is impossible for the soul to retain a realizing and soothing sense of eternal things, unless that sense is renewed and deeply impressed in secret meditation and devotion. The mind, unless settled in this way, will be too much distracted in public devotion, and in religious conversation, to obtain this sense, to such a degree as will fortify and support it. All my restlessness and irregular feelings are imputable, in a great measure, to this cause. The only cure must be sought in the renewal of secret devotion, and in days of special prayer and meditation. What contentment, submission, composure, and peace, would this enable me to carry into all the scenes of duty and care. I have now got a home. Last evening, (being the first Sabbath evening that we have been alone since we moved into this house,) in walking in my garden, I desired to conse-

crate the alley in which I walked to divine meditation, and prayed and hoped that it might prove more delightful than my former walks at New-Hartford, the loss of which I have so much regretted. O God, may this new habitation be the scene of peace and of heavenly communion for years to come! Here, in retirement from the world, may we cultivate the sweets of domestic enjoyment, and the calm delights of religion, while we enjoy the innocent amusements of the garden, and contemplate the beauty of thy works! May we now begin to see good days in proportion to the days in which we have been afflicted! A more retired state of reflection I am convinced is necessary, not only to devotion, to domestic and self enjoyment, but to furnish me with such views and impressions of divine truth as will give interest to my public ministrations, sanctity to my character, and savoriness to my conversation among my people.

In further reviewing my memoirs, (in which I was again interrupted by company,) I perceived that I formerly had a more exquisite sense of sin than I now possess, though I have now equal, and even increased cause of mourning and abasement.

At night.—I find the effects of the exercises of this day are a more tender frame of mind towards my fellow men, more feeling, freedom, and sweetness in prayer, and more complacency, confidence, and readiness in contemplating God. And art thou returning to my soul and restoring my peace, thou God of faithfulness and abounding mercy? When forsaken by every other lover, when driven from every other refuge, when unable to find rest for the sole of my foot in the wide creation, thou art my last resort: thy faithful bosom still offers me sweet repose. Let the world be gone. Let me but possess thee, my faithful Redeemer; let me but hear thy lips invite me home, and tell me I am thine, and I have enough.

Sabbath morning, *July* 1*st*. I have been this week writing upon the atonement. Regardless of ornaments of style, I have been feasting upon the richest truth. The effect is, not only more ease and force in my composition, and more

rapidity in the execution, but a sweet and easy state of mind, that I have not enjoyed for a considerable period. Cares sit light upon me, the world goes easy with me, I can receive my friends, and perform parochial duty, without anxiety. I can take my own natural course without constraint, a circumstance essential to my peace and usefulness, and acceptableness. I am deeply convinced, that would I find my life and ministrations pleasant to myself, and most useful and acceptable to the people, especially if I would live upon God and divine truth, I must take my own natural course in preaching, and keep my mind fixed on truth rather than style, and support a more grave and dignified independence of the opinions of men.

July 24th. I have been thinking lately that there must be some essential defect in my prayers, or they would procure for me more strength against sin. It has occurred to me that I have not called on the name of Jesus. Always making application to the invisible God, I have too much left a Mediator out of my account, as the Jews did. Had I gone directly to Jesus, as those did whom he healed in the days of his flesh, I might at least have touched the hem of his garment, and been made whole. For a week past I have made the experiment, and have almost entirely prayed to the Mediatorial King; and by some means or other my temptations and corruptions have been more restrained than for a long time previous.

In walking my garden this evening, I had one of those impressions which seem to be made by a sight of demonstrable truth. The truth discovered was this: In examining my state, I ought not so much to have dwelt on a review of collateral circumstances, as a careful review of the motives which influenced me in different scenes of my life; and my anxiety for the present ought to be, not so much whether I am new-born,—or if not, how I shall become new-born, as to take care that in all my conduct I do right from right motives, restraining every sinful passion, and conscientiously performing every known duty. I have been setting up a change as a sort of

abstract object of inquiry and pursuit, rather than taking care for the present to preserve, in small as well as in great matters, purity of heart and life. I must be more watchful and conscientious in innumerable small matters, and be, in all my feelings and conduct, under the influence of right motives. This is the only anxiety I ought to have for my personal character or prospects. If I can attain to right motives in all my feelings and behavior, I need be anxious about no other change. Let this then be the simple and direct object of my care.

January 6th, 1805. This day I have attained to one-half of three score years and ten. To this hour I have always been considering my life before me, and have been looking forward to happiness and usefulness, little of which I have hitherto found. But now I have awoke from my dream, and find, to my surprise, that before I was aware, the greatest part of my life has probably passed; certainly the greatest part of the enjoyment of life. Fifteen years more, (if I live to see them,) and I am fifty, and must probably begin to feel the decays and infirmities of age. If I would find my life, I must look back rather than forward. I have been often warned that I should be striving to overtake life until I should suddenly wake up, and find I had got past it. But I never believed it till I now find it true. What a vapor is our present existence! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! It is high time for me to gird up my loins and begin to live to some good purpose. It is too late for me to spend my time in preparing accommodations to live here; it is time for me to be preparing to depart to the eternal world.

In February of this year, Mr. Griffin received a call to the pastoral charge of the first Reformed Dutch church in Albany. He seems to have been not a little embarrassed in respect to the manner in which he should dispose of it, and not only earnestly sought divine guidance, but asked the advice of several of his most judicious brethren in the ministry. The result was, that after a short time he deter-

mined to decline the call; a circumstance which seems to have been gratefully appreciated by his people, and to have entrenched him more strongly than ever in their affections.

April 7th. Another monument to the divine faithfulness I have to erect. Some weeks ago I was desired to visit a wretched man who was declining in a consumption, and who after having for several years persecuted his wife and daughter for their religion, was now bitterly opposed to serious conversation, and to the very sight of a christian. I went to see him. He treated me with greater outrage and spite than I ever received in the discharge of my ministerial duty. Though I approached him with all possible tenderness, he spurned me from him, absolutely refused to receive instruction from one whom he did not love or respect; and reproached me with being an injury to the town. I left him with a full conviction that he had committed the unpardonable sin by knowingly persecuting Christ in the person of his wife and daughter; and viewing him as a person given over of God, I determined to visit him no more. I mentioned this determination to one of my brethren in the ministry, who disapproved of it, and advised me to persevere in labors with him. I accordingly have visited him from time to time; and this morning I found him in a frame of mind which induced a comfortable hope that he had obtained mercy of the Lord. He expressed regret for his former treatment of me, and seems desirous to have me near him. The town which was filled with his outrage against me, and recognized him as conspicuous among the party opposed to the gospel which I preached, now sees the regard he has for me, and for the truth I delivered to him, as the acknowledged means of his salvation. I feel myself greatly honored and supported in view of the whole town, while I am reproved for meditating an abandonment of a poor dying sinner. Let me be encouraged to put my life in my hands, and look to God for all needful support in his blessed work.

During the session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in May of this year, Mr. Griffin preached the annual Missionary sermon. His subject, which was "the kingdom of Christ," he illustrated and enforced with great beauty and power. The discourse has passed through several editions, and may justly claim a place among the highest specimens of pulpit eloquence which this country has produced.

August 8th. We have had a distressing drought. The clouds would sometimes gather, as though they made an effort to rain, but could not. They would rain a little and stop, as though it was hard for them to perform their wonted office. We have had also a most alarming and distressing spiritual drought. Vice has prevailed to a dreadful degree. Murders have been; suicides, to the number, I believe, of six or eight, have happened in town in the course of a few months,—three within the last week. Yesterday the people of this and some neighboring congregations kept a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the double drought. It was with us a solemn day. And lo! this morning the clouds pour down the rain plentifully, and as easily as April showers. The obstruction seems removed, as when the prophets of Baal were slain. (1 Kings, xviii.) The thunder this morning and the appearance of the clouds denote a rainy day. O the marvellous condescension and tenderness of God towards his poor infant creatures! What pains he takes to pursuade them, and prevail with them to look to him and trust in him! O that the drought which rests on the hill of Zion might be as speedily removed! Wilt thou care for the earth, O God, and not care for thy parched vineyard?

On the 20th July, 1807, died Dr. McWhorter, the senior pastor of the church, and on the 22d Mr. Griffin preached his funeral sermon, in which

he rendered a faithful and beautiful tribute to the memory of his venerable colleague. The sermon was published, and is valuable, not only as a fine specimen of eloquence, but as an important historical document.

The year 1807 was signalized by one of the most powerful revivals that occurred during his ministry. The only manuscript record that he has left of it is the following.—"Sept. 1807. Began a great revival of Religion in the town. Ninety-seven joined the church in one day, and about two hundred in all." A more full account of this revival, however, has been preserved in a letter which he addressed to the Rev. Dr. GREEN of Philadelphia, and which was published in the Panoplist of July, 1808. It is as follows:—

DEAR SIR—

I am very willing to give you a general and succinct relation of the wonders of divine grace, which we have witnessed.

About the first of December, 1806, we were encouraged with some symptoms of a revival of religion in this village; but they quickly disappeared. In March, 1807, they were renewed, by means of several instances of sudden death; but again passed off leaving no effects at that time apparent, except on three or four persons, who have since made a profession of religion. The death of Dr. McWhorter in July, made a great impression on the congregation, which was sensibly deepened, in the month of August through the instrumentality of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, who preached several times here with great zeal and energy. Though nothing extraordinary at that time appeared, yet we have since been able to trace first impressions to each of the four seasons above mentioned. The leaven was secretly and increasingly working

for nine months, before it became evident. We have since discovered also that during the summer God was preparing some for the scene which was about to open, by impressive and often repeated dreams. Days of dissipation were separated by nights, in which fancy would bear the sinner to the bar of God, and fill him with the terrors of the final judgment; terrors, which, though dissipated by the morning, would return with returning sleep. These nightly alarms gradually fixed the waking thoughts. Thus, at a time when every thing appeared to be still around us, secret anxieties were preying upon a number of persons, which, so far from being the effect of sympathy, were known only to God and themselves. In the latter weeks of August, I knew of nothing special in the congregation, except two or three persons, who began to be awakened, and four christians whose desires for a revival of religion were too earnest to be concealed from their minister. In this precise posture things remained for about a fortnight. To a few it was an hour of awful suspense. But in some of the last days in August it became apparent that the desire for a revival was rapidly spreading among the communicants.

As our sacramental sabbath was approaching, this church, in connexion with two neighboring churches, agreed to set apart the preceding Friday, (Sept. 4th,) for fasting and prayer; partly as a preparatory service, but chiefly to make supplication for effusions of the Holy Spirit. The day, which was spent in prayer, singing, and short addresses to the people, was marked with unusual stillness, accompanied with very pleasing appearances of humility, earnest desire, and a sense of entire dependance. On the following sabbath, a number of persons assembled at nine o'clock in the morning, to spend an hour in praying for their minister, and for the blessing of God on the exercises of the day; and this has since become the stated practice of almost all the praying people of the congregation; a practice which has been accompanied with effects very refreshing to themselves, and materially beneficial to the cause of evangelical piety. Those who attended at this first

season, unexpectedly found themselves animated with desires unfelt before, that God would, that very day, bring out his perfections to the view of the communicants: And this he did, to a degree that many had seldom or never seen before. On the evening of the following Monday, at a lecture preached in a private house, the first feelings which denoted the extraordinary presence of God, and the actual commencement of a revival of religion, were awakened, perhaps in every person that was present. It was no longer doubtful whether a work of divine grace was begun. During that and the following week, increasing symptoms of a most powerful influence were discovered. The appearance was as if a collection of waters, long suspended over the town, had fallen at once, and deluged the whole place. For several weeks, the people would stay at the close of every evening service, to hear some new exhortation; and it seemed impossible to persuade them to depart, until those on whose lips they hung had retired. At those seasons you might see a multitude weeping and trembling around their minister, and many others standing as astonished spectators of the scene, and beginning to tremble themselves. One sabbath, after the second service, when I had catechised and dismissed the little children, they gathered around me, weeping, and inquired what they should do. I presume not less than a hundred were in tears at once. The scene was as affecting, as it was unexpected. Having prayed with them again, and spent some time in exhortation, I attempted to send them away; but with all my entreaties, I could not prevail on them to depart, until night came on, and then I was obliged to go out with them, and literally force them from me. But this excitement of animal feelings, incident to the commencement of revivals of religion, soon subsided, and the work has ever since proceeded in profound silence.

Early in September, there were formed many private associations for prayer,—some male, and some female,—the happy influence of which has been manifestly and largely felt. I never before witnessed the communication of a spirit of prayer so earnest and so general, nor observed such evident and re-

markable answers to prayer. The agonies of parents have been such as to drive sleep from their eyes, and for weeks together, have been seemingly as great as their nature could well sustain. And these parents, in every case that has come within my knowledge, have each several children, who are already numbered among the hopeful converts.

Many professors have been severely tried, and not a few have for a time, given themselves over for lost. The Lord has indeed come to search our Jerusalem with candles, and to discover the men that were settled on their lees. Awed by the majesty of a present God, many could say, with Moses, "I exceedingly fear and quake." I could not help saying, if this glimpse of light dissipated so many hopes, what effect will attend the final judgment?

This work, in point of power and stillness, exceeds all that I have ever seen. While it bears down every thing with irresistible force, and seems almost to dispense with human instrumentality, it moves with so much silence that, unless we attentively observe its effects, we are tempted, at times, to doubt whether any thing uncommon is taking place. The converts are strongly marked with humility and self distrust: instead of being elated with confident hopes, they are inclined to tremble. Many of them possess deep and discriminating views; and all, or almost all, are born into the distinguishing doctrines of grace.

I suppose there are from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty, who hope that they have become the subjects of Divine grace; and many remain still under solemn impressions, whose number, I hope, is almost daily increasing. The subjects of this work are of all ages, from nine years old, to more than three score years and ten; and of all characters, including drunkards, apostates, infidels, and those who were lately malignant opposers; and of all conditions, including poor negroes, and some of them hoary with age. I cannot refrain from mentioning, among the hopeful converts, three young gentlemen of the first talents and education, and of excellent families, who have abandoned the study of the law, in

which they have been employed for years, to devote themselves to the gospel ministry.

We have had but one sacrament since the work commenced, at which time we received ninety-seven new members, out of one hundred and two persons, who had been propounded a fortnight before.

While we gaze with wonder and delight at these glorious triumphs of the Prince of peace, and weep for joy to hear our babes and sucklings sing hosannas to the Son of David, we cannot but join in a general response, and cry, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest"!

I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours,

EDWARD D. GRIFFIN.

During his first residence at Newark, Mr. GRIFFIN frequently travelled two or three weeks at a time in company with some brother in the ministry, in those parts of New-Jersey which were comparatively destitute of the means of grace, preaching the gospel with great power and sometimes with great success. "It was on one of these preaching tours," says the Rev. Doctor HILLYER, "that the following interesting circumstance occurred to him. One night when we were not together, he lodged at a house near a hill called the Sugar-loaf. In the morning he ascended the hill to take a view of the surrounding country. While he was enjoying a delightful prospect, a maniac at the foot of the hill was meditating his death. With a loaded fowling-piece, he secreted himself behind a fence near a foot-path in which the Doctor was expected to descend. Providentially a neighbor passing by discovered him, and went to him and inquired what he was about to do with his gun. The maniac replied,

'Look up yonder, dont you see that man? He is a British spy sent over by the king of England to spy out our land, and as he comes down I intend to shoot him.' 'No,' said the neighbor, 'he is the minister who preached for us the last evening.' Upon this the unhappy man gave up his arms and retired; but it was fully believed by those who knew the state of his mind, that he would have shot our friend dead, if he had not been thus providentially prevented. The Doctor often mentioned this singular escape from sudden death with great sensibility."

In August, 1808, Mr. GRIFFIN was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College.

The Theological Seminary at Andover having just been established, Doctor GRIFFIN was appointed, in the course of this year, to the Bartlett Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence in that institution; and shortly after this appointment, he was elected by the infant church in Park-street, Boston, their stated preacher. For both these places he was considered as pre-eminently qualified; though it was not without much deliberation, and as it would seem many severe struggles, that he finally came to the determination of resigning his pastoral charge. Before the meeting of Presbytery in April, 1809, he requested the congregation to consent to his dismission; and having obtained their consent, he was dismissed at that meeting, though he continued his ministrations among them till the last of May. On the 28th of May he preached his Farewell sermon.

It was a noble effort, full of sublimity and pathos, worthy of the occasion and worthy of the man. It has had an extensive circulation, and been admired on both sides of the Atlantic. The following paragraph from the sermon, exhibits the wonderful success which had attended his ministry.

"Eight years ago, this church consisted of two hundred and two members, of whom one hundred and forty-six still remain. We have since admitted four hundred and thirty-four to our communion, of whom three hundred and seventy-six still remain. Of those whom we have admitted, sixty-two were received from other churches, and three hundred and seventy-two from the world. Of the latter we admitted a hundred and thirteen in one year, and at another time a hundred and seventy-four in six months. All the members which have belonged to this church, within that period, amount to six hundred and thirty-six; of whom a hundred and fourteen have, in various ways, been removed, and five hundred and twenty-two still remain."

Of the various testimonies of respect and affection which he received from his people on leaving them, the following letter, from the Hon. Elisha Boudinot, dated "Baltimore, 18th May, 1809," may suffice as a specimen.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

My feelings were too much alive at the idea of those connections being rent asunder which I had fondly hoped would have continued until they had placed my remains in the house appointed for all living—to call upon you before I left home. I knew my feelings had too much the mastery of me to trust them where they were so much aroused. Nothing but the

conviction that it is the duty of every servant of Christ to sacrifice his own friendship, feelings and connexions, whenever there is a probability of their interfering with the general and superior good of Zion, could have made me submit to this separation with any degree of composure. But viewing this to be the case, I rejoice in the idea that our great Master will make you instrumental in pulling down the high pillars of Satan's kingdom, and destroying his strong hold, and cause you to witness for the truth, as the apostle of old, even at Rome.

When I reflect on the many interesting scenes I have witnessed since you was our pastor—the many hours of sweet intercourse we have had together; when I consider your zeal, your ardor, your faithfulness in our Master's cause, and the blessing that has attended them, the thought that I must witness them no more, I must confess, is too much for my feeble nature to bear with composure, and I must weep in silence. May a compassionate Saviour forgive the falling tear, if wrong! Suffer me to entreat still an interest in your prayers, and that you will never cease wrestling at the throne of grace for me and those who are dearer to me than life, till I have a comfortable hope that we shall all meet with joy at the final appearing of our glorious Immanuel, when my children shall be of the gems that shall constitute your crown of rejoicing. Now go in peace, cloathed with the whole armor of God, prepared to fight the battles of our Master; and the God of Peace be with you, and make you abundantly successful in all things, and continue you his faithful witness to the end.

My dearest Mrs. B. bears the idea of parting worse than I do. She joins me with our children here, in our best affection to your dear Mrs. Griffin and Louisa, wishing you may long be continued a blessing to each other in health and happiness.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

ELISHA BOUDINOT.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS RESIDENCE AT ANDOVER AND BOSTON.

On the morning after he preached his farewell sermon, Doctor GRIFFIN left Newark with his family for Massachusetts, and on the 21st of June was inducted with appropriate ceremonies into the professorship at Andover, to which he had been appointed. His inaugural oration, which was one of his most chaste and beautiful productions, fully justified the high opinion that had been formed of his qualifications for that important station.

There was, as has been already intimated, another enterprise with which Doctor GRIFFIN about this time became identified, scarcely less important in its bearing upon the interests of truth and piety, than the opening of the Theological Seminary,—viz. the establishment of Park-street church. For nearly seventy years previous to this period, that great system of religious doctrine which had been held by the Pilgrim fathers had been gradually declining in the capital of New-England, till it seemed to have well nigh reached the point of utter extinction. It would be a most important service to the cause of Ecclesiastical History to trace minutely

the progress of this decline, and the causes in which it originated; and it is to be hoped that before this generation shall have passed away, and while the materials for such a chapter in our religious history are easily accessible, some qualified person may be found to address himself to the work. If a remark or two on the subject is not out of place in this connexion, perhaps it is safe to say, that this lamentable defection is to be traced, more than to any other cause, to the irregularities and extravagances that prevailed so extensively in New-England during the revival of 1741 and 1742, in which DAVENPORT and others of the same stamp had so prominent an agency. No doubt that many—perhaps most of these, were truly devoted men, who fully believed that in all their wild and fanatical movements they were doing God service; and several of those who had been most conspicuous, especially DAVENPORT himself, not only became convinced of their errors, but retracted them in an honest and christian-like manner; but still it admits of no question that their influence upon the church was both disastrous and enduring. It was quite natural that some of those churches which took a stand against them from the beginning and kept it to the end, should have come out of the conflict with fanaticism with an undue prejudice against religious excitement; and from this there was but a step to a state of chilling formality; and this was the appropriate field for the propagation of a lax theology. And it was quite *as* natural on the other hand, that those churches over which the tempest of fanati-

cism had swept unresisted, should gradually sink into a state of indifference under the influence of a withering re-action: and here again was the legitimate preparation, though effected in a different way, for sowing the seeds of error. About this time arose Doctor Mayhew and Doctor Chauncey, the former an Arian and the latter a Universalist of the Restoration school, and both thorough going Arminians, and men of great power and commanding influence. The evangelical ministers of Boston, though entertaining a cordial dislike for their theological peculiarities, were yet unwilling to renounce fellowship with them, especially as it was understood that their peculiar views were rather for the study than the pulpit. For thirty or forty years the influence of these distinguished men was operating, silently indeed, but with great power, over most of the churches in Boston and its vicinity; and the secret of their influence no doubt to a great extent was, that though they never preached heterodoxy, at least in orthodox pulpits, yet their views were generally understood, and the interchange of labors with them by evangelical ministers was considered as a virtual acknowledgment on the part of such ministers, that if their views were not absolutely correct, yet they were not deeply erroneous. And the consequence of all this was, that when Doctor Mayhew and Doctor Chauncey left the stage, there was not only a leaven of Arminianism extensively diffused through nearly all the churches to which their influence had extended, but it was well understood that several clergymen of distinc-

tion had secretly embraced their more startling peculiarities. During the last thirty or forty years preceding the commencement of the present century, the theology of Boston was Arminianism gradually declining into Arianism; and when this century opened, though there had been no direct avowal of any dereliction of evangelical principles, except perhaps on the part of a single church, there were probably not more than one or two pulpits in Boston in which was taught the primitive orthodoxy of New-England. There had been no decree of banishment formally and openly issued against this system of doctrine; and there were not wanting those who maintained that it was the system still in vogue, except perhaps being a little pruned of some of its more offensive forms of phraseology; but the truth was, it had been silently, and by almost common consent, driven into exile; and it came to pass at length that it was as much as a man's reputation was worth to appear openly as its advocate.* There

* The following extract of a letter on this subject, from the Rev. Dr. Miller, is regarded as too important to be withheld from the public.

"There are two sources of this evil which appear to me to deserve particular consideration. The one is the regular system of exchanges of pulpits, which for a long time pervaded the Boston churches. When I was first acquainted with that city, which is now nearly half a century ago, the system of exchanges was stated and uniform. No man was expected to be found in his own pulpit on Sabbath morning. And as there was known to be great diversity of creed among the ministers of the city, and as every sermon that a pastor wrote was expected to be preached in all the pulpits in town as well as his own, each got into the habit of writing on such a *general plan as would give offence to none.* Hence those who believed the peculiar doctrines of the gospel seldom brought them forward with any prominence or point; and those who did not, of course, whenever they came near such doctrines, wrapped up their discussion in general and inoffensive terms. The consequence was, that the most precious and peculiar doctrines of the gospel were seldom, from about 1756 or 1760, preached

were individuals in most of the churches who had long watched the progress of this apostacy with deep concern, and who came at last to feel that a new standard in favor of evangelical religion must be raised in the metropolis, though they foresaw it would be at the expense of breaking many of their most cherished associations, and of accumulating upon themselves a mighty amount of obloquy. Having thoroughly counted the cost of the enterprise, they resolved upon the formation of a new church, and on the 27th of February, 1809, agreed to adopt the following articles of Faith.

We the subscribers, having agreed to unite in the establishment of a new Congregational Church in Boston, by the name of Park-street Church, think it proper to make a declaration of that faith which is the bond of our ecclesiastical union, and which we shall expect to find in all those who shall hereafter participate in our religious privileges and communion.

by any body—i. e. after the decease of Drs. Sewall, Prince, Foxcroft, Webb, &c. Soon after that race of ministers passed away, the war came on; the order of society was deranged; general laxity increased; and it so happened that some of the most erroneous ministers were high whigs and greatly popular, and of course well adapted to secure a ready reception for their errors. Only let any set of pastors in the world forbear for fifteen or twenty years to preach the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, and the way will be prepared at the end of that time to receive any sentiments which artful and popular men may be disposed to recommend.

"Another source of the mischief was this:—In the early periods of the administration of our Puritan fathers, there was a close connexion between the *church and the state.* All the conspicuous leaders in civil society were church-members. Nobody was thought of for any important civil station, but a professor of religion. As vital piety declined, while the leading men wished still to be professors of religion, without which they could scarcely expect the popular suffrage, they felt that they could not make a profession excepting on some more lax and indulgent system than that which was taught by the Puritan fathers. Calvinism, its consequences and its discipline, were thought too strict; and a more indulgent system was sought in its place. The evils to which this led may easily be imagined."

1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are the word of God, and the only perfect rule of christian faith and practice.

2. We profess our decided attachment to that system of the christian religion which is distinguishingly denominated evangelical; more particularly to those doctrines which in a proper sense, are styled the Doctrines of Grace, viz. "That there is one, and but one living and true God, subsisting in three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that these Three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory; that God from all eternity, according to the counsel of His own will, and for his own glory, fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass; that God in his most holy, wise and powerful providence, preserves and governs all his creatures and all their actions; that by the Fall, all mankind lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever; that God, out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, entered into a covenant of grace, to deliver them from a state of sin and misery, and introduce them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer; that this Redeemer is the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, who became man, and continues to be God and man in two distinct natures and one person forever; that the effectual calling of sinners is the work of God's Spirit; that their justification is only for the sake of Christ's righteousness by faith." And though we deem no man or body of men infallible, yet we believe that those divines that were eminently distinguished in the time of the Reformation, possessed the spirit, and maintained in great purity, the peculiar doctrines of our holy religion: and that these doctrines are in general clearly and happily expressed in the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and in the Confession of Faith owned and consented unto by the Elders and Messengers of the Churches, assembled at Boston, (N. E.) May 12th, A. D. 1680.

3. In regard to our ecclesiastical government and discipline,

with our sister churches in this Commonwealth, we adopt the congregational form, as contained in the Platform of Church Discipline, gathered out of the word of God, and agreed upon by the Elders and Messengers of the Churches, assembled in the Synod at Cambridge, (N. E.) A. D. 1648.

4. In order to admission to membership in this Church, it is understood that every candidate shall be previously examined, and give credible evidence of a ground of the comfortable hope of a personal condition of grace, through the renovation of the soul, by the special influences of the Holy Spirit, implying repentance for sin and faith in Jesus Christ the Redeemer.

5. We hereby covenant and engage, as fellow christians of one faith, and partakers of the same hope and joy, to give up ourselves unto the Lord, for the observing the ordinances of Christ together in the same society, and to unite together into one body for the public worship of God, and the mutual edification one of another in the fellowship of the Lord Jesus; exhorting, reproving, comforting, and watching over each other, for mutual edification;—looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.

The following is the Form of admission to the church, written by Doctor Griffin.

You have presented yourselves in this public manner before God, to dedicate yourselves to His service, and to incorporate yourselves with His visible people. You are about to profess supreme love to Him, sincere contrition for all your sins, and faith unfeigned in the Lord Jesus Christ; to enter into a solemn covenant to receive the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as they are offered in the Gospel, and to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. We trust you have well considered the nature of these professions and engagements. The transaction is solemn, and will be attend-

ed with eternal consequences. God and holy angels are witnesses. Your vows will be recorded in heaven, to be exhibited on your trial at the last day. Yet be not overwhelmed. In the name of Christ you may come boldly to the God of grace, and provided only you have sincere desires to be His, may venture thus unalterably to commit yourselves, and trust in him for strength to perform your vows. Attend now to the

COVENANT.

In the presence of God, his holy angels, and this assembly, you do now solemnly dedicate yourselves to God the Father as your chief good: to the Son of God as your Mediator and Head, humbly relying on Him, as your Prophet, Priest, and King: and to the Holy Spirit as your Sanctifier, Comforter, and Guide. To this one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, you do heartily give up yourselves in an everlasting covenant, to love and obey Him.

Having subscribed the Articles of Faith and Government adopted by this church, you promise to walk with us in conformity to them, in submission to all the orders of the Gospel, and in attendance on all its ordinances, and that by the aid of the Divine Spirit, you will adorn your profession by a holy and blameless life.

This you severally profess and engage.

In consequence of these professions and promises, we affectionately receive you as members of this Church, and in the name of Christ declare you entitled to all its visible privileges. We welcome you to this fellowship with us in the blessings of the Gospel, and on our part engage to watch over you, and seek your edification, as long as you shall continue among us. Should you have occasion to remove, it will be your duty to seek and ours to grant a recommendation to another Church: for hereafter you can never withdraw from the watch and communion of the saints, without a breach of covenant.

And now, beloved in the Lord, let it be impressed on your minds, that you have entered into solemn circumstances from which you can never escape. Wherever you go, these vows

will be upon you. They will follow you to the bar of God, and in whatever world you may be fixed, will abide upon you to eternity. You can never again be as you have been. You have unalterably committed yourselves, and, henceforth, you must be the servants of God. Hereafter the eyes of the world will be upon you: and as you demean yourselves, so religion will be honored or disgraced. If you walk worthy of your profession, you will be a credit and a comfort to us; but if it be otherwise, you will be to us a grief of heart and a vexation. And if there is a wo pronounced on him who offends one of Christ's little ones, wo, wo, to the person who offends a whole Church! "But beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." May the Lord guide and preserve you till death, and at last receive you and us to that blessed world where our love and joy shall be forever perfect. Amen.

TO THE REV. JAMES RICHARDS.

Andover, (*Mass.*) *July*, 29*th*, 1809.

My Dear Brother—

So long a time has elapsed before I have had a moment of leisure to acknowledge your favors of June 24th and July 14th. They gave me the sincerest pleasure, mingled with many other emotions which I need not describe. I am rejoiced to hear repeatedly of the growing attachment of my former charge to you, and the strength which it has already acquired. May you be happy in them; and may they know how to prize the blessing which God has given them. You judge right when you suppose that I think of you and them, when I have not leisure to write. I have suffered from my separation more than I even expected. But you know what the feelings are. I rejoice greatly that your place is filled at Morristown by our dear brother Fisher. Give my love to him, and tell him that I thank him, and thank God. Give my love to all my dear friends in Newark. They are so many, that I ought not to particularize. I love them all, and hope one day to meet many of them again to part no more.

I know that you and they wish to hear from us of our affairs. Dr. Morse and Mr. Thurston, whom you will have seen before the arrival of this, will tell you how the new church prospers in Boston. The house is to be opened by the first of December. A great majority of the male communicants are staunch Edwardeans.

As to the Seminary, we have 35 students, and new applications almost every week.

Tuesday, August 1st. You will judge, my dear brother, of my avocations, when you are informed that, since the last date, I have not had time to add one line; and now I cannot but a few. A spirit of increasing seriousness begins to be apparent among the students. They have a number of prayer meetings. Mr. French, the minister of this parish, was suddenly removed on Friday last, which has made an important opening for a man of evangelical sentiments. One of the last things he did was to settle with the professors a plan of union between the students and parishioners, in regard to prayer meetings. We can now say to the people that their aged minister left it as his dying request, that his people would join the students in these meetings. Such meetings have not been known on this ground before. We cannot but hope that God has some glorious work to accomplish in this region. Pray for us.

The young gentlemen from New-Jersey are all well—entirely well—and contented—and are doing very well. They are highly useful to the other students and to the Institution. Tell Mr. Crane this, and that I intend to answer his very acceptable letter as soon as I have a little leisure.

Since last spring there has been a pretty large and increasing association for fasting and prayer for the effusions of the Spirit among the ministers of this neighborhood. This augurs well.

I never consented till to-day to give up my inaugural oration for the press. You will probably one day see the thing. Mrs. Griffin joins in most affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Richards, and yourself, with, yours, inviolably, and, I hope, forever.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Dr. GRIFFIN had scarcely reached Andover and entered upon the duties of his professorship, before his character was most injuriously assailed, and scandalous reports were put in circulation concerning him, which were triumphantly repeated on every side by the enemies of truth and piety, and which, from the confidence with which they were trumpeted, temporarily gave no small anxiety to many of his friends. As these reports had respect to alleged improprieties in Newark, the Trustees and Session of his former church, as soon as they heard of the slanderous allegations from which he was suffering, addressed to him the following letter, which contains not only a complete vindication of his character, but a strong expression of their affectionate regard.

Newark, 22d August, 1809.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

We have lately been informed that reports are circulating in Boston and its vicinity, unfavorable to your character, such as your being obliged to leave this congregation—that you was immoral, &c. As far as those slanders affect yourself personally, we should not have interfered; being convinced that they would be but temporary, and that as soon as you was known, and wherever known, the tongue of slander would be silenced. But as we believe that the enmity which is the foundation of these reports, arises from a hatred and opposition to the truths of the gospel, which you so faithfully preach, more than from a disrespect to yourself, and may for a short time (which is the utmost they can do) injure the glorious cause in which you are engaged, with some minds; we take the liberty to address you on the subject, and to declare—That if the ardent respect, love and affection of your congregation could have detained you, we should still have

had the happiness of calling you our pastor. Nothing but a conviction and belief that you was called to a scene of more extensive usefulness in the church of God, induced us, from a sense of duty, to submit to your removal. If any thing was wanting to convince the world of the attachment this congregation had towards you, the circumstance of your being unanimously requested to continue with us as long as you could, consistently with your engagements, after you had been, at your own request, regularly dismissed by the Presbytery, and another pastor had been chosen,—your salary and emoluments continued to the day of your departure,—the crowded church that attended your farewell sermon,—the tears that flowed on your leaving the town,—abundantly furnished this evidence. And be assured, Sir, that although absent, you still live in the affections of the people of your late charge: your exemplary life,—your ardent zeal for the good of the souls committed to your charge, and your faithful labors amongst us, will not be forgotten, while memory holds a place in our breasts.

We beseech you not to suffer the calumnies of the enemies of your Master to dispirit you. Remember that you have not attained to the sufferings of your Lord, his apostles, and faithful servants who have gone before you. The crown of your rejoicing is sure and certain. Set your face as a flint, and hold out to the end.

Your affectionate friends,

D. D. CRANE,
ELEAZAR BRUEN,
JAMES TICHENOR,
JOSEPH CONGAR,
ISAAC NICHOLS,
MOSES ROBERTS,
JOSEPH L. KEEN,
} *Elders.*

STEPHEN BALDWIN,
ISAAC ALLING,
JABEZ BALDWIN,
} *Deacons.*

ELISHA BOUDINOT, Pres't.
J. N. CUMMING,
JOSEPH T. BALDWIN,
MOSES BALDWIN,
STEPHEN HAYS,
ROBERT B. CAMPFIELD,
NEHEMIAH S. BALDWIN,
} *Trustees.*

I do hereby certify that the gentlemen who have subscribed their names to the within letter, are every member of the Session and Trustees of this church, except one of the Elders, who is absent from town; and I have no doubt, if it should be thought necessary, that the whole church, comprehending more than five hundred persons, would subscribe the same, with very few or no exceptions.

JAMES RICHARDS,

Pastor of the first Presbyterian Congregation of Newark.

On leaving New-Jersey, Doctor G. was accompanied by five young men who became students in the new theological seminary. One of these, Mr. Lewis Le Count Congar, sickened and died, while yet in the early part of his theological course. An interesting sketch of his character was published in the Panoplist for September, 1810. The following letters were written by Dr. G. to the parents of Mr. Congar on the occasion of his illness and death.

Boston, January 2, 1810.

My Dear Sir,—

How often have you and your dear family said, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." What a blessed thing it is that he has the appointment of all our changes and trials. He has appointed the bounds of our habitation, and the time of our continuing on the earth. He has no need of any of us. He can raise up children to himself of the stones of the streets, and ministers from the Pagan world. Or he can carry on his work without ministers. You have given a son to Christ, and if he has work for him on the earth, he will preserve him and make him a blessing to the church; but if he has other designs, he will I doubt not, take him to himself. Whether our dear Lewis is to be made a minister, or an angel, is with God to decide. You will conjecture by this time, that your son is sick. He is not well. Be not alarmed; God can make him well. At any rate, his will will be done. I have been

for several days confined to my room with a dreadful cold; and have the distress of being still confined, so that I cannot go to see him. But sick as I am I cannot refrain from writing to you. Lewis has the typhus fever. The best physicians have been procured for him, and the best attendance. His mind is weak; but he loves to hear of the name of Christ, and will listen with deep interest and tender affection to every thing that is said about that blessed Saviour. I long to go and see the dear boy. I never before longed so much to do a thing that I could not do. But I must submit. All that I can do I have done. I have sent a request to C. and C. to let me hear every day from him. And as often as I hear, God willing, you shall hear. I beseech you, my dear friends, to summon all your fortitude and all your religion to your aid. Prepare for every thing which God has in store for you. That I have some apprehensions you will suppose, when I inform you that this letter is written, not without tears. The footsteps of God are in the mighty deep; and his way is not known. Clouds and darkness are round about him; but justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. May God Almighty support you, my dear friends, under this trial, is my prayer, and the prayer of Mrs. Griffin who sits by me and weeps.

Affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Boston, Jan. 3, 1810.

Last night, at 11 o'clock, I sent off a basket of the best things which Boston could afford, by a man who promised to stop at no place, (though the distance is 20 miles,) until he had lodged them in the sick room of the dear boy. They were such things as Dr. Pearson represented to be necessary, viz. oranges, lemons, tamarinds, figs, guaver-jam, sago, and a few bottles of old Madeira wine. We do little else but pray for him; and the whole college is crying with tears, "Spare him, spare him!" Mrs. Griffin, having wept out all her tears, says "He will live." I cannot but humbly and earnestly hope that God will spare him for your sakes, and for ours, and

for the church of Christ. Let no one leave home on his account. He will either recover, or the messenger would arrive too late. With deep affection and sympathy, I am,

Yours, E. D. G.

Boston, January 6th, 1810.

The Almighty God support you, my dear friends, under the trials which you must feel. I wish with all my heart that I had any thing agreeable to communicate. And I have—Jesus of Nazareth reigns. The infinite God is happy. And our dear Lewis is happy. Ah my heart, why this aching and trembling? The will of God is done. Lewis himself wished that the will of God might be done. And I am confident that he does not wish to oppose it now. It is with the deepest sympathy, my dear friends, that I announce to you an event which has filled our college with tears, and spread a gloom over us all. Lewis left these abodes of pain this morning at 10 o'clock.

My heart aches and bleeds for you. By my own sorrows I know that yours must be extreme. I never knew how to love him till since he left Newark; and since his sickness I have almost felt that my earthly comfort was at an end. No young man was ever more beloved. For myself I can say of him, what I cannot of many others, that I never saw any thing in him that had the appearance of sin since he has been under my care; no not the least word or turn of thought.

He has not lived in vain. He did not come to Andover in vain. He has been the means of good to some souls; and by his influence on the college, has probably been indirectly the means of some good to thousands. His parents have reason to bless God that they were the means of bringing a son into the world to do so much good as he has done at Andover.

I know your trial in not being able to see him. I have felt it myself. During all the time that he has been considered dangerous, I have been confined to my house. I am still confined, and cannot attend his funeral to-morrow. His dust will lie in a strange land; but mind not that. It will not be

lost or overlooked. It will be gathered and restored to him and to you. I have much to say. I pity you with all my heart. I know not that I was ever so tenderly tried before. May God support you and comfort you all.

Affectionately yours, E. D. G.

Boston, Jan. 7, Sabbath, 5 o'clock P. M.

This hour they are burying our dear child! And as I can think of nothing else, I sit myself down to commune with his afflicted parents and sisters. No creature so dear to me ever left this earth. I am thinking of his pleasant manners, by which he comforted us by the way, when we left at Newark almost all that was dear to us; and how he helped Mrs. Griffin and Louisa over the hills. I am thinking of his sprightly gambols in our fields and our summer house, and how delighted he was with every scene, which he served to render more delightful. I am thinking of his attentions to me in sickness; his affectionate sympathy, and mature judgment, by which he soothed and strengthened me during all my troubles since I left you. Verily he has not died in my debt. He has more than compensated me for all my attentions to him. In following summers, every object in our fields will bring the dear youth fresh to my thoughts. And if his body is permitted to remain there, I shall often visit his grave, and bathe it with my tears. It will be a spot ever sacred and dear to me. I and my family shall yet be with him, and rise with him at the last day. He has been a great comfort to me. Surely he did not come to Andover in vain. I have had some distressing thoughts about being the means of taking him from Newark; and I suppose that you may be tempted to say, "If he had not left Newark, he would not have died." But, my friends, it is all the appointment of heaven. Eternal wisdom fixed it that he should die at that time and place; and perhaps more good will result to the college, and through that to the churches, from his death, than he would have done had he lived. He was to come, and was to die in a strange land; and you and I were to weep under the great loss. And great

it is. Few parents ever lost more in a single son. But consider, my dear friends, how many comforts you have left. You have two dear children; and they have two dear parents. May you live long to be a mutual comfort to each other. We had just licensed him to preach, when God translated him to the church triumphant. I can give no other reason for it than that he was too refined by divine grace to live in this gross and polluted world.

Think not, my dear friends, that you have lost your pains in giving him an education. No, you have been fitting him for more than a pulpit,—for a higher throne in heaven. The expansion of mind which his education has given him, will probably render him a more illustrious instrument of God's glory, and make him a more capacious vessel to contain happiness, while the kingdom endures. You have not lost any of your pains, nor any of your prayers for him. Few parents have been so much honored, as to raise up and send such a son to assist the praises of the assembly of the first born. There he is! Think not of him on a bed of sickness,—in a land of strangers,—away from his parents and sisters. Think of him on Mount Zion. There is all that is Lewis. The rest is mere dust. We have not lost him. He is only gone a little before us. Ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to return. There we shall soon find him and enjoy him again, and forever—and far better than we ever did in this world. Ah, my heart! why this bleeding and breaking? Did we not know a year ago that Lewis must remove? If the church might not go to heaven, in vain would be a gospel ministry, and revivals of religion. It was indeed desirable to keep him with us a little longer. But I now perceive that our past revivals were not so much intended to raise up comforts for us in this world, or to fit men to preach the gospel, as to fit souls for that eternal society to which our dear Lewis has gone. Oh may my thoughts be more loosed from earth, and fix on that glorious assembly of our fathers and brethren, which has been increasing since the days of Adam. There is Lewis! There will soon be his parents and sisters. And there I hope

soon to meet you all, to part no more forever. Blessed world! No death, no parting, no sorrow, no sin! Stay there, dear child! No longer a child—my superior! my angel! stay there! I would not entice thee if I could, from those regions of bliss and glory.

Mrs. Griffin weeps almost all the time. I join with her in the tenderest sympathy, and in prayers that God may abundantly support you.

Your afflicted and affectionate friend,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE REV. JAMES RICHARDS.

Boston, Jan. 15th, 1810.

My Dear Brother:

If you knew all the reasons which have kept me so long silent, you would excuse me, if you did not feel something approaching nearer to compassion. I have had no leisure, and no heart to write. Lately we have been greatly afflicted by the death of our ever dear young friend Mr. Congar. He left the world as we all should wish to leave it, and has left a name behind like the fragrance of precious ointment. I hope that you will do all in your power to comfort the dear afflicted family. Some of the young men at Andover intend to send to the parents a minute account of all he said during his sickness.

Our college (for so it is called) contains about 50 students. The serious attention in that town continues, and, I hope, increases. But where ignorance of evangelical truth so much abounds, much is to be done in the way of instruction, before many fruits can be expected to appear.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. G. made me happy by the present of another daughter. She and the child are doing well. On Wednesday we dedicated our new church. The house was crowded, as it was three times yesterday. The dedication sermon was preached on an occasion extremely interesting, delicate, and hazardous. The church had been from the beginning viewed as a monster, which was erecting its head,

and opening its mouth, to swallow up men, women and children, and which by its terrifying roar was about to drive sleep from every family in the town, and to scare people of weak nerves out of their wits. It was ascertained that most of the ministers in the town and its vicinity would be present on the occasion. It was a primary object to remove prejudice, without losing the grand opportunity to call the public mind to the difference between our religion and the religion of Boston. How I succeeded, you will presently see. I shall have to give up the sermon, which I expect will be the beginning of the campaign. You will judge of the spirit with which the war is about to be begun, when I tell you that within a few hours after the sermon was delivered, a subscription paper was printed, unknown to me, and more than 1000 copies subscribed for. I intend to send the sermon and the inaugural oration (not yet printed) to you in a few weeks.

You can form no adequate idea of the strength of Satan's kingdom in this town and its vicinity. The injury which Chauncey, and a few other men, have done to the church in this region, is incalculable. Our church has been overwhelmed with contempt. * * * * * * The catholicism of Boston is the most intolerant bigotry that I ever witnessed, when directed towards the religion of Christ. It is a fiend which never wears a smile but when its eye is directed towards the most abominable errors. But I must not rail at this rate. I am drawing towards the end of my sheet. Give my kindest regards to your dear family, and to all your dear people who inquire after me, and to our brethren in the ministry, brothers Hillyer, McDowell, Thompson, &c. I love them all, and never knew how well I loved them till since I feel their loss. I have much to say, but have no more time nor room. Write me soon, and tell me all the news.

Affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, March 6th, 1810.

* * I was much gratified by your approbation of my sermon and oration. The former does not give so much satisfaction to some folks here. A little periodical work entitled "Something," has been nibbling at it for several weeks; and the last number of the Anthology opened its mouth, as wide as a shark's, and devoured it at once. They have proved that the style is horrid, that the doctrines are worse, and that I have made at least four or five persons in the Trinity. They have offered a fair occasion for the friends of truth to give them some edifying lessons. The campaign is fairly begun. How it will end, the Lord knows. Let not those who put on the armor, boast as those who put it off. Some of your southern goose-quills must be drawn in the combat, lest they should drive us out of the land.

Our house continues to be filled much in the same manner as when I wrote you last. We have sold or rented nearly a hundred pews. You have no conception of the falsehoods which are propagated, and the pains which are taken, to prevent people from coming to our church. But the more they try to prevent, the more the people will not mind them. Prejudice is fast wearing away.

We have given Dr. Nott a unanimous call; and expect to hear from him this week. Mr. Stuart, late of New-Haven, was inaugurated, as professor of sacred literature, last week. The stories about Dr. Pearson's abusing me, or quarrelling with me, or being unfriendly to me, are all false. He resigned on account of age and infirmity. He is a good man, and is still an active and very useful friend of our college.

There is a very considerable revival of religion at Salem, Marblehead, and several other towns in the vicinity. O that the sacred influence might reach Boston! I preach on Thursday evenings in our vestry. People attend well, and appear solemn. There are also many prayers put up for the divine influence. This is all we can say.

Last sabbath we had our first sacrament. It was an inte-

resting day. In the afternoon I baptized our infant, by the name of Ellen Maria. It was the first child baptized in the house. * * * * * * * *

We have now between fifty and sixty students in our college. We talk of building another college and chapel, as the first college is nearly filled.

I am happy to hear of the increasing affection of your parish for their pastor. I hope you may enjoy many happy days with that dear people. * * * * *

* * * Mrs. G. joins me in the kindest love to you and Mrs. Richards. Ever yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Nov. 24th, 1810.

* * * After a scene of ceaseless distraction for a year and a half, which has been principally owing, as I now perceive, to my own pride and idolatry, I am quietly housed for the winter, with my family, in the family of one of our congregation, as boarders; having obtained from Andover a dispensation to enable me to devote my whole time to the congregation for four months. Having now but one world upon me, and being exempt from family cares, I am enabled, without distraction, to devote my whole time and heart to my favorite employment, the labors of the parish. Last winter was spent in preparing the way for this, rather than in doing any thing. I think there is a change for the better in our church. They seem to be getting the better of their two great sins, pride and dependance upon man. A succession of disappointments and trials has, I think, been the means of humbling them. A number are earnestly praying for a revival of religion, and are even strongly expecting it. Our meetings are becoming more solemn. What is before us I don't know; but unless God speedily interpose, it does seem as though the cause must be given up. My dear brother, pray for us, and engage our dear friends in Newark, and our brethren in the neighborhood, (to all whom I send my love,) to pray for us.

It is a momentous crisis in our affairs. God only can deliver us.

No answer yet from Dr. Nott. But persons who have lately seen him say, as I have always believed, that he will not come. He is himself confident that his health will not admit of it. What then is to be done? I have at length made up my mind that I cannot, after this winter, be connected with two worlds. This is the firm conviction of myself, of Mrs. G. and of all my friends both at Andover and Boston. The thing then is settled, and understood, and is what all sides will agree to. If then a young man is settled in Park-street, he must stand alone and unsupported. Will this do? Who of you all will come to Park-street? If no body else will, must I come? Pray converse with some of our friends in Newark, and our brethren around about, and give me your best advice. As soon as I get time, I intend to write to Mr. Boudinot, Mr. Crane, &c. to whom, and to all other special friends give my love as though they were named. Mrs. G. joins in kindest love to you and Mrs. Richards; with, dear brother,

Yours, most affectionately,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

The clergyman to whom Park-street church gave their first call was Doctor Henry Kollock of Savannah, well known as having been one of the most eloquent preachers which this country has produced. He, however, after having had it for a considerable time under consideration, declined it in September, 1809; and immediately after Doctor G. was unanimously chosen to the same place, with the assurance of as large a salary as was paid to any congregational minister in Boston. As he happened to be present when the call was made out, he stated on the spot that there were many reasons why his acceptance of it was quite out of the ques-

tion; the most important one of which no doubt was, that he felt himself at that time bound to the Theological Seminary. Subsequently, however, as appears from the preceding letter, his views of duty on this subject gradually underwent a change; and after he had temporarily intermitted his labors at the seminary that he might devote himself solely to the interests of the congregation, and after they had extended their call to several distinguished individuals, and in each case had received a negative answer, they unanimously renewed their call to him, Feb. 1, 1811, under circumstances which led him to think that possibly the indications of Providence were in favor of his acceptance of it. Almost immediately after this became known to the students of the institution, they addressed him the following letter, expressive of their warm attachment, and of their strong desire that he might retain his connexion with the seminary.

Divinity College, March 28th, 1811.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

We have been informed that you find it impracticable to discharge the duties of your professorship in this institution, and those which result from your connexion with the church and congregation in Boston. We have also been informed, that they have recently given you a unanimous and pressing call, to become their pastor. And apprehending that, from these conflicting claims, there is a possibility of your dissolving the connexion which you sustain with this institution; we take the liberty, Dear Sir, to express to you our feelings and wishes on this subject. Although we feel deeply concerned in the interests of that congregation, and view its prosperity of great importance, still, in our estimation, the religious interests connected with this seminary, are of such an extent,

as to furnish a superior claim to your attention and services. We are impressed, Sir, with the belief that, should you leave us, our loss would be great, if not irreparable. Under the influence of these considerations, we earnestly request you, for our personal benefit, for the general good of this sacred institution, and for the momentous interests of the church, to continue the relation which you sustain to us. Be assured, Sir, that we shall feel it a great privation, to lose the privilege of looking to you, in connexion with your colleagues, as our father and our friend.

Presuming that you will take into due consideration these our unanimous suggestions, and wishing you the best consolations which religion affords, we subscribe ourselves in behalf of our brethren, your obedient servants

T. WOODBRIDGE,
A. NASH,
D. SMITH,
College Committee.

To which Doctor GRIFFIN returned the following answer.

Divinity College, March 29, 1811.

GENTLEMEN,

Your affectionate letter gave me all the pleasure which you intended. I am gratified to find that my official services are regarded with so much kindness by the members of the college; and am affected with the obliging expression of their wishes for my happiness. I thank you, Gentlemen, for the delicate manner in which these sentiments have been conveyed to me; and, through you, I present my acknowledgments to all the young gentlemen of the Institution. The confidence and the wishes which they have expressed are certainly entitled to much attention, and will be duly considered in the estimate of reasons which are to influence my decision. Under the pressing and contending claims of the two objects, I feel it my duty to ask them to carry the subject to the throne

of grace, and to be earnest in their supplications that I may know the will of God. If the result should not be such as they desire, it will be owing to the necessities of an important church, and not to any indifference to their improvement and happiness. I am, gentlemen,

Very affectionately yours,
E. D. GRIFFIN.

In a letter to Doctor RICHARDS, dated April 16, 1811, Dr. G. writes thus:—"Since I wrote last I have learned that the young men in the college have unanimously, as they state, made an address to Mr. BARTLETT, praying him to press me still further to continue here. The feelings of the young men, and the friendship of Mr. BARTLETT, have produced some conflict in my mind; but I still believe that the providence of God points me to Boston." Accordingly, in a communication dated May 1, he signified his acceptance of the call, and was installed pastor of the church, July 31, 1811, by an ecclesiastical council of Congregational ministers and delegates from the vicinity of Boston; having previously received a dismission from the Presbytery to which he belonged, and a recommendation to the Union Association of Boston and vicinity. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. WORCESTER, of Salem.

The following letter to his brother, GEORGE GRIFFIN, Esq. shows what were the prevailing considerations that influenced him in his ultimate removal from Andover to Boston.

Boston, April 29th, 1811.

Dear Brother,

After being tossed for two years, and kept in a state of restlessness, without a home, and crushed with the cares of Andover and Boston united, I have at last found a home, a place of rest, as far as this world can afford one. I have resigned my office at Andover, and am here with my family. On the first day of May I expect to move into a pleasant house, in a delightful part of the town.

Such were the perishing necessities of this congregation, which presents a stand the most important, as has repeatedly been said, of any in Christendom, that the friends of the college are not displeased with the step I have taken. The young gentlemen in the college, of which there are about 50, made a strong effort to retain me. They presented to me an affectionate and "unanimous" address, requesting me to stay: and not content with this, they wrote to Mr. Bartlett, requesting him to use further exertions for the purpose. But they submit without any hard thoughts since they know my determination. I left Andover last week.

This congregation were pressed with a debt of about $30,000, which they had contracted for their house. They could not sell their pews, for want of a minister; and they could not much longer bear up under the debt. They were discouraged by repeated disappointments in their attempts to obtain a pastor, and were determined to look no further. If I did not come, they declared that they must sell their house, and disband: and the fall of this congregation would have spread destruction far and wide. But if I would come, individuals stood ready to assume the debt, and secure the meeting-house, which was mortgaged, from hazard of being sold to Socinians. This has been done. The debt is discharged; and the congregation is in a fair way to live and increase. The house is thronged on Sabbath evening. If God be for us, who can be against us?

Last fall and winter the enemy did all in their power to destroy the congregation and me. But, blessed be God! we yet

live, and live uninjured. The storm is past, and the tide seems now to be strongly turning in our favor. We feel no alarm. What trials may await us we leave to God, who, as he has done, can carry us safely through; and he can bring us to his heavenly kingdom. Fanny and the children are well, and join me in love to you and yours.

Your affectionate brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE REV. JAMES RICHARDS.

Boston, Sept. 14th, 1811.

* * * * * God is appearing for brother Huntington's support. There is evidently a work of grace beginning among his people. His old praying women, who belonged to Whitefield's day, say that so good appearances have not been seen in Boston since 1771. But our church is still dead, and still looking to an arm of flesh. We have not got enough yet. We shall have to receive more scourging before we shall be fit for any work. Of all creatures, some of us seemed the most unlikely to be selected to make such a stand in Boston. Whether the selection was of God or man, time must determine. Pray for us. E. D. G.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, April 22d, 1812.

My Dear Brother,

Your favor of Feb. 3d has lain by me a long time, for reasons that every minister can guess, when he looks at his parish. But, my beloved brother, my heart is often with you. You are among the few friends on earth whom I love without any *ifs* or *buts*. I am rejoiced to hear by Mr. Sanford, who called upon me this morning, that appearances are more favorable among you. I rejoice for your sake, as well as for more general reasons. You went to Newark at the close of a great revival. The thing was done, and could not be continued. I had the privilege of being there in harvest time; and you came in the fall of the year; a winter followed of course; but a spring you will see, and then a harvest. "They

that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord make you the father of many spiritual children in that dear section of the great family!

I find it not in my power to visit Newark this spring; but, God willing, I firmly intend to bring Mrs. G. next spring. I cannot leave my people so long at present. There are some appearances which I must stay at home to watch. The latter part of February I was so much encouraged that I instituted a conference exclusively for persons under serious impressions. Precisely thirty have attended; four or five of whom, I trust, have become real christians. I have conversed with some others out of doors whose minds are tender. Our meetings generally are certainly more solemn than they were. But the church, with a few exceptions, are still asleep. We expect to admit twelve new members, (with, and without certificates,) at our next sacrament. We admitted twenty-seven the last year, from the first of March to the first of March. Brother, pray for us.

I have had very affecting news lately from my brother in New-York. He and his friends believe him to have become a subject of grace. I know you will rejoice with me, and help me praise the Lord for his great goodness. I hope my brother may be of some little service to the common cause in this day of agitation in that city. What are they doing? What aileth them? Who has stirred up all this strife? Do write me all about it. The whole camp appears to be alarmed. There certainly is fear, combined with some rancor. * * * * * * * Is the land of Jersey shaken with the earthquake? Do the steeples of Newark totter? * * * Is your head upon your shoulders? How is dear brother Hillyer? I long to have a long brotherly letter from him, and to see him in Boston. Give my very particular love to him, and tell him all this. Mrs. G. joins in most affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Richards and yourself, with your friend and brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, May 2d, 1812.

My Dear Brother,

Having written to you so lately, I have nothing new to write. But I cannot let so favorable an opportunity pass without dropping you a line—perhaps a sheet full.

I rejoice exceedingly to hear of the favorable symptoms in some of your towns, and in New-York. I hope strongly that the God of 1802 and 1807 will make 1812 (the space of five years in both cases) a day of his power in those twenty congregations. Is it not just the time, my dear brother, to revive your preaching tours? God has blessed them twice; may he not bless them the third time?

In regard to us, things remain much as when I wrote last. Thirty-four have attended our Tuesday evening conference, under serious impressions; but the church, with few exceptions, are still asleep. Our congregation, gathered from all parts, with habits formed under cold preaching, present a cold spectacle, much unlike the congregation of Newark. They must be melted down into one mass by an electric shock from heaven. God send the shock in his own time!

I thank you for the notice you take of my dear brother's case. It has affected me most deeply, as you may well suppose. I wish you could see him some time when you are in New-York. He needs help from you. I wish he may be thoroughly grounded and settled in the truth, and lend his aid to support orthodoxy in this day of agitation. * * * * * * * * I have lately become one of the overseers of Cambridge College. About the time of my coming here the Socinians got a law passed by our Assembly to exclude the Senate from the board, except the President, (under pretence of keeping out democracy,) to disfranchise the six towns, whose ministers were *ex officio* members of the board, and to give power to the board to fill up its own vacancies. The chief object probably was to keep out those orthodox ministers who might, in this turn of times, be settled in said towns. Last winter the democratic Assembly repealed the law, in their

own vindication, and Mr. Thacher and I rode in upon their shoulders. I hope I never may have a worse horse!

Mrs. G. joins in most affectionate regards to Mrs. Richards and yourself, with, dear Sir,

Your cordial friend and brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE SAME.

Written immediately after hearing the melancholy tidings of the death of Mrs. Cumming, wife of Rev. Hooper Cumming, who was instantly killed by being precipitated down the falls of the Pasaick.

Boston, July 1st, 1812.

My Dear Brother,

I received your letter of last week and read it with such sensations as you can easily imagine. The dreadful account had reached us before. I immediately wrote what I could to our poor afflicted friend. The mysterious dispensation has produced a strong impression here. Your letter has been read to numbers; it has been borrowed and carried out of the house; a copy of it is now taking by an aunt of Mrs. Cumming. Many tears have flowed, and many prayers have ascended for the bereaved husband. How mysterious are the dispensations of providence! We must bow ourselves to the earth, and say, His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. What a comfort it is, amidst the confusions of this trying life, to know that infinite wisdom keeps the throne, and well knows what he is doing! The sea may rage, our shattered bark, amidst the darkness of night, may rise to the clouds, and plunge to the centre, but our Pilot is at helm. Were it not for that, we should never hope to see morning more. But with that protection we shall ride safely through the rage of elements, and the confusions of a disjointed world, and enter a haven secluded from the storms. It was never a matter of more joy than at the present moment that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

I pray, and even hope, that this distressing event will be the means of a glorious revival of religion in Newark. Tell the people that they must not let it pass without such an issue. It is a call to every man, woman and child in the town, right from the mouth of God, as loud as any that will ever be heard, perhaps, before the last trumpet. They must listen, or, (I had almost said,) they are all dead men. This is the moment too, for christians to lie on their faces before the God who is passing by—the very moment to cry to him with groanings that cannot be resisted—to carry out all their children from their houses, and lay them in the street before the awful Majesty that is passing by. O may the whole town stand and bow before him, and hear not his voice in vain! * * * * * * Mrs. G. and myself have just returned from a journey to Connecticut. God is pouring out his Spirit in sundry places in that state and in this. I hope to hear good tidings from Newark. Nothing very different here. Mrs. G. joins in every sentiment of love and kindness to Mrs. R. and yourself, with your affectionate brother.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

In the winter of 1812–1813, Doctor GRIFFIN delivered his Park-street lectures, on successive sabbath evenings, to a crowded audience collected from all classes of society. These lectures awakened the deepest attention both of friends and foes; and it is hardly necessary to say that they have passed through several editions, and have long since taken a prominent place among the standard theological works of our country.

TO THE REV. JAMES RICHARDS.

Boston, August 23d, 1813.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I owe you many apologies for my long silence; but either I have more to do than ever I had before, or else I become slower in my motions as age increases. I do not get time to

write to my friends. I have scarcely written a letter for nine months till very lately.

I have rejoiced, my brother, in all the mercy and truth with which God has visited you, and the dear people of your charge. I cannot be indifferent to any thing that is calculated to make either you or them happy, and least of all to so glorious a scene as this. May the work increase, and extend, and never cease.

I rejoice to hear of the strong and increasing attachment of your congregation to their pastor. I hope you and dear Mrs. Richards by this time feel yourselves at home, and that you both and your children will continue to enjoy all the happiness which this poor world can give, and all the happiness which can be found in a covenant God. * * * * *

* * * * Our affairs here go on pretty much in the old way. The small degree of divine influence with which we have been favored, has brought ninety-one persons to our inquiring meeting, within a year and a half; thirty-nine of whom have come in since the first of December. About that time a new momentum was given to the thing which is not yet altogether spent. Sabbath after next I expect to admit to the church eleven persons from the world. Still there are trials and discouragements which sometimes almost tempt me to give out. Boston folks will be Boston folks still. They will not retrench a habit, nor lose a nap at church, to save their lives. Had I known as much as I now do, I never would have left the Presbyterian world; and if my conscience would suffer me, I would enter it again as soon as I could. * *

* * * We are in peace, but a peace attended with more stupidity than comfort. I am afraid to say any more.

Excuse my haste. I have many letters to write. Mrs. G. joins in most affectionate regards to Mrs. Richards, and yourself, and the children, with, dear Sir,

Your friend and brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, April 12th, 1814.

* * * * I have no good news to communicate respecting our affairs in Boston. It does not please the Head of the Church to refresh us with his influence, and we all remain as cold and hard as rocks. I am afraid to come among you in such a day as this, lest I should serve, with what little influence I have, to chill you. But I need to be warmed, though it be at your expense.

I am, my dear brother,

Most affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER FRANCES LOUISA.

Boston, July 25th, 1814.

My dear Daughter,

Before this time you have received "The Memoirs of Mrs. Newell," which your mother sent you. It is my earnest desire, and parental injunction, that you read that book through at least twice in the course of the summer and autumn, that you draw the example there set clearly before your eyes, and give the most earnest diligence and care to copy it in your heart and life. I wish you, in short, to set up that blessed woman for your model, both in respect to her early, ardent, self-denying piety, and to the modesty, sweetness, delicacy, affection, and attention to the feelings of others, which marked her social character. Providence has raised her up at your own door, in the midst of the circle in which your father moves, and given our family, as connected with the mission in which she displayed her brightest lustre, a sort of property in her character. The whole of that property I bequeath to you. Take her for your own, and ingraft all her excellencies upon your own character. How often have I said, with all the tender commotion of a parent's heart, "Oh, let that character be my Louisa's!"

Mrs. Newell was younger than you are, my daughter, when she first gave herself to Christ. She could place her heart at rest on the centre of her soul, her Saviour's bosom, at the age

of thirteen; and where are your affections roving? Are you not under as great obligations as she was? I wish you also to look at the womanly sentiments and style of her letters and diary at the age of thirteen, and often compare your own progress with hers. Do you keep a diary?

Your main attention ought to be paid to the government of your temper. That is an enemy which you must bring under early and learn to keep in steady subjection, or it will gather strength as you advance, till it becomes too strong to be controlled. And when it has once established an ascendancy, farewell to peace, farewell to the good will of others, and, without almost a miracle, farewell to salvation. You must get it completely in your power while you are young, and accustom it to obey, or calculate on a wretched old age. Establish, then, the rule of bringing its motions each day to a rigid examination at night; and never sleep till you have mourned before God for its irregularities that day, and implored strength to curb it for time to come. But you must go deeper still. The root of the evil lies in a selfish spirit, which nothing can cure but that love to God and man which constitutes the essence of all religion. In religion, then, you must seek the only effectual remedy. Oh, my daughter, look to Christ for this. Cry to him mightily; cry to him day and night.

Next to the government of your temper, you must cultivate an obliging disposition towards all. In things where you may, learn to subject your wishes to the wishes of others, to prefer their gratification to your own. This is the essence of true politeness; and if prompted by proper motives, is an essential part of true religion. I must remind you also to avoid two things utterly repugnant to female loveliness. I mean an independent carriage and too great forwardness. A benevolent regard to the feelings, and a modest deference to the characters of others, will cure both of these evils. But I would have you distinguish between modesty and bashfulness. The former is the loveliest trait of female beauty; the latter turns every thing into awkward deformity.

* * * * My dear daughter, you are no longer a child,

but of the age when Mrs. Newell was exhibiting a character to be the model of future generations.

* * * * We were sorry to hear that you are learning to play without using your voice. We must utterly protest against this. We believe you can sing; but if we are mistaken in this, we wish you to take no more lessons in music.

Let me hear, from time to time, what books you read at your leisure hours. Some, adapted to enlarge your stock of ideas, and to improve your taste, should make a part of the objects of your attention every week.

I wish you to pay all due attention to ———. It will be a sufficient argument, I hope, with you, that she is unfortunate. Let me be informed on this point.

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

The following record of the deaths of Doctor Griffin's parents, &c. was made by him in 1832.

While I was in Boston in March, 1814, I was summoned to the sick bed of my dear mother, who, for many years had had the consumption. She died in my arms at nine o'clock on sabbath evening, April 3, 1814, aged 81. My honored father died the 6th of August following, aged 80. Of my four grand-parents, and two parents, all surpassed the age of 80, except my grandfather Dorr, and he nearly reached that age. To this day, when I am more than 62 years old, I have never lost a brother nor sister, wife nor child, and the youngest of eight children of my parents is now more than 54 years old. Thus has the mercy of God dealt with us.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, August 21st, 1814.

Dear Brother,

Before this reaches you, you will have heard that our dear father is no more. We have no more a parent on earth; and soon we ourselves shall be numbered with the congregation of the dead. And what then if we are deceived! And

is it not possible that we may be? "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?" There are a thousand ways to get wrong, and one only to get right. The two most conspicuous fruits and evidences of religion, are a placid, affectionate spirit, which sweetens and rules our native tempers, and that etherial spirit which overcomes the world. 1 Cor. xiii. James i. 27. 1 John ii. 15. Would it not be well, my dear brother, for us both to try ourselves closely by these two tests, as exhibited in the texts referred to? Religion does not consist in a form, and a profession, nor in going to church on the sabbath, and uttering some of our opinions, and having certain frames; but in possessing and acting out the true spirit of the gospel, which is love,—in rising from under the supreme dominion of selfishness to the dominion of supreme love to God and his dear Son. Luke xiv. 26. Mat. vi. 24. Men are judged by their general characters. 1 John iii. 15. Unless then we are habitually governed by supreme love to God, we are nothing. But such a regent within us will habitually keep down those angry and idolatrous passions which spring from selfishness. If these prevail, we are the slaves of selfishness still. Without, therefore, a dominant spirit of love, which can keep our tempers habitually calm, and produce habitually a conscious deadness to the world, we are not christians. If my own hope will not bear this test, it must be given up.

Thus we cannot hope to live, without a frequent application of the means of grace. And if the world is put under our feet, it will certainly no longer keep us from those means which are necessary for the nourishment of our souls, any more than from those meals which are necessary for the nourishment of the body. Every christian ought to take time from the world to attend at least one meeting a week, besides on the sabbath. I wish, my dear brother, that you would adopt this rule, and inflexibly abide by it, let the world go where it will. I know what you can say on the subject, but I still believe that you ought to do it, and that it is your happiness as well as duty. * * * * * *

Affectionately your brother, E. D. G.

Dr. Griffin continued at Park-street till the spring of 1815, when, in consequence of the congregation having become embarrassed by means of the war, and withal somewhat divided among themselves, he accepted an invitation to return to Newark as pastor of the Second Presbyterian church then lately rendered vacant by the dismission of Mr. Cumming. He seems to have hesitated for some time as to the propriety of accepting this invitation, particularly from an apprehension that his return to Newark might be the occasion of some embarrassment to his successor in his former charge. The two following letters, which he addressed to Dr. Richards in relation to this subject, evince a delicate regard to the circumstances in which he was called to act.

Boston, Feb. 21st, 1815.

My Dear Brother,

I was delighted to hear to-day that you had been invited to preside at the meeting last Thursday. This augurs well for the future tranquillity of Newark. Immediately after receiving an application, about twelve weeks ago, I inquired whether it would give offence for me to exchange with you, and to visit my old friends in your congregation; and was answered, that it would be acceptable for me to visit my old friends, and to exchange with you once in four or five sabbaths. To return to Newark on any other terms than to be in habits of unreserved intimacy and love with one of my earliest and truest friends, and with his beloved church, I could not consent. And if I thought my return would contribute any influence to restore harmony, and to obliterate all remembrance of the past, it would certainly be a powerful motive. On the other hand, if there is, as was hinted to me by some last spring, an incurable separation between the two con-

gregations, and my friends down town would look upon me as one who had come to take part against them, I should find myself in a condition truly deplorable. On the various points connected with this subject, I want light, and, my dear brother, I want light from you.

When I resigned my charge into your hands, little did I expect to return and take part with you in your ministry. Nor do I yet know that this is the will of heaven. Newark has not ceased to be the dearest place to me on earth; but I am not my own. From some motions of divine providence I have been led to suppose that that might become my duty. And if it is my duty, I can freely say it will be no act of self-denial. The particular circumstances which have led to this way of thinking, you in part know, and will know more fully when I have the pleasure to see you. In the mean time I will thank you to open your whole heart to me, and to pour all the light you can upon the present state and future prospects of Newark, relative to the points referred to above. Pray let me hear from you soon. I expect to take a journey early in March; if you write soon I shall receive your letter before I set out.

Mrs. G. joins me in most affectionate salutations to Mrs. Richards, and yourself, and to the whole family.

Your friend and brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Rev. J. Richards.

Boston, April 15th, 1815.

My Dear Brother,

I received your fraternal letter of the 28th of February, on my return from Connecticut the 3rd of April, and thank you for your frank and candid remarks. I had written, before my journey, to Mr. Boudinot, and if I am not mistaken, requested him to show the letter to you. That letter will have convinced you that the providence of God, and no unreasonable fickleness, or despondency in me, has suggested the purpose of my return. I have felt unhappy in one view of my return. If from the attachment of some of my old friends, it should operate to render your condition any less pleasant, it would

distress me, not only from my long continued friendship for you, but especially because I was instrumental in your removal to Newark. It will be, I hope, my aim, however, to render your situation no less pleasant than it was when you first came, and have no doubt of reciprocal friendship from you. And with such a union as has always subsisted between us, added to a sufficient degree of prudence, I hope we shall prevail to heal all the divisions which now exist. I believe we shall. There are really no rival interests. There are people and property enough for two congregations, and I hope in time to see a third. This was my hope before I concluded to leave the town. The idea of ministering to the whole town was oppressive and overwhelming.

* * * Since my return from my journey to Connecticut, I have applied to the church and congregation for a dismission. Both bodies have given their consent, and voted to continue my salary till the last of May, though the council for my dismission should be sooner convened. After this consent I consider myself at liberty to announce my acceptance of the call. I will therefore thank you to inform the presbytery in my name, at their April meeting, that I consider it my duty to accept the call, and do hereby accept it; and pray them to appoint a time for my installation, as soon as they, and the congregation choose, after the first sabbath in June. The first sabbath in June I hope to be in Newark. Mrs. G. joins in affectionate regards to Mrs. R. and yourself and family.

I am, my dear brother, your sincere friend,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Rev. J. Richards.

Agreeably to the intimation contained in the preceding letter, Doctor Griffin's resignation of his pastoral charge received the sanction of a mutual council, April 27, 1815; though he continued to officiate as pastor till the last sabbath in May. He arrived in Newark with his family the first week in June.

CHAPTER V.

HIS SECOND RESIDENCE AT NEWARK.

Doctor Griffin was installed pastor of the second Presbyterian church in Newark, June 20, 1815.

Toward the close of the year 1816, a general attention to religion commenced in both congregations in Newark, and extended to several of the neighboring towns. During this revival Dr. G. was abundant in his labors, and was privileged in due time to gather in a precious harvest.

Under date of March 27, 1817, he writes in his diary as follows:

A day of private fasting and prayer agreed upon by both churches in the town, to implore the continued influences of the Divine Spirit. Having of late years entered more largely into the public business of the church, I have spent too little time in my closet, and in consequence find that it is not so easy to-day to fix my thoughts in these private exercises as it formerly was. It is my desire from this time forth to return to the more full practice of private devotion, and to a renewal of my journal.

I have tried the world; I have been too much devoted to honor; but I found it all vain. Never was I so restless and unhappy as when most elevated in view of the world. I was

tired of such public life, and longed to retire. I have retired, and during the year and nine months which I have spent here, have been the most tranquil that I ever was in any situation. Convinced by experience of the vanity and even torture of worldly distinction, I seem to have given up all desire for it. I am sure I would not exchange my present seclusion for any more public sphere that could be offered me. My trials, I trust, have not been in vain. For more than six years past, (the former part of which was the most trying period of my life,) I think I have been enabled to obtain an ascendancy over some of my constitutional sins. If I do not deceive myself, I have of late years become more conscientious in regulating my feelings towards my neighbors, in avoiding resentments when I am injured, and in studying the things which make for peace. I think I am more vigilant against the collisions of selfishness; less bigoted in favor of a party, and can more truly rejoice in the advancement of religion in other denominations around me. I have far less distressing conflicts than I had in former years. At the same time I have far less exalted ideas of my own sanctification. Some things are certainly improved within me, and yet I have a more steady sense of my general poverty and short coming.

Afternoon. I found a greater sweetness in secret prayer than I had felt for years, a tenderness and enlargement in praying for this people here, our sister congregation and its minister, my late church in Park-street, my friends and my enemies generally in Massachusetts. I found a new state of mind, and discovered that some displeasure at the past treatment I had received, though it had not awakened resentment, had hardened my heart against old acquaintance and caused me to find little pleasure in thinking of them. But now I felt the cloud all removed, and wished to visit them, and longed for their prosperity, as though they had been my flesh and blood; and in regard to those who were near, my heart melted over them, and it was my earnest prayer that this day, when the christians of both congregations are in their respective closets, might break up forever whatever selfish jealousies and unkind

feelings may exist between the two sister churches. I feared that the rough treatment I had met with from the world, had soured my mind towards mankind, and that my love of retirement arose partly from this cause. I clearly perceived and felt that love would do away all feelings like never wishing to have any more connexion with a particular place. *Never, never let me feel this again towards any place or any individual.* How will love unite us to all and every one, as to our dearest child. Scarcely ever had I a cloud taken off from the whole world so suddenly and so sensibly. I felt a tender wish to write to acquaintances in different places, with whom I had for a considerable time wished to have no further intercourse. I found that love would cure at once all past troubles, and sweep them from the world as though they had never been; and that if I could continue to feel so, I should at once be restored to the bright skies of former years, before the storms arose. I perceived that the most effectual way to get the better over every injury was to *forgive.* I learned to prize more than ever these days of private devotion, for I found that this season had removed wrong impressions which had rested on my mind for two or three years, which, *till I felt the change*, I had not perceived were wrong. LET ME NOT FAIL TO KEEP THESE DAYS OF PRIVATE DEVOTION.

I was enabled heartily to forgive and pray for all men, even those who had wronged me most, and then I felt that the middle wall of partition which had been long between Christ and me, was taken away. I had forgiven all, and then he had, as it would seem, forgiven me. While I held them off, unwilling to have intercourse, he held me off, unwilling to have intercourse. I had not hated them as an enemy, and he had not hated me as an enemy. Just the measure which I meted to others, he meted to me. I never felt before the full amount, in *this* respect, of that petition, "Forgive us our debts *as* we forgive our debtors." In the latter part of the afternoon my mind was unusually fixed and drawn out in prayer; and all my prayers were directed to Christ. The hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," was more precious to me

than ever it was, when I was not pressed down under the burden of guilt. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for his restoring mercy,—for removing that partition wall which I have felt for more than six years. O may I walk humbly and live near to him, and be wholly devoted to him the rest of my life.

During this second period of Doctor GRIFFIN'S residence at Newark, besides attending with exemplary fidelity to all the duties more immediately connected with his pastoral charge, he devoted himself with great zeal to the establishment and support of several of the leading benevolent institutions of the day. He was one of the original founders of the American Bible Society; and it is said that when their address to the public, which had been prepared by Doctor MASON, was first read in his hearing, he turned to a gentleman sitting next to him, and said with great emphasis, "That, in my opinion is the finest specimen of English composition that has been produced since the days of Johnson." He was also particularly active in the establishment of the United Foreign Missionary Society, and in promoting the interests of the school established by the Synod of New-York and New-Jersey for the education of Africans. To this latter institution perhaps he devoted himself with more zeal than to any other; and his celebrated "Plea for Africa," distinguished alike for learning and eloquence, shows that this was a theme to wake up his finest powers and his strongest sensibilities.

It was also during this period of his ministry, (1817) that he published his work on the extent of the atonement. As this is almost throughout a work of pure metaphysics, it were not to be ex-

pected that it should have gained so extensive a circulation as the more practical and popular of his productions; but it was evidently the result of great intellectual labor, and could never have been produced but by a mind trained to the highest efforts of abstraction.

In the spring of 1821, Dr. Griffin received an invitation to the presidency of the college at Danville, Kentucky; and as his health at the time was somewhat enfeebled, he took a journey into that state, but ultimately declined the offer. On his return he visited Cincinnati in Ohio, and subsequently received an invitation to the same place in the college in that city, but this also he felt himself constrained to decline. About the same time he received a similar appointment at Williams College; and owing chiefly to some unpropitious circumstances which had prevented the growth of his congregation and their ability to continue to him a competent support, he determined to accept this appointment.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS RESIDENCE AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

Having accepted of the Presidency of Williams College, Doctor GRIFFIN left Newark with his family for Williamstown about the 25th October, 1821. Of the interesting events which occurred in connection with the journey and subsequent to it, he committed to writing the following minute account in 1830.

Before we left Newark, my eldest daughter, Louisa, was unwell. In her passage up the river she became worse. We reached Troy on Friday morning, October 26th, 1827, where I left her with her mother at a boarding-house, and the same night reached Williamstown with my other daughter, Ellen. On Monday, October 29th, having obtained teams to bring out our furniture, I returned to Troy, and found an apprehension in the attending physicians that Louisa was exposed to the typhus fever. On my return to Williamstown on Wednesday, October 31st, I found Ellen quite sick. It proved that she had taken the measles; and before they could appear, a billious fever had taken possession of the system and kept the other down. And as the first yielded to medicine, the second, a hidden enemy that no one could understand, began to work. She was in a state of great fluctuation, but mostly of danger, till near the middle of December. On Monday, the 10th of December, my apprehensions rose the highest, but they were

relieved before I went after my family the next morning. And so it was from the first to the last; she would be better, and I could inform her mother so; and no sooner had my letter gone than she would be taken worse. Her mother was mercifully saved from a knowledge of her danger till she reached Williamstown, and I sustained the burden alone. But to return.

On sabbath morning, November 4th, while I sat by Ellen's bed, more anxious for her than for Louisa, I received a letter from Mrs. Griffin, begging me to come down immediately ere my child died, and to bring Ellen with me, and leave her at Dr. Coe's. As I arose from my chair, I said, unconsciously, "The Lord reigneth;" but recollecting myself, and fearing to alarm Ellen, I for the first and last time deceived my child. I assumed a smile, and kissed her, and left the room. I determined to stay and ask the prayers of the church, and go the next day. The Rev. Mr. Gridley said he could not bear to have me go alone and offered to accompany me. At Wadsworth's, where we dined, while I was pacing alone before the door, reviewing all my feelings about my poor child before birth and at the time of her birth, and my manner of praying for her, and bringing her up, I said, "And after all is she to die in this state of insensibility? Is this our covenant God?" Something seemed to say, "No," in a manner which soothed my anguish. About eight miles this side of Troy, a messenger met us, to hasten us to see her die. I remember saying to Mr. Gridley at that moment, "*I* can bear all this and a great deal more; but O that poor mother, and that immortal soul!" I spent the eight miles in praying for those two objects, and in language sometimes audible to my sympathizing friend. Mrs. Griffin had no knowledge that Ellen was sick, and I knew, was confidently expecting her. I had to bear those tidings to the afflicted mother. But God had mercifully ordered it so that I could, with entire sincerity, say, "I hope she is better." Mrs. G. met me on the stairs,—"Where is Ellen?" anxiously. "Why, my dear, she did not come"—carelessly. "Is she sick?"—alarmed. "Why, my dear, she hasn't been very well." "Is she dangerous?"—greatly agitated. "We

have been somewhat concerned about her, but we hope she is better." Mrs. G. disappeared. I went into the room where my poor child lay. I found her insensible—deaf, dumb, and perhaps blind. By shaking her violently I could make her open her eyes; but they would fall together as soon. I wished to pray with her without delay; and when I sought for Mrs. G. I found her in a dark room, leaning on Mrs. E. crying, ready to break her heart, and saying, "God is going to take away both of my children." That night I did not shed a tear, though apt to weep. I got the friends assembled in the room, and then stretched out my hands over the bed and commended to God our dying child. When I opened my eyes, I found Mrs. G. bent down under her sorrows. I therefore lifted my voice aloud and said, "What does it signify for God to reign if he may not govern the world? What does it signify for us to proclaim our joy that he governs, if we will not allow him to take from us our Josephs and our Benjamins as he pleases?" The words, I saw, went through the poor mother's heart, and from that moment she lifted up her head. She went to bed that night (she told me afterwards) under a great weight, but she awoke in the night, and all her burden was gone.

A change had taken place in the sick child that morning, between break of day and sunrise, which indicated that a decisive change would probably take place the next morning at the same hour, and many chances to one it would be for death. But I found I could not set up the interest of my child against the will of God. I felt a strange composure, for which I reproached myself. I said to a friend repeatedly that I appeared to myself to be stupid. I said to myself, "Do you love your child as you love yourself? Would you feel so little concern were there fifty chances to one that you would be beyond the reach of hope to-morrow?" And yet I could not feel that misery and tumult which the awful event, separated from the will of God, seemed calculated to produce. In the course of the evening Dr. B. told me that if she survived the next day she would be liable to be taken off every half hour for three

weeks. "Well then," said I to myself, "it is in vain to hope. I might as well hope if she had to run the gauntlet between a hundred soldiers, with all their guns pointed at her heart." At that moment it was powerfully impressed on my mind, "If it is the will of the Lord Jesus that she shall die, she will die; and if it is his will that she shall live, she will live, though she were to run the gauntlet through the world." That thought composed me, and I went to bed and slept quietly till morning. But I was up with the day. And instead of the chill of death coming upon her, she lifted up her eyes and knew me. Though I could not weep that night, the next day I could weep profusely, under a sense of the goodness of God.

On the 14th of November I was inaugurated to the office of president of Williams College.

On Tuesday, Dec. 11th, I went after my family, and brought them home on Thursday, the 13th, seven weeks wanting a day or two from the time we landed at Troy. The same day, Ellen was brought home; and a joyful meeting it was. I had longed that the family, if ever permitted to meet again, might live only to Him who had preserved them. But alas how have we forgotten his mercies! I am utterly confounded when I think of this.

This great mercy as relates to Louisa, and especially the scene at Wadsworth's, never appeared to me so affecting as since her hopeful conversion.

TO HIS DAUGHTER FRANCES LOUISA, WHILE AT SCHOOL AT SANDWICH.

Williamstown, March 17th, 1823.

* * * As the church here have set apart to-morrow as a day of fasting and prayer for the effusions of the Spirit, and I expect to be with them, I shall have no time to write after this evening. The revival in college is at an awful stand. No instance of hopeful conversion for near a fortnight. In that time there has been much labor, and not a few impressions made of a weaker sort, which seem to come and go, in a way

to hold us between hope and fear, and I should be tempted to be discouraged were it not for the increasing earnestness, as I hope, of christians, both in the college and in the town. Amidst all my other anxieties, my poor children that have no God, lie daily upon my heart:—my poor children who have souls as valuable as they appeared to me when I was going to Troy in November, 1821, and when I bent over my insensible and apparently dying child, that evening. Oh Louisa, you have scenes yet to enter upon which no language can describe, and no mortal heart can conceive. My dear child, prepare, I beseech you, to meet your God. Oh let not your parents find you missing when they search for you among the redeemed host at the last day.

* * * I am sorry that you said, or ever heard any thing about ——; because I am unwilling that a grudge should lie in your heart, or in mine, against a human being. I hope you will neither hear nor communicate any thing more against a single person on earth.

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ELLEN MARIA.

Williams College, June 12th, 1824.

* * * I had, my dear child, a distressing dream about you last night. I dreamed that I was the presiding magistrate in a court which had condemned you to die for murder,—and to be executed the next day. You besought for your life; but I told you that I could not help you, and entreated you to prepare to die. And when you appeared disposed to consume the few precious moments in prayer to me, I told you that you must not say another word about it. You obeyed, and was silent, and I awoke. And when I awoke, the thought of my poor suppliant child, condemned to death, and pleading with me for her life; and the thought that I might one day see you pleading for an eternal life, when I could not afford you relief; affected me so much that I could not help praying for you a considerable time, till I fell asleep again. Oh my dear child,

remember that no modification of the social affections, and of the outward deportment, will answer without a radical change of heart; that no habits of respect for religion will avail without a deep conviction of sin and ruin; that without thus feeling yourself sick unto death, you never will apply to the great physician, but will rather become the more self-righteous for your outward regularity; and that your prayers will not be heard unless they proceed from the very heart, but may, by sinking into a cold unmeaning form, become mockery, and "an abomination to the Lord." I beseech you, my darling child, to read over this paragraph morning and evening before you offer your prayers, for the rest of the winter, when something special does not prevent.

I have only time to add that, with daily prayers for your sanctification, I am, your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE REV. M. TUCKER, OF NORTHAMPTON.

Williams College, July 11th, 1825.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your favor of June 28th, with the accompanying sermon, was duly received; and I sincerely thank you for both. I read the sermon immediately and with much interest. My time is so occupied at present in various ways that I shall not be able to pay that attention to the subjects of your letter which I could desire. You gratify me by your confidence, but you have laid out a hard piece of work for me; I mean difficult of accomplishment.

It does appear to me that the most important object of all, and which ought for the present to engross your whole attention, is to bring that immense congregation, by your preaching, prayers, and pastoral visits under the influence—the dissolving and transforming influence—of powerful and repeated revivals of religion. As to scholarship, if it has not been attained before one has reached the age of thirty, and has entered on such a prodigious field of labor, it cannot be attained to any very high degree in connexion with such a conscience

as yours. Your Hebrew may be easily renewed without points, by the help of Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon; and without points will answer all the purposes of explaining the original text. In your case, I certainly would go no further than this in Hebrew. But I doubt much whether I would enter at present on any new plan of studies beyond those which are strictly theological. If you can prevail to imbue that great people with divine truth, and make the truth triumph where President Edwards fell, and bring them, by the side of Brainerd's grave, to pray as Brainerd prayed; you will have performed a work great enough for an angel's powers: you may then go to heaven, and the church will bless God that you ever had existence. Considering the history, and the magnitude, and the influence of your congregation, and the state in which you received it, few men have ever had such a work laid out for them;—it is enough to exhaust the powers of one mind. It is a charge ponderous enough "to make the shoulders of an angel tremble."

I would recommend it to you, my brother, to bathe your soul in Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and to be much in prayer, and make yourself deeply acquainted with the Scriptures. You are kind enough to ask after my course. I believe that an early commencement and pursuit of a systematic study of the Bible, in connexion with a long course of revivals of religion in which I was permitted to be engaged, and an habitual aim, in my ordinary sermons, to reach the conscience, and the heart at every stroke, and the habit of striking out, as I correct my sermons for a new exhibition of them, every clause and word which is not subservient to this end; may be numbered among the most efficacious means of forming my present manner of preaching, such as it is. Perhaps the most powerful circumstance, not yet mentioned, was entering upon the large congregation of Newark, calling for constant and impassioned preaching, and for continual visiting. I made a bad improvement under these advantages; but I am far from thinking with you, my Dear Sir, that a man cannot be a good preacher and pastor with a great congregation. A great con-

gregation, as rousing to great exertions, is the best field for the formation of such a character. You can never satisfy any people by visiting. The best way to approach it, is perhaps to show the people, by a systematic course, that you visit all you can. Besides your social visits and visits to the sick, I would set apart one day in a week to strictly parochial visits, to be short, and right to the point, and to be closed with prayer. Make the appointment before hand, and let all know the course.

As to the manner of preaching, the object of every stroke ought to be to do good rather than to gain popularity. That will make us the most divinely eloquent. The little prettinesses of thought and expression, which the love of popularity can produce, are nothing to the great and overwhelming thoughts which flow from a mind solemnly impressed with divine things, and earnestly desirous to impress them upon others. Here we may aim high. I doubt the lawfulness of any other high aim in a minister of Christ. Dr. Witherspoon used to advise his pupils to write out one good sermon a week, and let the rest take care of themselves. You cannot, in your situation, write but one. I would recommend it to you to extemporize in the week, to preach from a skeleton in the morning of the Sabbath, and from notes in the afternoon. From your account of your fondness for belles-lettres and poetry, and aversion to metaphysics, I should apprehend that the side on which you are to guard, is a tendency to sprightliness, without sufficient weight and penetrating force. You have a fine imagination, and a fine taste to regulate it. Use both of them, as nature dictates, without effort; but let all your effort be to fill your pages with the weight and solemnity of divine truth. Under each head labor to get out that precise view of truth which you had in your most solemn hour on your knees. I advise you to read much the sermons of President Edwards. My paper is out. Mrs. G. and I will stay at your house with pleasure, at the approaching meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Won't you come and bring Mrs. T. to our commencement?

Very affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Dr. G. proceeds in his narrative thus:

When I first came here there were 48 students connected with the college. The number increased before the Amherst charter was obtained, (in February or March, 1825,) to 120. That event, by the following commencement struck us down to 80. About 30 in the course of the spring and summer, took dismissions, under the impression that the college would be broken up. Nineteen graduated that commencement, and a class came in of seven, and little prospect appeared of much increase. At that crisis I formed the purpose of raising a fund of $25,000 for the purpose of building a chapel and endowing a new Professorship. While at Northampton attending the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, I determined to open the subscription myself with $1,000, provided certain other gentlemen in Williamstown would do the same, or in proportion. From that time I felt better about the college. On my return from a northern tour through Manchester, (Vt.) I heard of a revival there. This excited unusual desires in my mind for a revival in college, which desire never ceased from that time.

When college came together several returned under deep impressions; and it was soon evident that God was among us. My eldest daughter at that time was married and lived in the neighborhood; and my youngest daughter was at school at Hartford, (Conn.) about 90 miles off. As Louisa had been awakened in a revival at Newark in 1817, I came to the conclusion, as soon as I was convinced that the Spirit of God was among us, that she would, in all probability be brought in then or be lost. During the months of October and November, my agony was great and increasing for her, and her husband, and for the college. The seriousness in college continued to increase; but it was not, I think, till about the first of December, that the spirit came down like a mighty rushing wind.

My wrestlings for the college and the town were great during all this time; but Louisa's last chance appeared to have

come. She and her husband were very interesting objects to me, and my absent child also. That passage in Luke, xi. 5–13, opened upon me with a most interesting reality, particularly the last verse, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." I believed the truth of that promise as fully as I believed my own existence, and applied it to supplications for the Spirit on others as well as on myself. It appeared indeed a wonder that God should regard the prayers of such polluted worms, until I discovered, in the light of that text, which for the first time opened upon me, (Romans, viii. 26, 27,) that it was the Holy Ghost that prayed. I could not help exclaiming, "No wonder that God hears prayer when it is the Holy Ghost that prays. What an awful place is the christian's closet! The whole Trinity is about it every time he kneels. There is the Spirit praying to the Father through the Son." My sermon on the Prayer of Faith, which I have just sent on to the National Preacher, and a copy of which I leave in manuscript to my children, was copied, with great exactness, from my exercises at that time, mingled in with my exercises in other revivals. Except the single clause, "because men keep not God's law," under the first head, (which I drew from the experience of David,) all the eight particulars were drawn from my own experience, with as much exactness as I could possibly attain. My desire on this occasion was heart-breaking. I searched diligently to see if I was setting up the interest of my children against God's interest, or my will against his will. I could not find that I was. I felt my absolute dependance; and yet could never stop in the use of means. I felt greatly abased under a sense of sin. O how did I feel often when upon my knees I was forced to say with tears, "Although my house be not so with God." The case of Jacob at Penuel and that of the Syrophenician woman always stood before me. And so confident was I that the promise was everlasting truth, that I saw I might indeed take hold of it and draw the blessing down,—that I might lawfully keep hold of it until the blessing came. I seized it with both my hands, and said, "Here I plant my-

self down, and on this spot I will receive the blessing or die. I hold thee to thy word and will not let thee go." Once an objection started up, "Is not this holding of God to his word a taking from him the right of sovereignty?" I was alarmed at this, as though, in pursuit of every thing dear, a wall from heaven had dropped upon my path. I threw my eyes farther, I thought, than I ever did before, into the regions of truth, and soon I saw the solution: "If God had not given me this spirit to hold him fast, I should have been a clod. His sovereignty was fully exercised in that gift." As when a dam has suddenly stopped a rapid torrent, and after a time is suddenly removed, and the waters impetuously sweep; so did my restrained and eager spirit, when I saw the whole field open before me, and not a fence nor a bar in the way, sweep it with my whole heart and soul and mind and strength. If that was not prayer, and in some measure the prayer of Penuel, that could not fail in some degree to receive the blessing, I believed that I had never prayed, and was yet in my sins.

After placing myself on my pillow and disposing of all other matters, I used to betake myself to this struggle, first for others, and then for my children. And if I ever prayed, it was in those nocturnal agonies. And after thus staking my own salvation, as it were, on the issue, I would go in the morning, or in the course of the day, to see how my daughter was affected; and she, knowing the kindness of my intention, would meet me, week after week, with a filial smile. I could never have thought that such a filial smile would so wither a parent's heart. My stated question was, "Do you realizingly feel that it would be just for God to cast you off?" And she would as uniformly answer "No." She knew all about the doctrines; her understanding was fully convinced; she was awakened, and attended all the meetings; but she went no further.

In the latter part of December, I sent for my daughter Ellen home, that I might lay her at the Saviour's feet. If I failed in my object, I knew the world would say, "There, he tried and could'nt." But I thought with myself, "She can

but die." And so her brother-in-law went for her 90 miles in that season of the year. When she came home I desired her to do nothing but read and pray and attend the meetings. She complied, and was sober, but not convicted, or even awakened.

Thus things went on till Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th, 1826; in which time my anguish of spirit had well nigh laid me upon a bed of sickness. That evening after meeting, I visited Louisa, and put to her the old question, "Do you feel that it would be just for God to cast you off?" After a considerable pause, and in a low voice, she answered, "Yes, Sir." I started, as a man awoke in a new world, and said, "Do you, my dear?" After another pause, and in a low voice, she answered again, "Yes, Sir." That evening upon my pillow, I began to say, "Was she not awakened at Newark? Has she not knowledge enough? And is she not now at last convicted of her desert of hell? Has not enough been done in a preparatory way? Wilt thou not this night take away the heart of stone and give a heart of flesh?" At that moment something within me said, "No; let her be more deeply convicted of her sin and ruin, that she may know what she owes to our redeeming God and his dying Son;—that she may see the distinctive glories of that God and Saviour whom I maintained against a world in arms before she was born." The prayer passed from her to her husband, and then to her sister. Their personal interests, which had pressed like a mountain so long upon me, were swallowed up and lost, and the all-absorbing desire was, "That eyes so dear to me, may see the glory of our redeeming God and his dying Son, and that souls so dear may show in their salvation the same glory to the universe." I then saw, as I never saw before, what it is for God to be glorified, and felt conscious that I desired that object more than all others. It appeared the most glorious object; and my whole soul went out in pantings after it.

The next morning, before I was up, Mrs. Griffin came back into my room, and said, "I have been into Ellen's chamber, and found her weeping. She says, Mamma, I woke up this

morning early, and began to think how good God had been to me and how ungrateful I had been to him; and I can't sleep any more." This was her first conviction. That same morning, as Louisa was coming down to spend the day with us, (for the family spent every Thursday with us,) and when she had reached the gate, "The thought," (as she afterwards expressed it,) "dropped upon my mind, that God reigns; and it was a glorious thought." She did not tell me of this till Friday night. On Saturday morning, when I called to see her, she was all dissolved, and related the views she had had of her sin and of the mercy of God the last evening. On Thursday Ellen attended Mr. Gridley's inquiry meeting, and he told me afterwards, that in addressing her, he had tried every string, and not one of them vibrated till he touched on the goodness of God, and then she wept like a child. On Friday or Saturday I said to her, "My daughter, where do you expect to spend your eternity?" She answered, "Why, papa, I have'nt thought of that." "What then have you been thinking about?" "I have been thinking how good God has been to me, and how unthankful I have been to him." On Saturday morning, after conversing with Louisa, I took Dr. Smith, my son-in-law, into a separate room, and pressed him with all the power I could apply. He wept. The next day, (Jan. 22d, 1826,) I preached a sermon with a view to try Louisa's hope, from Psalm xcix. 9, "For the Lord our God is holy." I noticed that Dr. Smith devoured every word. The next day I learnt that he had been hoping since Saturday. I searched for him and found him, and after dinner he came to me. We sat in my study, and Ellen sat by the window behind me. I cast my eye back upon her, and she looked more like the image of misery than ever before. She felt that she was left alone indeed. The Dr. retired, and Ellen left the room. Not long after, Mrs. Griffin came in, and said, "Ellen has been saying to me, I am afraid papa don't feel about me just as he did about Louisa." "Tell the dear child," said I, "to bring in my surtout, (as I was going out,) and I will talk with her." She came in, in great distress. After

some conversation, I kneeled down with her, by my library." The spot and the time I never shall forget. The Syrophenician woman had been much before me. She was before me then; and so was the glorious Personage to whom she applied. And he appeared as near to me as he did to her,—as near as though he had been bodily present. And it was as easy for me to put my child into his arms, as though he had been visibly in the room. And I did put her into his arms, with all my heart and soul. And it seemed to me that it was impossible, but that she would give herself to him before she arose. When I arose I took her in my arms and said, "My dear, have you given yourself to Christ?" "Oh, no," said she, and was apparently overwhelmed. I left the room and went out to visit a family, where I met my dear Louisa, who appeared the happiest creature in the world. She was going that eveing to the first prayer meeting she ever attended, as she thought. Upon my return after tea, Mrs. Griffin met me and said, "I never witnessed such a scene. Ellen has been weeping upon my neck, and saying, Christ died for me, and I have never done any thing for him, and I cannot live so any longer." I asked her to send her in. She came in, when the following dialogue took place between us. "My child, where do you expect to spend your eternity?" "Why, papa, I think it most likely that I shall spend it in hell." "Well, my dear, that question God will decide, without asking counsel of you or me." "I know that, papa, and I don't want any body else should decide it." "Why, my dear?" "Because he appears so good and so just." "Do you think that you deserve hell?" "Oh, I know I do." "What is the greatest desire of your heart?" "To love and serve God all my days." In that condition she remained eight and forty hours, without a particle of hope. At the end of that time, (to use her own expression,) her burden fell off, and the preciousness and loveliness of Christ appeared to her view. In the mean time Louisa attended her prayer meeting on Monday evening. While I was at breakfast on Tuesday morning, Ellen received from her sister the following note.

My dearest Ellen,

I never felt so anxious to see you as I do this morning, but the weather seems to forbid. I have always felt for your body, now I would inquire about your immortal soul. When I feel the fullness there is in the dear Redeemer, his ability and willingness, yea, ardent desire to save just such sinners as we are, I cannot but hope that you have seen him too, and have been enabled without reserve to give yourself away to him. If you have not, O do not stay away another moment. Why should you? There is balm in Gilead, an almighty Physician there. Do you feel yourself to be a polluted, self-ruined sinner, totally undone? O let not your sins keep you from him. This is the very reason why you should go to him. What was his errand into this miserable world, but to "seek and to save that which was lost?" What is he now walking our streets for but to dispense pardons to the guilty: to "gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom?" O believe his promises. Think him sincere when he invites "every one that thirsteth," all that are "weary and heavy laden," "the ends of the earth," to look unto him and be saved. Do not add to all your other sins, the crying sin of unbelief. Come, and he will fill your soul with that "peace that passeth understanding." He will enable you to say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." He will enable you to say, "O that all the blind could see him too." He will enable you to point your dear companions to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." I hope your brother is in the ark. We had a long and most interesting conversation last evening. He was called away at day-light, and has not yet returned. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson are both rejoicing in their Saviour. Give my love to E. Dewey. You may read this to her. What I say to you I say to her,—to all,—to poor Susan; come to Christ. "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

We had a blessed meeting last evening. O it is good to draw near to God through the Mediator. You must come up

"to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Do all you can for him who bought you with his blood. There is nothing else worth living for.

My love to our dear parents. Say to them, "Be not afraid, only believe." I hope to see you before night.

Your anxious and affectionate sister,

F. L. SMITH.

Notwithstanding this note, Louisa shortly after came down and spent the day; and in the evening my three children and myself attended a most interesting meeting. Louisa has been heard to say, that was the happiest day of her life. The next day, Wednesday, Jan. 26th, Ellen was relieved. All within a week from that ever to be remembered Wednesday evening, when I first learnt that Louisa was convicted, and when I had that travail on my wakeful pillow.

The following letter from Doctor GRIFFIN, containing an account of the hopeful conversion of his children, was addressed to NATHANIEL WILLIS Esq. of Boston, and shortly after was published in the Boston Recorder.

Williams College, Feb. 2, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter gave me great pleasure. The prospect of another revival of religion in Boston is animating in no small degree. Your letter was read to the pious students who are here in vacation, with a request that they would daily remember Boston in their prayers. At a public meeting they formally agreed to do it; and at a fast held yesterday, Boston made one of the subjects of their public petitions. I intend to endeavor to engage the pious people of the town in the same course of wrestling for you.

O that the dear christians in Boston may receive a spirit of special and effectual prayer, in which desires as strong as death shall be united with absolute dependance and faith, and all combined with the most vigorous exertions to arrest the at-

tention of sinners. These two classes of exertions ought to be duly proportioned to each other. If much prayer is employed with little exhortation, it is like standing at the bottom of a hill and praying to be placed on the top. If much exhortation is used with little prayer, it will issue in proud, unproductive self-dependance. But then it must be the prayer of faith. God has said, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel;" and, "Ask, and it shall be given you." We must take hold of the promise with a grasp that cannot be broken; and with an importunity that cannot be denied. Nor is this humble holding of God to his word in opposition to the fullest acknowledgment of his sovereignty and our dependance; for we know all the time that unless he gives us the spirit of prayer we cannot take hold of the promise. And if we are tempted to think this urgency and repetition teazing, we have only to refer to the parable of the importunate widow. It is a day in which, after the partial suspension of the rains of heaven, they are beginning to descend in very uncommon effusions. A late letter informed me that in the small village of Rome, ninety obtained a hope in two weeks. All through the western part of New-York, and through Vermont and New-Jersey, God is doing great things. It is time to expect great things, and to attempt great things. We are commanded to open our mouths wide. Old Mr. Elmer, of New-Jersey, in preaching from this text one day, stopped: the tear came into his eye: For my part, says he, I never expected much, and God never gave me much. I know of no place where they have a better right to expect much than in Boston. You are kneeling hard by the sepulchres of those blessed fathers who have made so large a deposite in heaven of their prayers. And God knows the need of a standard lifted up where the enemy comes in like a flood. O be not discouraged. The blessed Jesus has much people in that city, who never yet have known him. Our earnest prayers will daily mingle with yours for that ancient city of our fathers' solemnities.

As you were so kind as to speak so tenderly of my dear

children, I know it will give you joy to hear that both of them have hopefully laid their enmity and their honors at their Redeemer's feet. My son-in-law also is in a very interesting state of mind, and I hope, not far from the kingdom of heaven. Help me to magnify the Lord forever. I have given my redeemed children away to Christ, with a supreme desire that they may be altogether devoted to him all the days of their lives. Whether they be rich or poor,—whether they live long or die soon,—are minor considerations.

You have been a highly favored parent, and have probably had more experience than I in these solemn and awful and interesting dealings of God. As you are so largely experienced in these matters, perhaps I may drop upon the ear of private friendship some account of what God has done for me. And if it shall encourage you or any of my dear friends to agonize more abundantly for their children, my end is answered.

Little did I think what such a blessing was to cost me. The struggle came near laying me on a bed of sickness. Never before had I such a sense of the import of that figure in Gal. iv. 19. I had often said that in offering their children in baptism parents must believe for them, (as far as the nature of things admits,) as they did for their own souls, and must bring them to Christ as poor lost sinners, much in the same way in which they brought themselves. But now I see that if their children are to be born again in a covenant way, (it may be done in a sovereign way without them,) they must travail in birth for them. For two full months the struggle lasted before I saw any decisive signs of an answer. My younger daughter was at school at Hartford, and I sent for her home that she might have the advantage of this blessed season. Week after week, after the midnight struggle upon my wakeful pillow, I would go to my children in the morning and be dismayed to find them the same. I would then return and examine my prayers. I could not see that I set up their interest against that of God, or my will against his will. I saw that I had no claim except on a gracious promise made to

prayer. But that I seized and hung to with the grasp of death. And yet nothing seemed to follow. At last it came to this: if that was not prayer,—and in some measure the prayer of Penuel, (Gen. xxxii. 26)—I knew nothing about prayer, and must abandon my hope. If all my children must perish, I must go down with them. Such a hold had I fixed upon the promise, and such was the impossibility of letting it go, that I found I had staked every thing upon it, and upon its truth in reference to me, and it was an eternal heaven or an eternal hell for more than one. And yet God delayed. Ah then was the tug and struggle which shook the soul. After many nights I found myself, on my pillow, longing that my children might be brought to see their ruin, in order that they might see what they owed to God and their precious Redeemer,—might see his glory and bear witness for him and praise him all their days. Before, I had brought them to God as a personal interest; now, I wished the thing done for the Lord's sake. The next morning Ellen could not sleep to think how good God was and how ungrateful she had been; and Louisa, (whose impressions had been deeper than she had acknowledged or known,) found herself rejoicing that God reigned. Four days after as I was praying with Ellen, I felt such a nearness to Christ, and was enabled to commit her to his arms so easily, so fully, and so confidently, that I could not but hope she would commit herself to him before she arose. I humbly trust he received her then. In an hour or two she was giving strong evidence of a new nature; yet for two days she lay crushed under a sense of her unworthiness, until, as she expressed it, "the preciousness and loveliness of the Saviour opened to her view." During this awful suspense she received the enclosed note from Louisa, which I send to your daughters, my dear children whom I used to catechise.

O may my soul be thankful, and may my life and my children be wholly devoted to the Lord. With my kind regards to Mrs. Willis and your children, to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, and all my beloved friends in Boston, I am, Dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

The following is an extract from a letter written about the same time, and in reference to the same general subject, to the Rev. Frederick Marsh, of Winchester, Conn.

My Dear Sir,

I received yours of the 15th inst. by due course of mail. I am truly rejoiced to hear of this wonderful favor of God vouchsafed to our dear Mr. Gillet and to the people of his charge; and it is my hearty desire and prayer to God that your congregation, and all our beloved Litchfield county, may be equally blessed. After several years of partial suspension, the rains of heaven are at length beginning to descend on our land in an unusual degree. May the whole extent of the United States be drenched in the heavenly flood.

We have indeed much to acknowledge here. From the printed notices you have probably seen what God has done for our college. Of the thirty-one who were on the ground without religion, (numbers were absent in their schools,) we hoped for twenty-seven at the close of the term. Of the other four, one had been in deep waters for a long time; the other three belong to this town, and are in the midst of the revival here. Many prayers have been offered for the absent; and as the work has extended to the town, we greatly hope that these upon their return will fall under an influence that will bring them all in. Do engage your dear praying people to intercede with heaven for an issue so devoutly to be wished.

The work has extended to the town with power and great glory. I have not heard any estimate of the numbers that are impressed, but the influence is very general. Among the hopeful converts, I am permitted by infinite mercy to name my own children. My two daughters give good evidence of a saving change; and my son-in-law is in a very interesting state of mind, and, I hope, not far from the kingdom of heaven. Help me, my dear sir, to bless and praise the Lord forever. It is my supreme desire concerning them, that they

may devote themselves wholly to the service of their Redeemer all the days of their life.

Doctor GRIFFIN continues his narrative thus:—

The next spring my two daughters were admitted to the church on the same day. The Doctor has not made a public profession yet. P. S. He joined the church afterwards at Newark, N. J.

The revival saved the college. There were but two professors. One of them appeared to be sinking into the grave with the consumption; the other had made up his mind to leave if the $25,000 could not be raised. I myself was invited to a professorship in a Theological Seminary, and had engaged to go, if the fund was not raised. The trustees were discouraged by a conflict of eleven years, and would probably have given up the college if all the officers had left them. All depended, under God, on raising the $25,000. That would never have been raised but for the revival. For besides that this event predisposed the christian public to contribute, it operated on me in two ways. In the first place, by that timely interposition, (in addition to the many tokens of favor manifested to the college before, which are mentioned in my sermon at the dedication of the new chapel,) I was convinced that the institution was dear to God, and that it was his purpose to preserve it. Had it not been for that confidence I should have turned back a hundred times amidst the discouragements which surrounded me. In the second place, that revival gave me a sense of obligation which excited me to the mighty effort. The influence which came down to save the college, had, as I hoped, brought in my children; and I felt that if ever a man was bound to go till he fell down for an institution dear to Christ, I was that man.

The following extract from Doctor HOPKINS' sermon occasioned by Doctor GRIFFIN'S death, will show the depressed state of the college at the time

he took charge of it, and the important agency he had in relieving it from its embarrassments, and placing it on a more solid and permanent foundation.

"We now come to that period in the history of Dr. Griffin, when he became connected with this college. This was in 1821. At the commencement in that year, Dr. Moore presided for the last time. It had for some time been the opinion of the majority of the trustees, that if there was to be but one college, and it was supposed there could be but one, in the western part of this state, Northampton would be a more favorable location, and Dr. Moore had accepted the presidency with the expectation that the college would be removed. A majority of the trustees had voted that it was expedient to remove it, and had petitioned the legislature for permission to do so. This petition had been met by a spirited opposition on the part of the inhabitants of the town, and of the county; and upon their own responsibility, they raised a subscription of $17,000, which was laid before a committee of the legislature, and which was to be paid to the college in case it should not be removed. This subscription, raised against the wishes of a majority of the trustees, but which they could not refuse without a fraud upon the legislature, some persons afterwards refused to pay, and it was made the ground of much misrepresentation respecting the college. In consequence, however, of this subscription, and of the representations made from this part of the state, the legislature refused to the trustees permission to remove the college. In the mean time, strong expectations had been excited in Hampshire county, that there would be a college there. The people of Amherst, acting in concert with some of the trustees of this college residing in that region, raised large subscriptions and erected buildings for the reception of students, with the expectation of obtaining a charter. Having, therefore, accommodations prepared in a region upon which his eye had been fixed, Dr. Moore was about to place himself at the head of an institution there, and to take

a considerable number of the students with him. The trustees had already elected one or two persons as president, who had declined, when Dr. Griffin was fixed upon; and one of their number went to Newark to lay the subject before him. He had been interested in the college from its connection with missionary operations; and coming on immediately to meet the trustees, he arrived here commencement day at noon, and took his seat upon the stage. His appearance at that time revived the hopes of the friends of the college; and it was soon understood that he would accept the appointment. He had precisely the kind of reputation which was needed for the college at such a crisis; a comparatively large class entered, and the college continued to increase in numbers and to prosper till 1825. In February of that year, Amherst obtained a charter, and as it had been often urged against granting one that two colleges could not be sustained in the western part of this state, it was supposed by many that it would be a death blow to this. This impression caused a number of the students to take dismissions, while a very small class entered at the ensuing commencement. It was now seen, that 'to extract the seeds of consumption which had lurked in the college for eleven years, something must be done to convince the public that it would live and flourish in this ground.'

"The trustees accordingly resolved to attempt to raise a fund of $25,000 to establish a new professorship, and to build a chapel. In the raising of this sum, Dr. Griffin was the principal agent; and strengthened by an extraordinary revival of religion, with which God in his mercy then favored the college, he accomplished what probably no other man could have done. In a time of general embarrassment, he raised $12,000 in four weeks. The fund was completed; a professorship of rhetoric and moral philosophy was endowed; this building was erected, and Sept. 2d, 1828, standing where I now stand, he dedicated it, 'to the honor and glory of the ever blessed Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' From that time it has been felt that the college is permanent; and it has been going on side by side with sister institutions, doing its part in

carrying on the great business of education in this country. In estimating this effort of Dr. Griffin, it should be remembered that it was the first of the kind, and probably led to the more extended and the successful efforts of other institutions in the same way."

The following letter was addressed by Doctor Griffin to the compiler of this Memoir, in compliance with a request made in behalf of one or two distinguished clergymen in England, that he would give his views of the cause of the difference in the mode of the operation of the Holy Spirit in Great Britain and the United States.

Williams College, Nov. 14, 1828.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your favor of Aug. 16th would not have lain so long unanswered but for a series of most pressing calls. Your friends inquire whether the difference between England and America in regard to the mode of the Spirit's operations can be referred to a difference of national character, or can in any way be accounted for. If by national character is meant every thing by which one nation differs from others in their views, feelings, and manners, the fact must be ascribed to national character, except so far as it is to be referred to inscrutable sovereignty. Doubtless the Spirit acts so much in a line with nature, that national character has vast influence; and to show all the reasons of the difference would be to show all the circumstances which contribute to render one nation unlike another. But this would be as impossible as to explain all the causes of the winds blowing in such a direction and shifting about continually. In both cases some general reasons can be assigned, but innumerable details escape our research. We must doubtless ascribe the difference in part to sovereignty more or less inscrutable,—partly perhaps to the method of God's covenanted mercy,—and so far as means are concerned, to the manner in which they are shaped by the circumstances

which influence or constitute national character. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, I will offer the following reasons for the blessings which have visited our country, leaving it to our brethren on the other side of the water to determine how far they are distinctive.

(1.) The sovereignty of God. This land, which was discovered by the light of the Reformation, (in other words, by that agony of the public mind which a few years after produced the Reformation,) seems to have been reserved for the asylum of the oppressed during the troublous times before the millenium, and as a place where the church might take her more glorious form and grow up into millenial beauty and splendor.

(2.) Some things have occurred in the history of this country which favor such a destiny. The United States were not doomed to grow up from barbarism, bringing up with them the marks and clogs of a more barbarous state. They began in an enlightened age, and in possession of all the knowledge and institutions of the most enlightened nation on earth. The circumstances of their settlement, and still more of the revolution, swept away a thousand authorities and prejudices connected with long established forms, and left them to take that shape which the unfettered reason of an enlightened age approved. This advantage soon discovered itself in their civil institutions, in their systems of education, and no where more than in their religion.

(3.) No country was ever settled by such a colony as peopled New-England. They were among the best part of the best nation on the face of the globe, and in its best age. They broke away from every thing dear on earth for the sake of their religion; they came with unconquerable attachments to civil and religious liberty, and brought a mass of science competent to found those literary institutions which have covered New-England with light,—which have excluded ignorance, and left scarcely a man unable to read his Bible. Their churches, their sabbaths, their laws, their rulers, their colleges, their schools, all were subservient to religion. And

they entailed a blessing on their posterity which proved that they transacted with a covenant God. Their descendants have been distinguished from all the other inhabitants of the United States. A part of New-Jersey was settled by the descendants of the pilgrims, where they have remained in a great measure unmixed: and I have seen the Spirit of God repeatedly pass through their towns, and stop near the boundary which divided them from another race. There are families in New-England, in which an unbroken succession of pious generations can be traced from the first settlement of the country to the present time.

(4.) There are circumstances in our history which have given a general bias in favor of revivals. In addition to the fact that New-England was born in a revival, (as it was a revival of religion which separated the pilgrims from their country and brought them hither;) a strong impression was made in favor of revivals by the embalmed name of Whitefield, and the great work of grace through the land in his day. The influence of President Edwards and Dr. Bellamy in New-England, of Presidents Davies and Finley and the Tennents in the Presbyterian church, and of the converts of that day, some of whom lived to a good old age and had great weight of character, (as the Rev. Dr. John Rogers of New-York;) the influence of these men with their writings, and the writings of their disciples, (as Hopkins and West and Dwight in New-England, and Dr. Green and others of the Presbyterian church,) have brought almost the whole country to look on the revivals of that day as the work of God, and on revivals in general with veneration and desire. This opinion once settled, it is natural for christians to hope and pray, and strive for those special movements which are called by this name. And such is the coincidence between natural and supernatural operations, that these efforts are likely to succeed.

(5.) The boldness and energy of New-England, formed in a life of exercise, and under an invigorating sky,—formed amidst the roughness of our forests, and under the impulses of unbounded liberty; the plainness of our republican man-

ners, and the matter of fact character of our mental operations, and of our style; the unparalleled diffusion of knowledge, under which the young grow up with strong common sense, and demand to be fed with truth instead of sound; all these causes operate to produce great plainness, and directness in the public preaching, and to confine it to a naked, pointed, condensed exhibition of truth,—of the whole truth without abatement or disguise,—even of those parts which in some places would be considered strong meat. Thus "the sword of the Spirit," naked and glittering, is brandished before all; and it is not likely to be brandished in vain.

(6.) But the most powerful means is yet to be mentioned. It is found in the distinct apprehensions which prevail in New-England about the instantaneousness of regeneration, the sinfulness of every moral exercise up to that moment, and the duty of immediate submission. Such a view of things leads the preacher to divide his audience into two classes, and to run a strong and affecting line of demarcation between them. When one feels that the moral, sober, prayerful, unregenerate part of his audience are doing pretty well, and can afford to wait a little longer before they submit, he will not be so pressing, nor fall with such a tremendous weight upon their conscience. When he feels that they cannot do much more than they do, but must wait God's time, he will not annoy and weary them, and make them sick of waiting, and compel them to come in. But when one enters the pulpit under a solemn sense that every unregenerate man before him, however awakened, is an enemy to God, is resisting with all his heart, and will continue to resist until he submits,—that he must be born again before he is any better than an enemy, or has made any approaches towards holiness; when one looks around upon the unregenerate part of his audience and sees that they are under indispensable obligations to yield at once,—that they have no manner of excuse for delaying,—that they deserve eternal reprobation for postponing an hour; when one feels from the bottom of his heart that there is nothing short of regeneration that can answer any purpose, and that he can-

not leave his dear charge to be turned from enemies of God to friends ten years hence,—delivered from condemnation ten years hence,—but must see it now; O how he will pray and preach! He will give God no rest, and he will give sinners no rest; and he will bring down their immediate pressing, boundless obligations upon them with the weight of a world. Under such preaching sinners must either turn to God or be miserable. There is no chance for them to remain at ease this side of infidelity itself. But the doctrine of progressive regeneration must be attended with more silent and gradual effects.

Some of these reasons apply with peculiar emphasis to New-England; but the sentiments of New-England are scattered far and wide through the country, and her influence, in every thing relating to religion and science, is felt to the land's end.

I rejoice to hear that some of the best and most enlightened men in England are solemnly inquiring into the cause why that land of our fathers' sepulchres,—that glory of the eastern world,—is not visited with stronger manifestations of divine power. It is a token for good; and I hope and pray that the time may not be far distant when that beloved country shall be drenched in the heavenly flood, and become the point of strong radiations to enlighten and regenerate three quarters of the globe. I am, my Dear Sir, with most perfect confidence and esteem, affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO HIS CHILDREN.

Williams College, June 28, 1830.

My Dear Children,

* * * I have no doubt of the great use of the infant school system to children of three and four, and perhaps to some of more advanced age. To *all*, of every age below ten, it cannot fail to offer some advantages of no ordinary sort. But it is an experiment; and those who have studied the principles of education most, will think themselves obliged to keep their eye upon it, and watch its effects on different minds. The

power and habit of concentrated attention are to be ranked among the most important constituents of genius; and although much of this depends on nature, much depends on education. This is a subject about which intellectual philosophers largely treat; and one of the great uses of mathematics in a system of education, is to form the habit of close and discriminating attention. It is possible that this new system may prove deficient, and want to be improved in reference to this matter, especially as relates to certain minds.

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO GEORGE GRIFFIN, ESQ. AND HIS WIFE, AFTER THE DEATH OF THEIR SON, REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

Williams College, Sept. 5th, 1830.

My Dear Brother and Sister,

Since the arrival of dear George's letter yesterday afternoon, we have mingled our tears and sympathies with you in no ordinary degree. This is indeed the ordering of him whose footsteps are in the mighty deep and whose ways are not known. But you know it is the allotment of Infinite Wisdom and love. I pray that you and your children may be supported. I know God can make up this loss a thousand fold by the impartation of spiritual blessings to you and to your house, and I have a strong hope that he intends to do it. It has taken a hold of Charles' mind, which encourages us to pray for him and labor with him. I went over to college to break it to the poor boy, and broke it gradually, and invited him to come home. He did, and spent the evening, and was much overcome. We all had a note for prayers put up today, at the head of which was Charles' name. He is now reading one of the most pungent of President Edwards' sermons. If only Charles can be made a christian, Edmund, if he could now speak, would say, It is a good worth dying for. But I hope this for Francis and Mary, and the whole family.

It is a great comfort to us that the dear youth made us a visit,—that we had an opportunity to see him, and love him

and ride with him, and pay him some few attentions; and especially as it afforded George an opportunity to have that interesting conversation with him three weeks ago to-day, which, more than any thing else before the death scene, confirmed our hopes respecting the reality of his religion. We shall long cherish the remembrance of his visit; and the scenes through which I rode with him will always be dear and associated with his name.

We regard it as a very merciful providence that George went home with him, and was present to cheer his dying hour, and to show other branches of the family the power of religion in such a scene of affliction. And yet his going depended on a very small circumstance;—a new proof among a million, that if God governs great events he must govern small. It must be a trying consideration, that after so much had been expended on his education, and such high hopes were formed of him, he should be taken away just as he was prepared to be useful. But he has not lost his education. It prepared him, I trust, for higher flights of devotion and blessedness in his Father's kingdom. And whether is better, to be a professor or an angel? These repeated strokes, my dear brother and sister, ought to loosen our hold on earth, and make us live the rest of our days for God and eternity; and to educate our children, not so much for the glories of this world as for the glories of an eternal state; and to shape every part of their education with such a reference. If I had a million of children, I would rather train them to take a part in the benevolent operations of the day, and in the sanctifying delights of the prayer meeting, than to shine in assemblies marked only with the spirit of this world. And I doubt not that by the grave of your dear Ellen and Edmund, it must appear so to you. Let me entreat you not to suffer such an impression, made in this solemn hour of truth, to wear off without permanently influencing the life. Pardon me for this freedom, and believe me to be, with a bleeding heart, and with a heart that always loves you, your afflicted and affectionate brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MRS. SMITH.

Williams College, June 15th, 1831.

My dear Louisa,

* * * The influence of a mother upon the manners and salvation of children, especially the latter, is probably greater than that of all other created beings united. On you, then, it chiefly depends, under God, what your children shall be in both worlds. If you lose your authority over them, you lose of course the chief part of your influence, and then your children lose the choicest means which God has appointed for their happiness here and hereafter. If you once form such habits of management as to lose your authority, you never can regain it; for not only your own habits will stand in the way, but the confirmed habits of depraved and untamed children, who will no longer brook restraint. The present is your forming period. Two or three years to come will settle the question unchangeably, (especially if the habits are wrong,) whether you are to have a government which will form your children to honor, and glory, and immortality, or one which will leave their corruptions to take their natural course. God will certainly hold you answerable for those young immortals, and for the distinguished talents which he has given you for their benefit. If you have any piety, my dear child, let it be brought to this bearing. Make the management of your children the object of your most anxious exertions, and the subject of your agonizing and unceasing prayers.

I have not time to go into a full treatise on family government, but will lay down the following rules for your daily and prayerful examination.

I. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of it employ kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but when you exercise it, make it irresistible.

II. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie. Threaten seldom, but never fail to execute. The parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily, but is irresolute to punish, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it half a dozen times with a voice of increas-

ing violence, and with many shakes and twitches of the little culprit, will certainly possess no authority.

III. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agitation for trivial matters indicative of no depravity and indicating only the heedlessness or forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals, a love to use their limbs. In all such cases the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritative; and the severity and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things, will inevitably harden their hearts, and totally destroy parental authority and influence. There never was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.

IV. Establish the unchanging habit of not commanding a child but once. Cost what it may, break the child down to obedience to the first command. And when this is once done, if you are careful never to let disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual, and triumphant, you will find it not difficult to maintain your absolute authority.

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

In the course of the year 1831, Doctor GRIFFIN became deeply interested in reference to what has been commonly called the "New Divinity." He was fully of the opinion that the views which were supposed to be held by the divines of that school were essentially at variance, not only with plain scripture, but with sound philosophy; and hence he felt himself called upon to take up his pen in defence of what he believed to be the truth as it is in Jesus. The result was, that within a little more than a year, he published, in connexion with this

controversy, a sermon on "Regeneration not effected by light;" a letter on "the connexion between the new measures and the new doctrines;" and a more extended treatise on "Divine efficiency." Early in 1832 he addressed the following letter to the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR of New-Haven, with a view to ascertain from himself the peculiarities of the system which was commonly called by his name.

Williams College, March 6, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I was glad to see, in the New-York Observer, your letter in answer to the questions proposed by Dr. Hawes. Complaint had been made, you know, that you did not let the whole length and breadth of your theory out, and were not understood. I was glad therefore to see you so explicit. Still there are a few points which I do not yet understand, and on which I should deem it a privilege to receive information, if you have no objection to give it. Divine truth is the common property of the church; and all the new light that is brought forward should be so spread out that every one may examine it fully for himself. I want to examine your theory to the bottom, so far as relates to the great question of creature *dependance*, and perhaps may have occasion to offer my views to the public. I wish for permission to make any use of your answer which the cause of truth may to me seem to require; and unless you forbid it, shall consider myself authorized so to act.

1. You say "that the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit in regeneration results solely from the voluntary perverseness of the sinners' heart." My question is, Are not Gabriel and Paul dependant on God for holiness? not on light merely, but on the efficient power of God acting on their hearts?

2. You say regeneration "is produced by the influence of the Holy Spirit operating on the mind through truth, and in perfect consistency with the nature of moral action and laws of moral agency." On this two questions arise. (1.) What

is meant by "through truth?" All allow that the new exercises are put forth in view of truth as their object, and are influenced by different truths as their *reasons*. Is truth any thing more in this matter? What *causes* the exercise towards the truth, or in view of the truth, to be love rather than hatred? Is it God acting by his own power upon the mind? Is it truth brought clearly into view? Or is it the mind itself without any other cause? (2.) What limitation or explanation do you mean by the words, "and in perfect consistency with the nature of moral action and the laws of moral agency?" If God causes the creature to love truth rather than hate it, still the love is the creature's *own act*, and in it he is as free as God himself. Do you mean any thing more by the above passage? Do you mean by it to explain *how* God causes the mind to love the truth? If so, what is the explanation at large?

3. You say, (under the 6th head of negatives,) that as a moral agent the sinner is qualified so to use the truth presented to his mind as to become holy at once. Do you mean any thing more than that as a rational being he has *natural ability*, and so is reasonably *bound* to be holy at once? Do you mean that he *ever will* become holy, however fully the truth may be impressed on his mind, without the power of God exerted upon his heart?

4. Under the third head of your negatives you impliedly say, or seem to say, that God does not on the whole prefer that sin should exist rather than not exist; and that where it does exist, he could educe more good from holiness, if creatures "would render it." Do you mean to imply that God could not have prevented sin consistently with the most perfect freedom of creatures?

I hope, my Dear Sir, that you will not deem it obtrusive in me to propose these questions on a subject so interesting to us both as the friends of God and man, and that you will believe me to be, most sincerely,

Your friend and brother,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Rev. Dr. N. W. Taylor.

The following is Dr. TAYLOR's reply, and is published with his consent:

Yale College, March 20th, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I received yours of the 6th, a few days since. I regard it as dictated by the love of truth, and in no respect "obtrusive." I must however excuse myself from complying with your request in one particular. I have not time to make the statements, the explanations and the defence of my views and opinions on the points proposed, which I should be willing to make for public controversy. You know the ambiguities of language, especially in all attempts at philosophical analysis; and how difficult it is to bring two minds to understand terms in the same import. What I say therefore, (you have permitted me to make this condition,) I say *with the injunction on you to make no use of it whatever in any public discussion.* What is published on the subjects adverted to, is certainly all that calls for public discussion. I hope you will not infer from this, that I hold opinions which I am reluctant to state. I have, I think, given ample proof to the contrary. Your queries, if I understand them, lead directly into an analysis of moral agency. Into this, I have gone somewhat minutely in my lectures. It would give me great pleasure to go over the ground with you in conversation, and even in a correspondence, if I had time. But I cannot present my views on such a subject *in extenso*, on a single sheet, nor with any such minuteness as the object proposed seems to require. I cannot consent to write letters to my friends for the purpose of giving them my views and opinions, that they may *quote and publish* in the exercise of their judgment merely. What I say therefore, I say confiding in you to make no such use of it.

You ask me, "are not Gabriel and Paul dependant on God for holiness—not on light merely, but on the efficient power of God acting in their hearts?"—I should answer, that I do not remember any text in the Bible which asserts this fact, in

respect to Gabriel. If therefore the fact be proved, it must be proved in the way of *philosophical deduction;* and the inference must rest ultimately on what I esteem with Dr. Dwight, the unauthorized assumption, that God *cannot* create, and has not created *an agent*, a being in one respect like himself, viz. perfectly qualified to act, constitutionally considered, without being acted upon, by extrinsic efficiency. When I speak of this as an unauthorized assumption, I suppose you will dissent, and that many considerations will arise in your mind quite decisive with you to the contrary. Here then would be a main question. I think I can solve the *supposed* difficulties on this subject, without infringing on certainty of action, or what Dr. Edwards calls moral necessity on the one hand, or on human liberty, as complete as any one ever conceived of, on the other. Put this to the account current of vanity and presumption, for I have not time to enter into the development of my views. In view of what you say in your sermon in the National Preacher, and the queries in your letter, the whole question between us would, so far as I can see, resolve itself into the above question, respecting the possibility or the fact of *a created agent.* For aught I can see, *some constitutional* change in man is necessary *to qualify him*—or *to give him natural ability*, to perform his duty, or it is not. No matter as to this point, in what we suppose duty to consist, whether taste, disposition, exercise or action; for still *some constitutional change is necessary* to the existence of that called duty, *or it is not.* If such a change is necessary to this, then so long as man is not the subject of the change, he is not qualified—he has not *natural ability* to perform his duty. This constitutional incompetency, whether it consists in the want of intellect, or will, or susceptibility, is according to the supposition, that which *cannot in any sense* be removed, except by a literal *act of creation and its product.* But this is not in the power of man. I ask then, if man is the subject of such incompetence or disqualification in respect to duty, will not every mind decide that the thing called duty is a misnomer? Can this consequence be avoided, by saying *he can if*

he will; or *he can if he were disposed?* He can, what? Can perform his duty, plainly; can become the subject of holiness. And what is this but a right state or act of will? To say then, that *he can if he will*, is to say that *he can will right, if he wills right.* But this implies either, that he has *no power to will right unless he actually wills right*, which is *no power* at all, so long as he does not will right; so that if he wills right he has a new power;—or, it implies that *he can will right* by willing to will right, which is *Arminian self-determination.* The question then is not to be evaded by these shifts; by answers which mean nothing but what is absurd: but it still remains a plain simple question, viz. is man, or is he not, constitutionally competent;—is he, as created, endowed with every constitutional qualification to become morally perfect? Can he will right? Can he become rightly disposed? I admit his *moral inability*, i. e. that perversion of his *natural ability*, which is the reason, that he never will, if left to himself, become rightly disposed. Has he then natural ability to perform his duty? And this, in my view, is no other than to ask whether men are constitutionally qualified to love God, as his law requires. And this is answered by the fact, that the requirement itself is limited by the very terms of the law, to their powers, or ability. It is as certain that they have *a heart, a mind, a soul, a strength*, qualifying them to love, as that they are required to love. It is according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.

But now, on the other hand, if *no constitutional change* is necessary to qualify man to become morally perfect, then all philosophical reasoning founded on the assumption of its necessity, is groundless and must pass for nothing.

I know that many questions may arise in your mind, when it is supposed that sinful men are constitutionally qualified to become morally perfect. I wish I could have an opportunity with you to *try* to solve the difficulties. The chief point about which we should differ, would, I think, respect what I call constitutional (not moral) susceptibility to the motives to ho-

liness, or to the objects of holy affection. This your scheme, if I understand it, denies, and maintains that the only thing in the sinful mind to which these objects appeal, or which they can touch or affect, is the selfish affection of the heart. If you have not read on this topic, I hope you will read attentively the *four articles in Christian Spectator*, 1829, on the Means of Regeneration, the reply in that work to Dr. Tyler, in the Nos. for March, p. 147, and June, p. 380, for 1830. Must there not be a constitutional capacity of good from an object, before it can become a motive? *Vide* Edwards on the Will, part i. sec. 5. Must there not be excitement toward that good in the form of involuntary (i. e. not voluntary) desire, propensity, &c. before choice, or love, or preference is in any sense possible? Is there any mental fact of which we are more certain? Was not the man Christ Jesus, *tempted* in *all* points like as we are? Is it not intuitive truth, that if holiness or sin begin in the human mind, and have an antecedent, in the mind, that such antecedent is not itself holy or sinful? Can there be holiness before holiness, or sin before sin? Does not the existence of this constitutional susceptibility to the good in an object, account for the choice or love of it, so far as it is necessary for this purpose to suppose any susceptibility? Compare Gen. iii. 6, and James, i. 14, 15. Does not the supposition of a moral (i. e. holy or sinful) susceptibility prior to choice or preference, land us in inextricable contradictions and absurdities? Does not the denial of a constitutional susceptibility amount to a denial of constitutional qualification; to the assertion of *natural inability*, or aside from technicalities, to an incompetence or disqualification, inconsistent with moral obligation?* Many seem to deny this constitutional susceptibility, chiefly on two accounts,—the one is, that through the medium of their philosophy, *it looks* like something inconsistent with total depravity. Whereas, it is obvious that there can be no total depravity without it. Not to love God,

* Can it alter the thing to call it, as Dr. Woods does, a *moral constitution?*

if I have *no constitutional susceptibility* to his excellence, implies, that the reason is that I have no motive to love God, and that it can no more be criminal in me not to love him than in a tree or a stone; while the love of the world or mammon, must in such a case, be, not a preference of one of two goods, but a mere instinctive feeling or affection. How diverse in respect to guilt, is this from a preference of the inferior good in a being truly susceptible to the good in both, and fully qualified to prefer either to the other? Here too I might reverse the case, and ask, how could holy angels and holy Adam sin, on your scheme, without *a prior* change in their mental constitution? and appeal to Gen. iii. 6, as the best philosophical account of such cases, which I have seen.

Another reason for denying my views on this subject, is the apprehension, that all will be thrown into uncertainty—thrown into the eddies of chance. This I deny. And why this apprehension in regard *to me?* What was the doctrine of president and Dr. Edwards, except the *simple certainty* of action with *power* to the contrary. Is this a novelty? Who can show the two things to be inconsistent? Hic labor, &c. Or if any can,—who will be orthodox, he who holds moral necessity, or he who holds natural necessity?

You ask, what is meant by "through the truth?" So it seems, this scriptural phrase is not sufficiently perspicuous; at least for certain purposes. I can express my meaning in other terms, whether more perspicuously or not. When I say, that the change in regeneration is through the truth, I mean, that the mind, the man, in view of the object, God, which truth presents, *loves* God supremely; or *prefers* the supreme good to all inferior good, with the objects of preference in view as the truth exhibits them. If this is not intelligible, I know of no terms that can render it so, neither does any other man. But you ask, "Why love rather than hate?" I answer, this fact is to be ascribed to the special influence of the Holy Spirit, without whose influence and aid it would never love God. The question then arises, why is this influence of the Spirit necessary? I answer, *not* because man is not constitutionally

qualified to love God supremely; *not* because he is not thus qualified in every respect to do the very thing without this divine influence, which he actually does with it. But this influence of the Spirit, is necessary, because the sinner on account of the perverseness of his heart, the strength of the selfish affection, never will love God supremely without this influence of the Spirit. This disqualification is *not* constitutional, it is of the sinner's own making. But HOW does the Spirit secure this change? I answer, not by acting on the truth—not by literally creating any new property or attribute in the mind,—not in a manner inconsistent with the nature of moral action or laws of moral agency,—not in a manner inconsistent with the fact, that the sinner's act is the same thing in kind, which it would be, had he done it without a divine influence; not by creating holiness before holiness, call it by what name we may. These negative assertions I suppose we are authorized to make, and that in making them we oppose errors actually existing. But HOW *positively?* I think here is a place for caution, lest we assert what we do not understand or cannot prove. The question carries us to the *modus operandi, in a specific respect*, and I think sets philosophy at defiance. There may be more ways in which this *may be done*, by that Spirit, which searcheth the deep things of God, than philosophy has dreamt of. You seem to me to refer to some specific way, when you speak of "the power of God *exerted on the heart.*" If you mean, that God produces a change of heart, I say yes. And yet I suppose you mean something else; but of your meaning, you will allow me to say, your language does not convey the conception to my mind. If I was sure that I received the idea you intend to express, I would not hesitate to say what I think of it. I do not say by any means that *you* have not a distinct conception of the thing expressed. But I do say, that I have heard much said on the subject, which imparts no ideas to my mind, or at least nothing which we can decide to be true. The Bible seems to me to teach very clearly, that the change in regeneration is *a moral change*, consisting in such a state of mind

as I have described in my letter to Br. Hawes: (vide C. Spect. 1832, p. 171. Look at this as explanatory of the different terms used,) that it is through the truth; i. e. that the mind loves, &c. if at all, with the object in view as it is,—that it never does this, however, without an influence of the Holy Spirit, distinct from the natural or simple influence of truth; that while such is the constitutional structure of the mind, and such the nature of truth, that the latter is fitted to produce, and tends to produce, holiness in the human heart, it always is and always will be resisted and counteracted by the sinner without the influence of the Divine Spirit, and that therefore when the change takes place, all the praise is due to God.

But that the Bible decides, or that philosophy can decide on the *modus operandi* of the spirit in all respects, or in any *important respect*,—beyond what I have stated, I do not see reason to admit. I can conceive of more ways than one, in which he who created mind can influence mind. But what the actual way is, I pretend not to know.

I have not said, that God does not on the whole prefer that sin should exist, *rather than not exist*. On the contrary, I believe he does, i. e. that he prefers its existence to its prevention by himself; and that the reason *may be*, that the non-existence of sin, i. e. its prevention by God, would involve the non-existence of the best system; (making a distinction between *system* and its results in moral action.) If the existence of sin is incidental, in respect to divine prevention to the best moral system, then we can see in what respect, or for what reason, God may have purposed the existence of sin, without preferring sin under the present system, to holiness in its stead. As to God's power to prevent sin, consistently with perfect free agency, I have never said it, nor any thing which implies it, in this absolute form of statement. God has such power in some cases, for he does prevent sin in some cases, without destroying free agency. But it is equally certain that had he prevented sin in all cases, or in any case in which it has existed, he must have altered *the system*. And if he had altered the system;—if, for example, he had interposed by mi-

racles, and brought Tyre and Sidon to repentance, as he could have done, (vide Matt. xi. 21,) no one can prove that the requisite interposition would not, beyond prevention on the part of God, have resulted in a vast increase of sin in the moral system.

I conclusion, let me say, I am altogether pleased with your letter;—and one thing more, not inconsistent with the high respect I entertain for your character, viz. you do not seem to me to be well possessed of our views. Pardon me in this. It may be our fault, though we think that such cases admit of another solution. I confide in you to regard my request in respect to this letter. Yours respectfully,

N. W. TAYLOR.

TO THE REV. F. MARSH.

Williams College, Sept. 18th, 1833.

My Dear Friend,

I received your kind and interesting letter of Aug. 10th, and want to write you a whole sheet; but my health warns me to be short. I have been much out of health for the greater part of a year. I have no recollection of the conversation you allude to, but I remember, and never shall forget, the new views of the Saviour I had just had. Those views were partly expressed, soon after, in a sermon, from Heb. vii. 26, which I thought of sending you by P——— if you did not come to commencement. But my hurry and fatigue let him get away without.

I am glad to hear the good account, in all respects, of your dear deaf son. Give my love to him, and tell him that when he kneels to pray, Christ is not deaf.

I pray that God may give you those views of Christ that are both consoling and sanctifying. I have no doubt that you will one day have them in perfection. And with your desire and humility, if you will ask more believingly, I doubt not you will receive at once. Give my love to Mrs. Marsh and all your children. I am, Dear Sir,

Very affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

TO THE REV. DR. AYDELOTT OF CINCINNATI.

Williams College, Nov. 6th, 1833.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I have just received your favor of the 25th ult. and was gratified at the sight of your signature and at the approbation you bestowed on my little book.* I am sorry you did not reach us last fall, and beg you to be assured that I shall always be happy to see you. On the three points about which you inquire, I will answer with the utmost pleasure.

First, you understand me to say on p. 79, "that if the depravity of man furnishes the only occasion for the divine interposition," that interposition "must be merely moral suasion." Not exactly so. What I did assert was, that all who believe that the Bible teaches divine efficiency in respect to men, will acknowledge it true in respect to angels: "for those who make our depravity the only occasion for the interposition of the Spirit, and thus limit his operations to men, deny efficiency altogether, and make that interposition a mere matter of moral suasion." This is what *they* do; it is no inference of mine. It is a fact, I believe, that no one doubts the application of divine efficiency to angels who believes it applied to men: and certain it is, that those who deny its applicability to men, do, in their express theory, leave nothing but divine moral suasion both for men and angels. This they assert; and in this they are doubtless consistent with themselves. I was only stating their theory. But it is manifest that if nothing but depravity gives occasion for divine efficiency, that efficiency is not applied to the holy angels, and either they are let alone or are only beset with divine moral suasion. But none believe this who believe in any thing more than divine moral suasion in respect to men. And even with this belief, I see not how they can make depravity the only occasion of a treatment applied both to the depraved and the spotless.

Second point, relating to what is said on the 103d p. Had there been no foundation of hope, there would have been no return to God; for if there had been no Saviour there

* His work on "Divine efficiency."

would have been no Spirit to sanctify. It is true also that we ought to love and thank God for that foundation of hope and for all his invitations and promises; because these exhibit the real benevolence and excellence of his nature. But for a son who has offended and abused an excellent parent, to say, I cannot be sorry until I know that my father will forgive me, would be selfish and ignoble. God in his government of wicked men, often addresses himself to mere self-love, for they have nothing better to address. And where nothing but self-love exists, it is dominant selfishness; and nothing worse exists in hell. There are two ways in which God addresses self-love. First, he does it directly, as in the case of the wicked; secondly, he does it indirectly, as when, in showing the measures he has taken for the happiness of his creatures, he shows his own benevolence, and thus addresses something to a higher principle than self-love,—something to the love of benevolence or holiness. The case supposed on the 103d p. was that of beings who had all the excellence of God set before them, and all their obligations, (for the lost constantly violate obligations, or they have no present sin,) and yet could not love him or repent because they had no prospect of good to themselves. And pray, whither would this principle carry us? If the lost are not reasonably bound to love God and his creatures since they are unchangeably assigned to perdition, they violate no obligation by withholding love, and under these boundless provocations, are equally excusable for all their malice and rage. But if they *are* bound to love God in their hopeless state, to say they cannot be influenced by truth to love, as I cannot carry that mountain, is false; for it is saying they are not bound without hope, (as a man is not bound to work for me without expectation of reward.) For if they have no natural ability, they have nothing to be the basis of obligation. To say that the lost cannot be influenced by truth because they have no hope, is to say that they cannot love God without the prospect of reward, which by an easy figure may be called a bribe.

You must know, my Dear Sir, that for the greater part of

a century the language of some of the old divines on this subject has been condemned by the body of the New-England divines. That language has seldom come to my ears from living lips, if ever. A young man, however, once introduced it into the pulpit in Newark, before I went there, or in my absence, and it was long remembered as a strange doctrine. He said, without hope we never could have loved God. I mention this to show you that the language of the old divines to which you refer, is considered erroneous by the mass of the churches in our country.

Third point. You refer to p. 193. I beg leave to refer you also to the bottom of p. 15, and to pp. 181, 182, 183, and middle paragraph of 187. If future events depend on God's efficient will, he can foresee nothing which he has not willed. For if he has not willed a thing, its existence is not certain, and cannot be foreseen as certain. In regard to events which do not depend on his controlling will, (if there be any such,) in other words, which are independent of his will, all I can say is, it is impossible for us to conceive how he could foresee them. I rest nothing here on the impossibility of creating a self-determining power, though that would seem like imparting self-existence. The popular expression, that omniscience foresees all possible events, is very deceptive, without explanation. If it means, that God knows all the events which he could bring to pass, it is true. If it means that he foresees whatever he has willed to produce, or to suffer when his permission would secure the event, it is true. But if it means that he foresees events which belong to neither of these classes,—events which are not possible as being within the reach of his power, but possible as being, though independent of him, within the reach of creative power; then I observe two things; first, no such independent power, I suppose, is possible; secondly, if it were, we cannot conceive how God could foresee events wholly independent of his efficient power or effectual permission.

Thus, my Dear Sir, I have answered your three questions as well as I could, in a very disordered state of my head and

nervous system, and with the many avocations which constantly call me away. I hope your reflections will add much light to these imperfect thoughts, and am, with great regard,

Your friend,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

To Dr. L. A. Smith, in reply to an invitation to return to Newark and reside in his family.

Williams College, Oct. 8th, 1835.

My Dear Son,

Your most affecting letter of the 28th ult. was received on Monday, and the kindness of you and Louisa so affected my nerves that I scarcely slept at all on Monday night. I thank you both with all a father's love. The offer was manifestly hearty and most delicately expressed. I never for a moment contemplated going into your family, for I thought it would not be convenient for you; and I fully believed that it would be impossible for me to live any where in Newark on my income. But Newark is the place of all others which I would choose for my residence, and your house is the house of all others which I would select in Newark. * * * * * *

* * If I come, all my posterity would be under your roof. I should wish to talk and pray with the children once a day, and set myself in earnest to promote their salvation. And there is another matter which I will ask leave to mention. My conscience cannot let go the second service at the table, unless I am compelled by necessity. Should you have any objection to my performing that service, reserving to yourself the right of retiring when business calls you? I shall hope to divide the family services with you.

I have the same view as you have respecting the importance of my staying here while I have health to be useful to the college. I think I shall stay at all events till next commencement. If it then appears that I cannot attend recitations for the next year, I think I ought to retire. Besides, I want to prepare my MSS. for the press, and perhaps shall

find in that employment work enough for the remainder of life. * * * * * * * * *

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Jan. 17*th*, 1836. In the great fire in New-York a few weeks ago, I lost about $2,400, which led me to think it was the will of God that I should remain here longer; for on account of my health I had nearly made up my mind to leave after next commencement. The loss led me to hope that God intended to improve my health, so that I could continue to labor for him here. I have seen his will in this dispensation, and have certainly been resigned to it. I would not change the circumstances if I had it in my power. I was affected in reading Heb. xii. 5–11; particularly the following words: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us. They verily chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The kindness of my heavenly Father in this chastisement has appeared very tender; and I have begged of him to continue to chastise me as much as I need. I never before was so much affected by the anecdote of the man who, when cast down, gave as the reason, "I fear my heavenly Father has forsaken me;" and when asked why he thought so, replied, "It is a whole month since my heavenly Father afflicted me."

I never in my life have more deeply realized the duty of casting myself wholly on God for support and for every thing. This I have done; and have felt as I never did before, that wonderful passage in Luke, xii. 22–31: "Take no thought for your life.—Consider the ravens.—Consider the lilies.—

How much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith. And seek not ye what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For—your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." O how different was that passage intended to make us from what we usually are, in regard to dependance on God and submission to him, and trust in him, by the hour,—by the minute. Such a constant action of the mind towards God in prayer and praise, I have seen to be intended by I. Thess. v. 17, 18. "Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks." I do not mean that we should think of nothing else; but at every change of measures, when we are alone, and not employed in study, and frequently at other times, we should pray and give thanks.

Several months ago I was deeply interested by Christ's representation of the Father's willingness to answer prayer, particularly for the Holy Spirit, where there is importunity. I have been interested in it ever since. But I found some difficulty in believing that he would assuredly answer my prayers, from a doubt whether they proceeded from holy love. But I have lately had such a sense of the real love of God, that I have deeply felt that he is more ready to give the Holy Spirit to them that importunately ask him, than parents are to give bread to their imploring and hungry children. The passage is in the first thirteen verses of the xii. of Luke. The disciples had asked the Saviour to teach them to pray. He had given them the form of the Lord's prayer. He then added the case of the man who prevailed to borrow three loaves by his "importunity." Then follow these words: "And I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?—If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

Jan. 24. The last week I have seen and felt the truth of that passage in Rom. v. 3, 4. "We glory in tribulation also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Afflictions have made me feel that God had sent them, and have made me submit in patience and in trust; and that experience has made me hope in God as a reconciled Father. The more I am afflicted, the more I cast myself upon God, and the more I submit to him and trust in him. O that heavenly lesson, to "pray without ceasing," and "in every thing" to "give thanks." How much I have lost by not learning that lesson more perfectly before.

My sins have appeared most aggravated and innumerable. I believe my afflictions have been sent on their account; and the good effects of these have made me hope that my sins are pardoned and forever removed. And I have often prayed, and prayed with hope, that my past transgressions may never rise again between God and me. I do hope to enjoy his presence more than I have done, and to be enabled to submit to him, and trust in him in all things,—to "pray without ceasing," and "in every thing" to "give thanks." I must thus submit, and trust and pray and give thanks, if I am to enjoy this access to God without a middle wall of partition between us.

Jan. 31. I have been favored of late with a spirit of submission to the will of God, and trust in him for all needed comforts. My mind has so habitually moved in these two ways that I have continually referred every thing to his will in submission and trust. And it has led to continual prayer and thanksgiving. I am truly grateful to God for the afflictions he has sent upon me; and cordially desire that he should appoint my trials rather than to order my own circumstances. This has led to peace. I have found in some measure the truth of that assertion, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." In consequence of this referring of all things to the will of God, his providence, in a number of instances, has remarkably in-

terposed to provide. His truth and faithfulness have distinctly appeared. My hope has been so strong that I have not been afraid to die. If I am to live, I pray that I may have health to devote to his service with a zeal and success unknown before. If I am to do no more for him, I pray him to take me to himself. I have been very much affected with a sense of gratitude; and so far as I can obtain distinct views of his perfections I do certainly approve of them, and think I love them. I would not have them altered for any consideration; nor would I have any other one to order the circumstances of my life.

I have been tried with the circumstance that so many millions must endure such eternal anguish when God could have prevented sin. Of late I have risen above this trial. In examining the feelings which I have towards the moral attributes of God, I have found it necessary to examine those attributes distinctly, and with a marked reference to the question—Why is there a hell? The examination has opened to me the following views.

God is infinite benevolence. This is certainly most glorious and lovely. He cannot of course bear to see creatures rising up against each other in rage and war, but must delight in seeing them love one another, and in seeing the happiness thus produced. This is his holiness, and it is only a particular operation of his benevolence. This certainly is lovely. The only question now remaining is about a moral government. Was it benevolent for God to make a law requiring love in creatures towards him and towards each other, and forbidding the opposite passions and conduct? If he had not made such a law, he would have stood aloof from creatures, and had no more connexion with them than the supreme God of the Brahmins is supposed to have. And then all exhibitions of his glory, and all intercourse with him, which together constitute the happiness of the universe, would have been lost. And what then would have prevented creatures from rising up against each other in everlasting war and confusion and wretchedness? Do you say, his sanctifying power

could have prevented? And would not that have converted the whole creation into mere machines? No call for the exertion of their rational faculties in a way of duty, no sense of obligation; only they are propelled to certain feelings and actions by a secret influence. Where is the operation of their reason or conscience? Where is their sense of right and wrong? Where is their holiness? Nothing rising above mere instinct. You say, he might have told them what was right, without command or penalty. But that would have left them without obligation,—certainly without any of those infinite obligations resulting from his authority. It would have left them altogether loose from him, without any chance for the exhibitions of his glory, or for intercourse and communion with him. And if there must be a law, there must a penalty; otherwise it is no law but mere advice. And if there must be a penalty, that penalty must be executed, or it is nothing. Let it be given out or understood that the penalty is never to be executed, and the penalty is dead, and the law is turned into mere advice. Had the death of Christ given out that the penalty was never to be executed, it would have destroyed the penalty and the law. There must be a hell or there is no moral government. And if no moral government, there is no intercourse or communion between God and creatures. Had matters been left thus, there would have been no chance for all that wonderful manifestation of God and that unspeakable happiness to creatures which result from the work of redemption. The benevolence of God was therefore engaged to execute the penalty of the law by an eternal hell. I say eternal, for if at any future time punishment should terminate, and it should be given out that the penalty of the law should no more be executed, that moment the moral government of God would cease. And if there must be a hell, sin must be permitted.

Now the execution of the penalty of the law is the exercise of God's justice. If, then, the support of government by the punishment of sin is benevolent, his justice is only another ex-

ercise of his benevolence. Thus his holiness and justice are both comprehended in this glorious truth, "God is love."

These, with the goodness exercised in creation and providence, and the mercy and truth manifested in the gospel, comprehend the whole of God's moral perfections. And these appear to me glorious. I could not wish nor bear to have one of them changed. Let such a God forever reign and be glorified.

Feb. 2d. The perfections of God,—his benevolence, holiness, and justice, and his moral government, have, since I wrote last, appeared more glorious than ever. He is such a God as I heartily approve. I love him and thank him adoringly. I submit to his providence; I trust in him who feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies, and am at peace. I find my heart swelling with love and gratitude to God, and with good-will and kindness towards all men, as I never did before. This morning I spoke to a young man about that world of love and holiness to which I wished him to go. My heart bounded at the thought of a world of everlasting love and holiness, and I repeated the words over. I felt that I wished no other heaven but that. I rejoice to be in God's hands, and have no anxiety about any future circumstances in life. I leave every thing at his disposal, with a confidence that he will provide for me. My sins have lately appeared exceedingly aggravated. I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. I have often asked, and with hope, that past sins may never rise again between God and me. I do hope they never will. I long to have my health, and to devote my health and strength to the advancement of God's kingdom and glory; with a zeal and success unknown before. If I am not to labor for him any more I am willing he should take me to himself.

Feb. 7th. Some time ago I was troubled with the thought that if I should be pardoned up to this time, my future sins, which will be constant, will stand between me and God. A few days ago, while reading, that passage, Heb. x. 14, opened upon me most convincingly: "For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." I think I certain-

ly had faith that the one sacrifice of Christ would remove from those who are once sanctified, the guilt of all future, as well as all past sins. My faith in Christ of late has been much more clear than it commonly has been. I find it easy to realize that the death of Christ, by answering the purpose of our punishment, is the ground of our pardon; that his obedience obtained for us all positive blessings; that he is the ground of our acceptance with God; that as King of Zion he distributes the whole estate, and may be approached in prayer, as God himself, for all needed blessings. All this is a delightful reality.

In connexion with this, the other day while reading in the Psalms, a verse respecting God's truth delighted me with a realizing sense of that perfection. I forget what verse it was, but it was one like the following: "For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds." "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,—which keepeth truth forever." "Let thy loving kindness and thy truth continually preserve me." I have since had a most impressive and delightful sense of the truth of God.

The benevolence, holiness, justice, mercy, and truth of God appear real and delightful; and his moral government appears glorious. I find an habitual submission to him, and trust in him for all needed blessings; and look to him to guide me in the path of duty. I long for higher degrees of sanctification. I love to be in his hands, and feel safe there, without anxiety for future provisions for this life. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." I feel more benevolence and tenderness towards my fellow men, more patience in view of their faults, more meekness and humility. I read the Bible with more faith, and pray with more delight and more confidence in God. I think I am enabled, in some measure, to comply with the injunction in Phil. iv. 6, 7, and to enjoy the peace there promised. "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made

known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

When I sat down to write my treatise on Divine Efficiency, I was out of health, and was so lame that I could take no exercise. It occurred to me that to write that book without exercise might cost me my life. But I was so affected with the dishonor cast on God by denying him the glory of efficiently sanctifying the heart, that I said with tears, I will write this book and die, meaning I will write it if I die. I wrote it with a tender regard for the divine glory which I was defending. I never wrote a book with so much feeling of this sort, nor a sermon except one. I mean the Murray-street Sermon, from 1 Cor. i. 31, written in 1830. I wrote that with my eye on Dr. W——, then an infidel, and sick with what proved his last sickness. I was most deeply affected through the whole of it, and wrote it with a strong desire for the conviction and salvation of Dr. W. He had just before resisted my argument with vehemence if not with passion. After I had finished my sermon I read it to him at two different sittings—half at a time. He never resisted afterwards; and gave such evidence of conversion and faith that his pious wife and other pious friends have no doubt that he went to heaven.

Feb. 14th. I have been affected of late by that passage in Eph. v. 22–33. The Church is Christ's spouse, whom he loves as his own flesh. "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Then certainly Christ's love to believers must be constant, boundless and unchangeable. And the Father, regarding them as the very flesh of Christ, must feel an infinite nearness to them,—of course for Christ's sake. Contemplating them as the body of Christ, and of course dear to the Father because Christ is dear, I have found it easy to realize that we are loved and accepted for Christ's sake. There is one between us and God, who is the medium through which he views us,—who is infinitely dear to the Father, and is the real ground of our acceptance, and of every favor sent upon us. All this is real to my mind. Can it be otherwise than faith?

And if I have been distinguished from my former companions, who were left to perish, by a principle of life and a title to heaven, what boundless and eternal obligations has it laid me under! Everlasting thanks to God! May all my powers be devoted to his service and praise. My heart's desire is, that for the rest of my life I may give up the world and be wholly his,—that I may submit to him and trust in him for all things, and that my past sins may never again rise between him and me.

Feb. 17th. Those words in Phil. ii. 3, 4, "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;" have of late been made special to my mind, as reminding me of my duties to my fellow-men. O God, may I subject my own interests and feelings to the interests and feelings of others as far as thy word requires; and may I keep this law ever before me!

I have had this winter turns of dizziness and faintness. Two days ago I had a turn, and wholly lost myself,—for how many seconds I cannot tell. The physicians apprehend apoplexy. It has produced upon me a solemn impression that I must hold myself ready for a sudden death. Lord, may I be prepared to resign my spirit into thy hands without a moment's warning!

Feb. 25th. I have been struck lately with two passages, encouraging an unlimited trust in God. The first is in Hebrews xiii. 5, 6. "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." The other is in 1 Peter, v. 7. "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." Surely we may and ought to trust in God for all things, even in the darkest times. There is no extravagance in this, unless we indulge in unreasonable desires and expectations; as if we should trust in him for an independent fortune. The xxxviith Psalm is throughout of the same kind.

This is the day of fasting and prayer for the colleges. O God, help me to pray, and help the great body of christians to pray, for the permanent effusions of the Spirit upon our colleges and schools! And may great effects follow from the exercises of this day.

Feb. 26th. In offering thanksgiving to God to-day I was struck with the thought that this exercise, truly performed, is really the exercise of gratitude in that view of his perfections and their operations which produces love, or is love; and that if I wished to be filled with gratitude and love to God, to be really holy, the most effectual way was to be much employed in thanksgiving. The subject opened upon me in a light entirely new, and convinced me that I had not enough dwelt on this part of my duty in prayer.

TO DR. L. A. SMITH.

Williams College, Feb. 26th, 1836.

My Dear Son,

* * * * Eight or ten days ago I had a faint turn and entirely lost myself for a second or two, attended with a labor in breathing. I have had such turns, more slightly, often this winter, occasioned, I believe, by writing and intense thought, and perhaps bending to write. I have transcribed 36 sermons since quite late in October. I am afraid of apoplexy, and so is Dr. Emmons. I must hold myself ready for a sudden death. I never had such views as I have had since my loss, and especially since my faint turn. I have had nearly the full assurance of hope, and have felt not afraid to die. A collection of Scripture texts which have been made very special to me, I want to send to Louisa, and think I shall ere long. I have often said, and generally thought, that I would not have that afflictive providence changed for a thousand worlds.

Your affectionate father,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

March 20th. It appears more and more important to address the Saviour on his throne, and to thank him for coming down to the agonies of the cross, and to ask of him sanctifi-

cation and pardon. He is "the author and finisher of our faith." and was enabled to be both "a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." As mediatorial King he has power to distribute all the blessings which come through his atonement, or which he purchased by his obedience. I think I certainly depend on him as the ground of all that I hope to receive, and feel that it is the Father's love to the Son, and his love to the body and members of his Son from his love to the Head, (as well as his own infinite benevolence,) which induces him to give us the Holy Spirit and all other positive blessings. If I do not believe in these things I know not what I do believe.

In view of the wonderful work of redemption and the unequalled display of the divine glory therein, I have lately felt bound to thank God for selecting this distinguished world for the place of my existence; this world which is to send out a report through the universe, and to be the sun to enlighten all other worlds. And O the obligations I am under for having my birth in a land of Gospel light, and not in pagan darkness, which would have ensured my destruction; and for distinguishing me from my former companions who were left to perish, by regenerating grace, if indeed I have been born again. For this I am bound eternally to give thanks. To such a God I ought to have devoted my life continually. And O to think of the sins which I have committed since, crushes me in the dust.

I have lately been delighted with the thought that the day is coming when there shall "be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord, and every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts;" when the most common utensils for dressing food, and every article, shall be consecrated to God. I have desired thus to consecrate all that I possess, and do rejoice that God is to be thus glorified through the earth. I can think of nothing more delightful than that. Among the grounds of gratitude to God I have lately, and with strong feelings, placed the circumstance of living in such a day as this, so near the millenium, and when

the Protestant church is waking up to strong and increasing efforts for the salvation of the world and the glory of God. If I am not delighted with the plan of salvation,—if I am not grateful to God for his wonderful and constant mercies,—if I do not love the character of God, and believe in the gospel of Christ,—if I do not repent of sin,—if I do not feel my dependance on God for all things, and trust in him who feeds the ravens and clothes the lilies, and feel resigned to his providence, whatever he sends,—if the truths of his word are not made to me glorious realities,—then I am indeed greatly mistaken as to the most sensible exercises of my own heart.

May 1*st*, *Sabbath.* A few days ago, and for more than one day, I felt it uncommonly sweet to trust in God for every supply and for every want in life,—a feeling which, in a less sensible degree, has been habitual through the winter and spring. There appeared One above whom it was delightful to trust, whom I loved to think upon as having the management, and who held himself bound to provide for all who trusted in him. I could say from sweet experience, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

Some time ago it became a delightful thought that the time was coming when Holiness to the Lord would be written on the whole furniture of this globe, and that the earth would thus be filled with the glory of the Lord. It was so delightful that I have incorporated the thought with my daily prayers. I think I can truly say that there is no thought so sweet as that God will be glorified, and glorified in the great work of redemption.

This day was the sacrament. In praying beforehand that I might give myself away to Christ at the table, my heart bounded at the thought. I had longed to be united to the Saviour and to have him for my Saviour, and now I had permission to give myself away to him and effect the union. This was the shape of the thought which appeared real and delightful, and opened to me as something new. I longed to honor that Saviour, to have him for my own, and to enjoy him.

May 8*th*, *Sabbath*. For some days past, being unwell, my mind has been so depressed in view of past sins, as to create a doubt respecting my religious state. The same causes weakened my faith and love. But this morning, in reading that blessed passage, Luke, xi. 1–13, my faith and love revived, and I could contemplate God with confidence and delight. I believe that he will hear prayer. I delight to put my trust in him for all things, and am rejoiced that his glorious perfections will be revealed to an astonished universe through the amazing work of redemption.

June 13*th*. Yesterday, (the sabbath,) in reading the life of Brainerd, I fell upon this sentence: "In the evening had the most agreeable conversation which I remember in all my life, upon God's being all in all, and all enjoyments being just that to us which God makes them, and no more." My heart instantly went into the subject, and felt it desirable and pleasant that the will of God should in all things be done. I had been tried about provisions for this life, and was then under trial. I then saw that the will of God *would* in all things be done. I chose that it should be so. I had confidence in him, and trusted in him for future support, and was resigned to his will. I have felt so, most of the time, while awake, ever since; and though an event which I had feared has come to pass, I feel quiet, undisturbed, and commit all my future course to God, and rejoice that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

June 26*th*. *Sabbath*. For the last three days especially, I have been delighted to have the will of Christ done in the government of the world, and have felt resigned to his will, and wished it done rather than my own, and have found it easy to trust in him, confident that his will must be the rightest, the wisest, the most for the public good, and most to be rejoiced in. This has swallowed up all anxiety about my future interest on earth, and produced a feeling of real gratitude and delight.

July 13*th*. Trust in God for future support is encouraged and enjoined in I. Tim. vi. 17. "Charge them that are rich

in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." This trust I continue habitually to feel. I am daily delighted to think that infinite wisdom and love control all events, and my eyes have repeatedly moistened at the thought that Christ is on the throne and governs all things. It is delightful to think that he loves his disciples as the Father loveth him; John xv. 9; that he loves his church as his own flesh; Eph. v. 22–32.

July 31*st. Sabbath.* I had supposed, from my loss by the fire, that it was the purpose of God to give me health to remain here a few years longer. But I find a general discouragement about my health among the trustees and scholars, mingled with great respect and kindness. And on the occasion of the late visit of the standing committee of the trustees, I became as fully convinced as I could have been by a voice from heaven, that it will be my duty to resign at commencement. I have earnestly prayed for direction, and feel thankful to God for making my duty so plain. I tendered my resignation the last commencement, but the trustees did not see fit to accept it. They will accept it now. How I am to be provided for I do not know, but I trust in God, and I feel it my duty and my privilege to be entirely resigned to his will. Infinite benevolence and wisdom will do that which will be most desirable for the holy universe.

I expected my absent children and grand-children here on Friday. They have not come, and sickness has likely detained them at Newark. This whole business I leave with God and rejoice that every circumstance respecting them is under his control.

That trust in God which I have expressed in former articles continues; and I have for some time wished to present, in one view, those texts which have encouraged my trust, and others which I find in the scriptures. I will now do it.

Texts which plainly require, and fully authorize an unlimited trust in God, for the good things of this life. Luke xii. 22–31, (as Mat. vi. 25–34.) "Therefore I say unto you,

take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store-houses nor barn; and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls? And which of you, with taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not; they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith? And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Ps. xxxvii. 3–5, 7, 11, 18, 19, 22, 25, 29, 34, 40. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace. The Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be forever. They shall not be ashamed in the evil times, and in the days of famine, they shall be satisfied. For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth. I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. The righteous shall inherit the land and dwell therein forever. Wait on the Lord and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land. And the Lord shall help them and deliver them; he shall deliver them from the wicked and save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. i. 1, 3. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel

of the ungodly. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doth shall prosper."—Ps. v. 11. "Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy because thou defendest them."—Ps. xviii. 30. "The word of the Lord is tried; he is a buckler to all those that trust in him."—Ps. xxvii. 10. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Ps. xxxi. 19, 20. "O how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men. Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."—Ps. xxiii. 1, 2, 5, 6. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—Ps. xxxiv. 9, 10, 22. "O fear the Lord ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."—Ps. xl. 4. "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust."—Ps. lv. 22. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11, 12. "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."—Ps. cxxviii. 1, 2. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands. Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."—Prov. x. 3. "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, but he casteth away the sub-

stance of the wicked."—Prov. xiii. 25. "The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul, but the belly of the wicked shall want."—Prov. xvi. 3, 20. "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established. He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good; and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Prov. xxii. 4. "By humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches and honor and life."—Prov. xxviii. 10, 25. "The upright shall have good things in possession. He that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be made fat."—Prov. xxix. 25. "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—Prov. xxx. 5. "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him."—Isaiah xxx. 18. "Therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted that he may have mercy upon you; for the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him."—Isaiah lvii. 13. "He that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain."—Jer. xvii. 7, 8. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree, planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."—Mar. x. 29, 30. "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters, and mothers and children, and lands with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life."—Phil. iv. 6, 7. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—I. Tim. iv. 8. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—I. Tim. vi. 17. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who giveth us

richly all things to enjoy."—Heb. xiii. 5, 6. "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—I. Pet. v. 7. "Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you."

There are other texts which speak more generally of the effects of trusting in God. 1 Chron. v. 20. "And they were helped against them, and the Hagarites were delivered into their hand, and all that were with them: for they cried to God in the battle, and he was entreated of them, because they put their trust in him."—2 Chron. xiv. 11, 12. "And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power. Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God, let not man prevail against thee. So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa."—Ps. xvii. 7. "Shew thy marvellous loving kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee, from those that rise up against them."—Ps. xxi. 7. "The king trusteth in the Lord, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved."—Ps. xxii. 4, 5. "Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee and were delivered: they trusted in thee and were not confounded."—Ps. xxvi. 1. "I have trusted in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide."—Ps. xxviii. 7. "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him and I am helped."—Ps. xxxii. 10. "He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about."—Ps. lvi. 4. "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me."—Ps. xci. 2–16. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the

most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."—Ps. cxxv. 1. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."—Ps. cxliv. 1, 2. "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight; my goodness and my fortress, my high tower and my deliverer, my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me."—Prov. xvi. 20. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Isaiah, xli. 17, 18. "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."—Isaiah, lxiv. 4. "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard nor perceived by the eye, neither hath the eye seen, O God, besides thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."—Jer. xxxix. 18. "I will surely deliver thee and thou shalt not fall by the sword,—because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord."—Dan. iii. 28. "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him."

In view of the whole, we may break forth in the sweet language of the evangelical prophet, (Isaiah, xxvi. 3, 4,) "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

August 7th, Sabbath. I received a letter yesterday, bringing with it a disappointment about a charitable contribution for the college to purchase my library. In the evening my daughter received a letter from her husband, Dr. Smith, who had heard of my intention to remove, and who rejoiced in it, and cordially invited me to his house as my home. The first letter gave me pain, though accompanied by resignation to the

will of God and trust in him; the latter was mercifully ordered for my support under the disappointment. I this morning feel entirely resigned to the will of God, and can trust in him for future support. What can I desire more than that infinite wisdom and benevolence should govern the world and order every event? I wish to employ those means which duty dictates; and having done that, I will leave the ordering of my life to God. I know that I am resigned to his will in regard to all future circumstances in this world, and can, though with less distinctness, trust in him for future support.

August 14th. Sabbath. Expect to preach to-day for the last time in this meeting-house, a sermon to the graduating class. In my weak state of health I had been somewhat agitated with the uncertainty and trouble of selling my library, furniture, and other things, and about my future support; but for a day and a half past I have been remarkably composed under the influence of resignation and trust. My being sent hither was doubtless a great mercy, and I have every reason therefore to bless God for it. And now it is plainly his will that I should go. It is his will that I should be placed in just such circumstances; and it is doubtless my duty to submit to him and trust in him with entire composure and peace. How sweet to think that infinite benevolence and wisdom will shape all my circumstances. What can I desire more? I was yesterday composed by reading Luke, x. 38–42. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful. And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Instead of being troubled about the things of time and sense, I long that my future life may be devoted to God with heavenly affections; and that, no longer careful about the world, I may be wholly engaged in promoting his kingdom and in preparing for my glorious rest. O may I thus spend the residue of my days! I think I never desired this so much before. May my future years or months be wholly taken up in the love, and service, and praise of God. May I be carried through the present scenes with the sweet composure of submission

and trust. Why should I be anxious about the world? My mind has lately been considerably impressed with those words of the Apostle, 1 Tim. vi. 6–11, "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things." O may these sentiments be deeply and permanently impressed upon my heart. And then I see not what I have to be anxious or careful about, but to promote the kingdom of Christ and prepare for heaven.

Doctor GRIFFIN's health, which had been gradually declining for two or three years, at length became so much enfeebled that he found himself quite inadequate to the duties of his office; and accordingly at the meeting of the Board of Trustees in August, he again tendered his resignation, after having occupied the Presidential chair fifteen years. It was of course accepted, but with deep regret on the part of the Board that the occasion for it should have existed, and with the warmest gratitude for the important services which he had rendered to the institution.

In reference to the arrangements for his removal to Newark, he writes thus in his diary:

Aug. 28*th*, *Sabbath.* I contemplated the sale of my furniture and books and the trouble of removal as a fearful undertaking; and without submission and trust should have sunk under it. But God has so remarkably supported and prospered me during the last week, that I seem almost to have been

brought through this trial. Thanks to a merciful and faithful God for all these blessings! Since my contemplated removal I have longed more than I ever did before, to spend the remainder of my life in heavenly devotion. I cannot calculate so much as I have done on public usefulness, (though this I desire,) but I long and pray for high communion with God, and for affections toward him more ardent and delightful than I ever felt before. O God, give me this high state of holiness and enjoyment for the rest of my life, and all the usefulness which thy wisdom can allot to me, and my highest wishes of a personal nature are gratified.

Doctor GRIFFIN remained at Williamstown till about the close of September, completing his arrangements for the removal of his family to Newark. He subsequently refers in his journal to the event of their departure in the following paragraph.

I left Williamstown with my family on Thursday the 29th Sept. The people there showed us great affection and expressed much regret at our departure. The students appointed a committee of two from each class to express their respect and attachment, and it was done in a manner the most affectionate. The Faculty invited me to a social dinner at the Mansion House. As I was getting into the carriage on Thursday morning, the students came up in procession to take their last leave. I made an address to them from the carriage, and some of them wept.

The following is the letter from the students referred to in the preceding paragraph.

REVEREND SIR,

Prompted by the feelings which the near departure of one so respected and esteemed naturally elicits, the college assembled this morning and appointed us their committee to express to you their sentiments on this occasion. Those of them

who have been witnesses and partakers of the benefits you have conferred on the college, acted from the deep feeling of gratitude; those who have lately become of the number of students, were influenced by your celebrity as a preacher—your character as a man.

Knowing this, it is with peculiar feelings that we have undertaken to become their organ, and we should despair of expressing to you their opinions, were we not conscious of their active existence in our own bosoms. When a distinguished man departs from the scene of his former actions, he is followed by the aspirations of those who have been benefitted by his influence. If to have given celebrity to our Alma Mater, and a name of which we can proudly boast,—if to have given us sound moral and religious principles, on which we can firmly base our actions, and to have exemplified the beauty and simplicity of a good man's career, have conferred on us obligations,—you will appreciate the feelings which agitate our minds at the thought of your departure. Praise we do not offer, for it would be futile;—useless to one who stands so high in the opinion of all; but we present you with a better gift,—our kindest feelings and hopes for your future welfare.

In the name of the college, we bid you an affectionate farewell.

LEWIS BENEDICT, Jr.
SAM'L G. JONES,
THOS. A. HALE,
LABAN S. SHERMAN,
SAM'L P. ANDREWS,
RUFUS G. WELLS,
BARNABUS COLLINS,
OLIVER DIMON,
} *Committee.*

Sept. 27, 1836.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS LAST RESIDENCE AT NEWARK, AND HIS DEATH.

Doctor Griffin reached Newark with his family, for the last time, Oct. 1, 1836. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was greeted with a most cordial welcome by a large circle of friends, and that he found himself in the midst of a community who well knew how to appreciate his residence among them, and many of whom it was his privilege to reckon among the seals of his ministry. Under date of Nov. 29, he writes thus in his diary.

Since I have been here the affection and respect of former friends have been overwhelming. Several have united in making me a handsome present. The trustees of the first church have offered me a pew for my family. God has ordered all things in mercy. I have been sick for near two months,—very sick,—but I now am somewhat better. I long to do something for God and his church before I die. May I live devoted to him, and walk in the light of his countenance, and hold myself ready to depart at a moment's warning.

TO HIS NIECE, MISS JULIA ANN LORD, OF LYME.

Newark, Jan. 19, 1837.

My Dear Julia Ann,

I received your very kind and gratifying letter of Dec. 16th, and thank you for all the delicate respect which it evinces. My health has been so feeble that I have not felt able to write to you before, and now must be somewhat brief. On the 15th of December while walking on the floor, I suddenly fell on the carpet like a corpse, and fainted clear away. I have repeatedly had some of the same symptons since, but have not fainted. For the last fortnight I have been better. The attention which I receive from my old parishioners and spiritual children is most affecting, and exceeds any thing I ever received from a public body in my life. My friends hope that God has sent me here to promote revivals of religion in Newark. O that it may be so! And, my dear cousin, how infinitely important that revivals of religion should prevail in Lyme. What will become of some of your dear sisters if this is not the case? After one has reached the age of thirty, unconverted, the chances against him are perhaps forty to one, and when he has reached the age of fifty, they are probably fifty or sixty to one. And are there any in your family who stand these many chances to one for eternal burnings? Surely no more time ought to be lost—not a single day or hour. Every hour that is lost increases the danger, and every hour that is spent in enmity against God involves guilt that deserves eternal damnation. And then what a call there is for our agonizing prayers! A few christians with such prayers, may bring down the Holy Spirit. Do read and ponder closely upon Luke xi. 1–13,—particularly the 13th verse. O let your faith take hold of that assurance and it may bring down the blessing. I remember you all in prayer several times a day.

On sabbath evenings, Dr. Smith's family sing psalms, while he plays on a bass viol. It is the best means that I attend during the week. Last sabbath evening he sung a verse

which dissolved me to tears, and affected me more than any verse ever did, I believe. It was the following:

These eyes which once refused the light,
Now lift to God their watery sight,
And weep a silent flood:
These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer;
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood.

I am sorry to break off so soon, but my strength seems to require it. With very tender regard, I am

Your affectionate uncle,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Jan. 25th, 1837.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

If Christ is the Rock of Ages, he is our firm foundation, our sure defence, and the same from generation to generation. What is a better foundation than a rock? What is a better bulwark than a rock cast around us? And a rock of ages is the same from age to age. I have been so affected by that figure that I have examined to see whether I could find it in the Bible. I cannot find it in our translation; but in Isaiah, xxvi. 4. I find it in the Hebrew: "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages." The atonement of Christ is the solid foundation of our pardon, our sure defence against the wrath of God, and is always exerted in his intercession as a priest. The righteousness of his obedience is the foundation of all our positive happiness in both worlds, is the sure protection of all our interests, and this undeniable claim to a reward is unchangeably urged in his intercession. Thus he immutably exerts his influence as an atoning, obedient, and interceding High Priest, to obtain those reliefs and blessings from pure Godhead, which, in the name of God, he administers as mediatorial King. And as King, he is the Rock of Ages. The incarnate God who fills the throne of the universe, and dispenses all the pardons and blessings obtained from pure God-

head by the pleading of his atonement and obedience, is the unchanging foundation of all our reliefs, and hopes, and comforts; and the defence which, amidst all our changes and imperfections, gives us everlasting protection and safety. Thus as both Priest and King he is the Rock of Ages.

March 3rd. Latterly I have been specially praying for faith in Christ. I could see his love to us all as manifested on Calvary; I could see his mercy to me in the innumerable blessings around me; but when I contemplated him in his relation to me personally, I could not view him in any other light than as a sin-hating Saviour,—the sins of my life appeared so enormous. But some Psalms and Hymns sung in the family which by the blessed and peculiar influence of Psalms and Hymns sung, that carry up the mind to Christ and fix it upon him immediately, rather than upon God, and that raise us to him as direct and unbounded love, have been mercifully appointed to overcome this difficulty. The words and the tune have rung through my mind in the waking hours of night, and led me directly to the tender love of Christ. I saw that I had too much confined my thoughts to God, and that I ought to go directly to a Saviour's arms, and that I ought to believe that, as abominable as my sins have been, if they have once been pardoned, they form no partition between me and the heart of Christ. He loves me as tenderly as though I had never sinned, and in proportion to my faith is as ready to hear my prayers. How was it at the time of the crucifixion? After the disciples had forsaken him and fled, and after Peter had denied him with oaths and curses, when he came out of the sepulchre he said to Mary, "Go and tell my brethren." By his death the sins of believers are totally cancelled, and are never imputed to them any more; and although, while under the means of grace they are chastened for remaining sin, as a means of their sanctification, they are no more condemned for their past sins than Peter and John are now condemned for theirs. He loves them as well as he will love them in heaven,—I say not their characters, but their persons. When he turned and looked upon Peter, he loved his person none

the less for his oaths and curses. We ought to feel, if we have evidence of our faith and pardon, that he loves our persons none the less for our past sins. Of two things one: either he loves us thus or we are under condemnation to hell. Which is it? If we do not abandon our hope, we ought to believe unhesitatingly in his direct, most tender, and unbounded love to our persons,—that he stands ready to hear our prayers, and with open arms to receive us to his bosom. This is faith in Christ. This will bring a sense of his infinite love in the work of redemption, of his infinite mercy in the management of our lives, and will fill us with hope and peace, and gratitude and joy.

Since I have been in Newark, I have been distressed at the low state of religion in the city, and have prayed much for a revival here and through the country. I have visited many families, and talked with the unregenerate as faithfully as I could. Others have been at prayer also. And, blessed be God, the Holy Spirit has begun to descend, not only here but in the country around, and in the neighboring city. Forever blessed be his name for this return to our American church after several years of absence. Oh may he greatly enlarge the power and make it to endure until the millenium.

March 8th. The obedience and death of Christ answer the purpose of our sinless obedience or righteousness. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Rom. x. 4. "For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." II. Cor. v. 21. "Therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith." Romans i. 17. "The righteousness of God without the law is manifested,—even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ." Rom. iii. 21, 22. "If by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ. Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free

gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Rom. v. 17, 18. "For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Rom. viii. 3, 4. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption." I. Cor. i. 30.

There must still be a qualification in us, uniting us to Christ; but that qualification is no more works, but faith. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Rom. iv. 5. "Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness." Gal. iii. 6.

Although the offering of Christ cannot be applied to us before we sin, nor faster than we sin, (future sins being not pardoned,) yet his one offering completely fills the space of our sinless obedience or righteousness, so that our pardoned sins, (all the past sins of believers,) are fully set aside as the ground of condemnation, though not as occasions of chastisement for our good. As grounds of condemnation they are as though they never had been. We ought to hate them and abhor ourselves on their account, but they form no bar to the love of Christ or of God towards us, though they may be a bar to the present manifestations of his love. "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." Rom. v. 8–10.

This was the marked difference between the typical sacrifices, and the offering of Calvary. "For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never, with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For

then would they not have ceased to be offered? Because that the worshippers, once purged, should have had no more conscience of sins. But in those sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year. For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins. Then, said I, Lo I come, to do thy will.—By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 1–4, 7, 10, 14.

April 16*th. Sabbath.* I was led, by reading a chapter in Baxter's Saint's Rest, to take up my printed form of self-examination, which I had not examined of late. And I was delighted, and rather astonished, to find that my heart readily responded to every question in the whole form. I see not therefore why I may not indulge the full assurance of hope. Forever blessed be the Lord for this infinite benefit; and O may I devote my whole soul, for the rest of my life, to his honor and praise.

July 8*th.* I have read the form of self-examination every day since the 16th of April, and can say "Yes," to almost or quite every question, and have enjoyed something like the full assurance of hope. I am determined to read it every day for the rest of my life, unless prevented by sickness.

Last night after retiring to rest I was asking for some blessing as the reward of Christ's obedience and in answer to his intercession. It opened to me in a clearer light than ever before, that Christ was pleading for our happiness and considered himself rewarded by what made us happy. This gave me a new and affecting view of his real and most tender love to us. He considers our happiness as his reward, and seeks for no higher reward than to see us blest. O the reality and infinite tenderness of the love of Christ! He not only desires our happiness, but considers it, and the glory of God involved in it, as the richest and only reward of his obedience "unto death." O may the love of Christ be more real and affecting to my soul than it ever was before! Let me by no means confine my views to his atonement, by which my sins were to be

forgiven, but dwell upon his obedience, which procured all my positive blessings, and upon the boundless love which regarded them as his reward, and which constantly pleads for their bestowment!

August 7th. Mrs. Griffin was removed by death, after a sickness by dysentery of twelve days, on Tuesday the 25th of July, at half-past five o'clock, P. M. aged 67 years, 10 months and 11 days; having been born Sept. 14th, 1769. Since the funeral I have been so unwell as to be unable to enter this account before. On Monday morning I told her she would probably be in heaven before the next morning. She said she felt composed, and put her trust in Christ. She told Dr. Smith that she had in her mind no uncomfortable feelings. She soon lost herself so far as to be able to add no more. She died an easy death. In addition to an exemplary life, for several months she had exhibited peculiar kindness and concern for me and some fresh evidence of her sanctification. My heart during all that time had gone forth in prayer for her, that she might be fully prepared, and might die an easy and triumphant death. The prayer was answered as to the outward circumstances of her death; and the strong desire I felt for the other part, gives me new and very consoling evidence that our loss is her eternal gain. The Spirit does not give special desires in order to disappoint them. It is a stroke I never felt before. I shall soon follow her. O may this solemn dispensation be sanctified to me and to my children, and may we all be supported under a stroke which the love of Jesus has inflicted. Her entrance into that blessed world makes heaven appear like another apartment of my own house.

The following letter from Mrs. Smith to the Compiler of this memoir, containing a minute account of her mother's last illness and death, cannot, it is presumed, be unacceptable to the reader.

Newark, August 9, 1837.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your welcome and most gratifying letter to my dear father was this morning received, and I hasten to convey to you his thanks and that of his children for this new expression of kindness, and for your christian sympathy under our sore bereavement. It is with melancholy pleasure that, in compliance with your request, I review the scenes of sickness and death; but I bless God, it is with different emotions that we are permitted, and at times enabled, to follow the spirit of my sainted mother to one of those "many mansions" which the Saviour had gone before to prepare. You, Sir, knew our departed friend, and to you may I not say, to know was to respect, to love. You knew her to be gentle, kind, humble, refined; but *how* gentle, how humble, how forbearing, how guileless, how wholly divested of selfishness, you cannot know. No, it is only the two who were nursed on her bosom, who were led by her gentle hand, who were watched ever by her tender eye, for whom she lived and for whom she would gladly have died,—we only can know what we have lost. My sister and I had neither before witnessed the sundering of the immortal from the mortal part; our first definite conceptions of the work of Death were formed while watching his ravages upon that delicate frame. And though, as we are assured by all who were present, he dealt his gentlest blows, and we were enabled to feel that Infinite Love regulated every movement, yet the work was awful, it was sure,—it took from us a mother.

But I will no longer speak of ourselves; it is almost the first time I have been tempted to do so. It is the conviction that you, Sir, are peculiarly fitted to share the afflictions of the mourner, that has led me thus freely to open the recesses of a bleeding heart. But while I now attempt to fulfil the purpose for which I seated myself, you will see that the same Hand which placed in ours the cup of sorrow mingled with it so much sweetness that we almost at the time forgot its bitterness.

You are aware, Sir, that my beloved mother suffered for many years from the frequent and periodical recurrence of sick head ache. I well remember your mingling your sympathies upon this point, during your late visit, and her referring to the similarity in your cases since. Since my dear mother's residence with us, longer intervals had passed between her head aches than ever before since my remembrance, and I had fondly hoped she was preparing for many years of comfortable health. But I now remember that when I congratulated myself and her on her freedom from head ache, she did not seem to enter into my joyful anticipations. She did not say any thing to check them, for she loved to see us happy, but I now doubt not she felt the increasing infirmities of a broken constitution, perhaps the hidden workings of a fatal disease which forbade her to look for health, save in that world where sickness cannot come. She had a cough for more than five years which distressed her friends, but which she never acknowledged as causing her any pain. This cough disappeared from the commencement of her last illness. Since the commencement of warm weather my parents had both improved in health. My father had preached seven sabbaths in succession before my mother's death. Four times she heard him with delighted interest. On the 9th of July she attended church all day, and afterwards walked through the burying-ground, where 18 days after she was laid, and where she did not remember to have walked before since her removal to Boston. But I linger from the closing scene, as if unrecorded it would become untrue. On the night of the 13th of July my dear mother was attacked with dysentery. In the morning she told me her system was disordered, and I procured for her such simple remedies as her case seemed to require. She had been so inured to suffering, and had learned to suffer so patiently, that I think she was not aware of the nature or severity of her disease. It was not before the sabbath that we became aware of it. From that time my husband became anxious, and every thing that affection and human skill could do, was, I believe, done. The disease seemed checked in its violence from that

time till the day previous to her death; but her strength was wasted by an internal fever, which was indicated, not so much by the pulse and skin, as by a constant thirst, which demanded cold water and ice, and which even these did not allay. Her reason, her calmness, her patience, her kindness, never for a moment forsook her, and Ellen and I watched over her, with sympathy indeed, but with little apprehension of the result. "What ardently we wished we still believed," and we looked for that on the morrow which each day failed to bring, an entire removal of the disease. It was not till the Saturday evening previous to her death that my husband's faithfulness forced us to look upon her recovery as doubtful. She was then very feeble, and we found it necessary to apply both external and internal restoratives, which soon brought warmth and comparative vigor to her system. From about eight to twelve we were occupied in this way, during which time I frequently asked her if she was in pain; to which she calmly answered "*some*." About twelve she suddenly became entirely relieved, and continued so through the night. Every time I laid my hand on hers she would open her eyes and repeat in her sweetest tone, "quite easy." The sudden change made me anxious, and I went to my husband repeatedly through the night to inquire whether there was cause for alarm. But as her system seemed more vigorous in its actings than the evening previous, he ventured to hope she was better. About daylight my mother inquired of me what the Doctor thought of the sudden change. I told her he hoped she was better. Said she, "I never felt as I did last night." "How, mother?" "*Those dying pains*," she twice repeated; and yet through the whole she had only acknowledged in answer to my repeated inquiries that she suffered "*some*." She continued more comfortable through the sabbath; and when my husband retired that night he pronounced her better, and expressed a hope that she would have a comfortable night. But when I went into her room at one o'clock Monday morning, I found her restless, and suffering with thirst. I remained with her through the night. Early in the morning my husband found her feverish and her

disease more alarming in its progress. From that time he was almost without hope, and immediately communicated his fears to his beloved patient. "Mother," said he, "you are very ill." "I know it," she calmly answered. "And I have serious fears," he added, "that you will never be any better. What are your feelings in view of death?" "*I have no uncomfortable feelings,*" was her reply. "Are you willing to trust yourself with the Saviour for life or death?" "*Yes.*" Ellen then asked her if she had thought much of death during her sickness. She answered, "I don't know that I have thought more of it than I did when I was well." She had slept much and conversed but little since her illness, but when awake usually lay with her hands clasped as if in prayer. After breakfast my father came into the room, and, struck with the great change in her countenance, he thought her actually dying. Feeling there was no time to be lost, he at once exclaimed, "My dear, I think before to-morrow morning you will be in Heaven!" This sudden announcement, following so soon upon the first intimation of her danger, might have been expected to have produced at least a momentary excitement. I was bending over her, where I should have seen if a breath was quickened, or a nerve was moved; but with unruffled composure, closing her eyes, she twice repeated, "I hope so." My father said, "I want you to look to Christ." After a moment's silent meditation, she gently repeated, "Great sinner, great sinner, great Saviour." She then expressed her wishes as to the disposal of her letters, clothing, &c.—sent messages of love to all her friends, &c. My father said, "My dear, I don't want you to be thinking of these trifles. I want you to be looking to Christ." "That is just the reason," she replied, "I want to have my mind at rest." I said, "You are not afraid to die." "No." "We do not want to part with you." "I do not," she sweetly answered. "I hope we shall follow you to heaven." "I hope so;" and placing her hand gently on my father's arm, added, "*It will be but a little while.*" My father asked, "Before we meet in heaven?" "*Yes.*" She had that morning seen every member of the family, and

kissed her grand-children. One of them coming in the second time I called her attention to it. She answered, "I have seen them all." In less than an hour from this time she sunk into a state of insensibility, from which she roused not again, except to ask for air and drink. Her intercourse with mortals was ended, but not before she had said all that she wished and all that we could desire. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning my father was called up to see her die. He said to her, "My dear, we think you are dying, and I am going to pray with you." She immediately folded her hands across her breast, (no longer able to clasp them,) and fixed her glazed eyes upon him for a moment, but before he closed she sunk again into insensibility. She thus alternated between life and death till some time in the afternoon of Tuesday, when suddenly her countenance assumed the fixedness of death. Her respiration became harder and harder, then shorter and shorter, then suddenly ceased. She gasped, then stretched herself as an infant awaking from sleep, gasped twice, stretched herself again—and again—The spirit had fled!*

There was a heavenly sweetness about her countenance after death. *Perfect peace* was written there. She was laid unchanged in the grave on Thursday, 27th.

We selected the 3d hymn, Book II. to be sung at her funeral. Mr. Eddy chose the very text I had selected: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Doctor Hillyer of Orange, the only early friend of my parents in the ministry left in this region, offered the prayer.

The chamber of death and the house of mourning were filled with long tried christian friends, who had welcomed her return, and who were anxious to pay the last tribute of respect.

I have already mentioned that my father's health had been improved of late. He sustained this trial as a christian, most of the time calm, never overwhelmed. But the "outward man" quailed under the stroke, and for several days after the funeral he was very feeble; his difficulty of breathing returned,

* She died at half past 5 o'clock, Tuesday, July 25.

and he felt as if he was soon to follow his sainted wife. "And Oh how she will welcome me," he would exclaim with tears. He is now much better, and is going to attempt supplying Mr. Eddy's pulpit for the next five sabbaths. He spoke at the communion table last sabbath, and referred most affectingly to the "amazing realities which had broken upon the view of those who had lately gone from our bosom to the bosom of the Saviour."

My father wishes me to present him to you most affectionately, and we all unite in our gratitude for your prayers and sympathy.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
With respectful regard, yours,
F. L. SMITH.

August 16*th*. I have been blest this morning with clearer views than I ever had before. I certainly delight in God's glory and happiness more than in any thing else, and I do not wish for a personal happiness distinct from that delight. I do love to lie at his feet and to look up from the dust and see him on the throne. I desire above all things to see him known and honored as God. It is because he is in heaven that I wish to be there. I rejoice to know that he is his own reward,—all that reward to himself that he ever expected or desired. I long to be holy because it is right and agreeable to his will, and not primarily for the sake of the reward. The happiness I seek is derived from the happiness and glory of God. I feel that my sins against his authority and happiness and glory, are unspeakably vile, and do deserve more misery than I can measure, and my judgment tells me, eternal misery. I love to repent. It is a luxury to lie low at his feet and mourn for sin. Christ is precious to my soul, the chief among ten thousands and altogether lovely. That God should have regenerated me, according to an eternal decree of election, making all the difference in my favor between an eternal hell and an eternal heaven, lays me under boundless, boundless, boundless obligations. My most earnest desire and

prayer is, that I may spend my life in his service and in heavenly devotion.

My practice founded on the rule to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks, has opened God to my view, somewhat, I think, as he will be seen in heaven,—and it would be so fully if the rule was fully observed. It has established a habit of gratitude more constant and tender than I ever experienced before.

Mrs. Griffin's death has certainly been sanctified to me, and has rendered heaven more familiar, and real and dear. And as God had evidently prepared me for that event, I know not but his present dealings are intended to prepare me to follow her soon. I should be glad to live to carry my MSS. through the press, and for a little while longer to promote revivals of religion by preaching. I have no wish to live for any other reason; and I am willing that God should defeat these purposes by my removal, if he sees fit.

August 20th. I certainly do love God with great tenderness. My heart is dissolved in gratitude to him for his amazing and distinguishing love. That he is infinitely and eternally happy, and that he will be known and honored and glorified as God, are the two sweetest thoughts that ever enter my mind. I think I love him better than myself. It has been a question whether to see him known and honored as God, was my supreme desire, or whether a wish for my own happiness was stronger. But I am convinced that the happiness I wish for, instead of being superior or opposed to his glory, consists in it. The delight of seeing him known and honored, is the very heaven I desire. I certainly long to be holy because it is right and agreeable to the will of God, antecedent to all considerations of reward.

August 24th. Do I love God better than myself? My happiness consists in the happiness and glory of God, and in his will's being done. I do not, therefore, habitually set up my own will or happiness against him, and of course do not love myself better than God, but God better than myself. It is my supreme desire to see him known and honored as God, for I

place my highest happiness in that; and therefore do not set my own happiness above his honor and glory.

TO THE REV. DR. TUCKER.

Newark, N. J. August 29th, 1837.

My very Dear Brother,

Your kind favor, by Mr. Stafford, of the 22d inst. was duly received. I thank you very much for your sympathy, and thank dear Mrs. Tucker for her participation of our sorrow, and also your beloved children for their kind and tender feelings. You say, "we shall now have another subject of prayer." I thank you, my dear brother, and hope I shall indeed have an interest in your petitions. I value it much. I probably have been already benefited by your prayers. I think I have enjoyed the love of God and of Christ since the death of Mrs. Griffin more than I ever did before. God had been preparing both her mind and my own for the solemn event for eight months beforehand, and she died an easy death, with great tranquillity, without any uncomfortable feelings of mind, with composure and trust in the dear Redeemer. I would not call her back for ten thousand worlds.

"Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom."

For a million of worlds I would not change the counsel of the Most High. The glory of God and the happiness of God are certainly the two objects dearest to my heart, in which I most rejoice, and in which I place my highest happiness. Let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight. It is a most overcoming thought that Christ, after all his obedient labors, asks for no reward,—desires no reward,—but what consists in blessings on us, together with the glory of God and the good of the universe therein involved. O the amazing love of Christ portrayed in that glorious truth! I never saw his love so affecting in any other light.

My health was affected by the event for more than a week,

but I have so far recovered as to be able to preach. I hope ere long to renew the work of transcribing my MSS. about which I know you feel a deep interest. I wish to live long enough to carry them through the press, and to promote revivals of religion by preaching the kingdom of Christ, and by any other means in my power. These are the only two objects for which I wish to live. I perceive by your letter, and your kind request for me to write, that these several statements would not be ungratifying to you. With sincere love to Mrs. Tucker, and the dear children, I am, my beloved brother,

Very affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Sept. 1*st.* Do I long to be delivered from sin more than from any other evil? Sin is against the blessed God, against his rightful authority, against his glory, against his happiness because against the happiness of his kingdom, and against the life of Christ. In this view of sin, as against that glory and happiness which are the dearest to my heart, I think I do wish to be delivered from it more than from any other evil.

TO THE COMPILER OF THIS MEMOIR.

Newark, N. J. Sept. 21, 1837.

My Beloved Brother,

I received to-day the Argus, containing the distressing news of the death of our dear Mrs. S——, and an obituary notice. Though sick, I cannot delay the expression of my heartfelt grief, and my tenderest sympathy. I know your sorrows, and can enter into them with the deepest interest. From the moment I heard of the event I have been praying for you and your dear children. May God support and comfort you and take care of them. Our whole family feel deeply for you. Even the children enter into it as an event very interesting to them, in consequence of your visit here and your sympathizing letter to me. Our dear wives are now together, and it will be but a few days and we, I trust, shall be with them. Mean time heaven must be nearer and dearer to us for their being in it. God has done it, and it is right. From

his great kindness to me, I trust the more that he will enable you to rejoice in him more than ever during this afflictive season. Ever since the commencement of my illness, more than three years ago, he has been pouring in truth in a new and affecting light. For the last six or eight months it has been more so. But since the death of Mrs. Griffin it has been so more than ever, so that I have sometimes apprehended he was preparing me to follow her *soon*. The two sweetest objects to me in the universe, and those in which my happiness chiefly consists, are the *glory* and the *happiness* of God. That he is infinite in his benevolence and wisdom, is a thought that renders the universe rich beyond expression. A few weeks ago, in asking for something as the reward of Christ, it opened upon me, that he neither asks nor desires any reward, since he has taken his throne and government, but what consists in *blessings on us*, (together with the glory of God and the good of the universe therein involved.) In blessings on this Christ crucifying world! Never did the love of Christ open upon me so before. I resolved to carry that thought with me to my grave, and I love to impart it to my dear friends. O such a God and Saviour! What may they not do to us? If infinite benevolence and wisdom and mercy and faithfulness, have the management of all our affairs to the smallest particular, what need we fear? What occasion have we to be agitated? Gabriel and Paul see the universe blest in containing such a God, and that constitutes their heaven. The same heaven shall be ours to-day, if we will enter fully into the love and contemplation of that glorious God. Let him take our wives and our children,—let him take all that we have,—only leave *himself*,—and Paul and Gabriel cannot be richer. O my dear brother, it does my heart good to know how rich you are, in your deserted house and in your lonely chamber. Take hold of those riches in both your arms, and rise up above every anguish, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Doctor Smith and my two daughters unite with me in tender love and sympathy. Give my tender love to your dear

children, and kiss them all for me. They have a mother still, and she is where I hope and pray they all may be.

With the most tender sympathy in your present afflictions, I am, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

Sept. 28th. My former complaint has returned upon me and threatens to carry me off. I am willing that God should do as it seemeth good in his sight. My disease (thought to be dropsy in the chest) prevents me from lying all night in bed. The idea of sitting up the most of the night was dreadful. But last night it was so delightful to think that infinite wisdom and love would order the whole, that I felt no apprehension. The consequence was, that though I had to get up at a quarter after ten, I had a comfortable night and slept well in my chair. Blessed be the Lord.

Oct. 1st. Sabbath. I have done lying in bed, and sit upon my chair all night and all day. The other day, Dr. Smith, in answer to my inquiry, told me it was not likely that I should live till spring; and was very doubtful whether I should live till January. The idea was delightful. I have looked forward to death by dropsy in the chest as very dreadful; but it no longer appears so. A sense that infinite wisdom and love will order every thing for me, leaves no anxiety about any thing. It was very fatiguing to sit up nights, and I dreaded it much. But that consideration of infinite wisdom and love, removed in a minute all that anxiety some days ago, and it has not returned for a moment since. It seems to be about as pleasant to sit up as it formerly did to lie in bed. This mental feeling has been aided by some merciful provisions which render it easier to sit in my chair.

I have been deeply affected of late by these most merciful and faithful provisions for a poor wretched sinner, so needful for an old man going down into the grave after his beloved wife. Not one anxious thought is left me from day to day about the event or the manner. I am taken up in thanking the blessed God for his wonderful mercy and faithfulness in

thus dealing with me. That he should select this time to do for me what he never did before, to remove every concern and to fill me with peace,—to make that most solemn event, and all the dreaded means, no longer dreadful, but delightful,—is proof of mercy and faithfulness beyond the power of language to express. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Oct. 8th. Sabbath. Dr. Smith told me this morning that, if the swelling continued to increase as it had done for a fortnight past, I should not probably live the month out. The idea was delightful, and awakened tears of gratitude. O the wonderful mercy and faithfulness of God!

Oct. 14th. I have been very sick and nervous during the last week; slept but little and had very uncomfortable nights, with a dread of the pressure for breath, which was between me and death. Yesterday afternoon I saw that God would appoint all these things. The thought relieved and comforted me at once, and brought submission and trust. And that submission and trust were followed by such a night as I have not had for a considerable time. Though I had not exercised any, on account of the rain, I had altogether the most comfortable rest that I have had since I ceased to lie down. The weather had changed to cold to favor such a result. O the mercies and the faithful providence of God! His interpositions are constant and manifest, and full of mercy and faithfulness.

The preceding paragraph concludes his diary; for though his death did not occur till the 8th of November, the rapid progress of his disease rendered him incapable of the effort of writing. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Doctor Spring of New-York; and shortly after, another discourse, occasioned by his death, was delivered at Williamstown, by the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College; both of which have since been published.

The following letter from Mrs. SMITH to a friend in Boston, embodies the most important particulars of her father's last illness and death.

Newark, Dec. 11, 1837.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. K.

Your truly affectionate letter was not the less welcome, for being one of many with which we have been favored; all bearing the kindest expressions of sympathy for us, and of veneration and love toward our dear departed parents. We ought truly to adopt the language of our bereaved father:— "The tender sympathy of our friends here and abroad, has been unbounded, and the love of our Father and Saviour has been most supporting." We can truly make the sentiment of the beloved Cowper our own:

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
> The child of parents passed into the skies."

You could not have imposed upon me a more delightful task than that of reviewing the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of my dear father's sickness and death. Oh, my friend, if you have ever stood "quite on the verge of heaven," you have been where I stood for two months; each day ministering to one who seemed just ready to take his upward flight; each day listening, perhaps for the last time, to the heavenly words that fell from the lips of my only remaining parent.

My cousin W. no doubt told you of the "quiet spirit" of the aged, feeble, afflicted saint, called so unexpectedly to part with her, whose affectionate sympathy had cheered his pilgrimage for more than forty years, and which he had hoped would bless him to the end. Yes, the "angel of the covenant" supported him as he passed through these deep waters. He leaned upon the everlasting arm, and it failed him not. He had prayed fervently that my dear mother's departure might be easy and triumphant; and when he saw this desire so fully accomplished, his whole soul went forth in gratitude on her

behalf. But this event broke his hold on life. He murmured not, but the outbreakings of his widowed heart were most affecting. He committed to memory those beautiful lines of Heber, "Thou art gone to the grave," and often while sitting at the table they would seem to rush upon his recollection, and he would repeat them in his own affecting manner with many tears.

You remember his love for sacred music, connected with sacred song. This never forsook him. From the day that he came into our family, it was our custom to devote sabbath evenings to songs of praise, in which his grand-children were the principal performers. These seasons were always welcomed by my dear father, for whom a chair was placed in the midst of the little group, with whose infant voices his own and that of my dear mother would sometimes unite. He often spoke of these seasons as among his most precious means of grace. He copied in a book all the pieces that they sung, making additions from time to time, till within a few weeks of his death. The last lines which he inserted were these—"And to eternity love and adore." The hymn commences thus: "Come, thou Almighty King." From the commencement of his last illness, it was his custom to spend every evening in the parlor, where he sat with his little book before him, selecting hymns for his darling Malvina to play and sing. And only the day before his death, when, to use his own expression, "the agonies of death had come upon him," he was led into the parlor, that he might once more listen to the praises of earth, before he went to join in the anthems of heaven. It will ever be among Malvina's most hallowed recollections, that she was thus permitted to smooth the passage of this man of God, this endeared parent, to heaven. Oh, shall he listen in vain amidst a choir above for one of those voices which he so much loved to hear? * * * *

* * * * My father continued to preach from church to church every sabbath till my mother's death, till he had proclaimed his last message in seven of our churches and in two of our neighboring villages. In August he was invited to sup-

ply the pulpit of the first church during the absence of our pastor. In compliance with this request, he gathered up his strength to perform this last service for the beloved church over which he had watched for nearly eight years previous to his residence in Boston. He preached seven sermons in four sabbaths: and after this delivered his last sermon in the pulpit of the Rev. J. H. Jones at New-Brunswick, a nephew of my mother. This was on the 10th of September. His text was Jeremiah, xxxi. 31–34. The subject, Salvation taken into God's own hands. He thus fulfilled all his appointments, except at Elizabethtown, where he had engaged to preach for both Presbyterian clergymen, one of whom—Rev. N. Murray, was his former pupil.

On the 13th of Sept. the American Board met here. On the same day my father was taken suddenly ill, and was not able to attend any of the meetings except the last, on the 13th, when he made his last public speech and prayer. He attended church for the last time on the next sabbath, and heard his early friends, Drs. Richards and Humphrey preach. About this time a dropsical effusion took place, which progressed so rapidly, that from Thursday of the same week he never attempted to lie down again. He said to me that night, "I never expect to lie down again, till I lie by your mother's side."

Previous to my mother's death, he had attained to the "full assurance of hope," and this event, making heaven, as he said, "seem like another apartment in his own house," severed his strongest tie to earth, and bound his thoughts and affections more firmly to heaven. From the first appearance of dropsy he gave up all thought of being relieved, and was enabled to look without a fear into that eternity which was just at hand. But the wearisome days and nights which seemed appointed to him, and the dreadful closing scene—from these nature shrunk. Even this was but a passing cloud. The thought that infinite wisdom and love would order every circumstance, soon dispelled it forever. After this he was often heard to say, "God has made it about as pleasant to sit up as it formerly was to lie down."

There was indeed nothing of gloom about the chamber of death, but it was a solemn place; one which could not but strengthen the faith of the feeblest saint, and which might well have shaken the confidence of the boldest infidel. The beloved patient, not content with his own sure prospect of eternal life, was constant in his intercessions for a ruined world. There were more than forty individuals among his impenitent friends whom he bore on his heart before the Mercy Seat many times each day. And as he had opportunity, he failed not to warn every one of them with tears.

There was a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" which seemed to fill his soul. There was that peace of which the Saviour spoke when he said, "My peace I give unto you." There was indeed a majesty in the calmness, the faith, the love, the submission, the gratitude of this dying saint, which words cannot describe. And yet there was no mere animal excitement. To a friend, who asked him what his views of heaven were, he replied, "My mind is too weak for lively views. I know heaven must be a blessed place. God is there. Christ is there." This view seemed to satisfy him. To my mind there was something more delightful in the filial confidence with which he committed himself to his Heavenly Father, than in those enlarged and exciting views which might have been expected from such a man as he.

His humility was affecting. The touch of death disturbed not the tranquility of his features; but it was disturbed by the remark of a friend, to whom, after bearing testimony to the kindness of his Heavenly Father, he had said, "And you may expect that he will do the same for you when you come to die." She replied, "If I am only as faithful as you." For a moment he was silent, and then with deep feeling he rejoined, "Don't say that again, sister: it is not because I am good, but because Christ has died."

His gratitude was constant. After adverting to some simple provisions for his comfort, he added, "Your love to your sick and dying infant is hatred, compared with the love of my Heavenly Father towards me."

His submission was truly filial. After stating to a friend that he never expected to lie down again, till he was laid down for the grave, he sweetly added, "And I am willing to sit here, just as you see me now, for twenty years, if it is God's will."

His love to the Saviour kindled into a brighter, purer flame as he traversed the ascent of Pisgah. To a nephew, who visited him in August, he remarked, "Never did I have such views of the Saviour as I have had for the last two months;—never before such as I have had for the last week."

He received every intimation of the rapid progress of his disease with expressions, and often with tears, of gratitude. It was not impatience to be released from suffering; for He to whom with filial confidence he had committed himself, carried him so gently down, that he never spoke of pain, except for a short time on the day previous to his death (Tuesday.) He then said, "You talk of dying agonies; they have come upon me." Being asked if he could describe them, he answered, with his hand upon his breast, "Something here that will not let me sleep or breathe hardly." It was in this emergency that he sought the sweet influence of music. While he sat by the piano, one of his brethren in the ministry came in. My father, extending his hand to him as he entered, said, "You see me just going home." His friend said, "It has often been your privilege to administer consolation to the dying: I trust you experience all those consolations you have offered to others." Raising his voice in the most emphatic manner, he repeated, "More,—more,—much more."

On the sabbath previous to his death, new symptoms appearing, he was told that his disease was approaching a crisis; and subsequently, that it might form one in twenty-four hours. On Monday, a long-tried friend who called, said to him, "Your journey is almost over." "Blessed be God," said he, —"twelve hours."

To his grand-children and the domestics he gave his parting charge to meet him in heaven.

To Malvina he said, "I want you to examine yourself a great deal before you venture to hope."

To Edward and Lyndon, "You must give your heart to the Saviour. Don't put it off another hour."

To Frances, "Be a good girl, and give your heart to the Saviour while you are young."

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 7th, we were called up to see him die. He was, as usual, panting for breath. My husband asked him if he suffered any pain. "None," said he, and then broke out in the following expressions, interrupted, scarcely audible, but most impressive. "My Heavenly Father,—my dear Redeemer,—wonderful in mercy and faithfulness! I pray you to give him glory forever and ever." Being asked if he still continued to dread the dying struggle, "No," said he; "I leave it all with God; I refer it all to his will."

In the afternoon his brother inquired if his mind was still unclouded. "Without a doubt," was his prompt and emphatic reply. After bathing his feet, he cheerfully said, "I never expect to bathe my feet again. My soul I hope to wash in the blood of the Lamb." He bade his brother, who was obliged to leave him, a cheerful and affectionate farewell. He gave his parting blessing to all who called to see him, and failed not to send messages of love to the absent members of their families.

Early in the evening, a beloved friend, a sister of my husband, was introduced to him. "I do not recollect my friends now," said he. "You remember the dear Saviour who is by you?" she asked. "Oh yes," emphatically; "he never so manifested his preciousness to me before." After his grandchildren, excepting Malvina, had left the room for the night, having received as usual the parting kiss, Sarah repeated to him several of his favorite hymns, at the close of each of which he exclaimed, "precious,—very precious." These were among his last recollections of earth. While we stood around him, he fell into a gentle sleep; and five minutes before four o'clock on Wednesday morning, Nov. 8th, ceased to breathe, without a struggle or a groan. His age was sixty-seven years, ten

months, two days; nine days younger than my beloved mother. He served the Lord Jesus Christ in the gospel ministry, forty-five years.

Every expression of veneration and love has been paid to the memory of this man of God. His funeral was attended in the first Presbyterian church, where hundreds pressed to take a last look, and to read the inscription placed upon his breast: "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you." Most of the clergymen in this city preached with reference to his death. One of them alluding to the providence which brought him back to Newark, beautifully remarked: "It was fitting that he who came in his youth to teach us how to live, should come, when his head was gray, to show us how to die. It was fitting that he should lie side by side till the resurrection morn, with them to whom he had preached Christ 'the resurrection and the life.'"

"Devout men" bore both my parents to the grave; where they lie side by side, on the very spot purchased by my father for a burial-place before his removal to Boston. The following inscriptions mark the spot:

SACRED
to the memory of
The Rev. Dr.
EDWARD DORR GRIFFIN,
who departed this life
in the hope
of a glorious immortality,
Nov. 8th, 1837,
in the 68th year
of his age.
They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

*SACRED
to the memory of
Mrs. FRANCES GRIFFIN,
Wife of the
Rev. Dr. Edward D. Griffin,
who departed this life
in the hope
of a glorious immortality,
July 25th, 1837,
in the 68th year
of her age.
In her tongue was the law of kindness.
On such the second death hath no power.
Oh death where is thy sting!
Oh grave where is thy victory

* This was written by my father.

The disease which in its accumulated ravages wasted my father's strength, and laid him in the grave, was of more than four years continuance. It apparently commenced in a slight attack of paralysis, affecting his left side, in the spring of '33. It resulted, as ascertained by a post mortem examination, in an enlargement and softening of the heart. The immediate cause of death was a general dropsical effusion.

In August, 1834, symptoms of dropsy in the chest appeared. I have often heard him describe its commencement. "I awoke," said he, "with a new and dreadful sensation here," laying his hand upon his breast; "and I asked myself, what if only this were eternal! The thought was overwhelming. My mind at once turned to some whom I had loved, and who had gone into eternity, leaving no evidence that they were prepared for heaven. The scene of their sufferings became as real as though I had stood on the margin of the burning lake." I visited Williamstown soon after this memorable night, and found this impression stamped upon his soul. He was as solemn as though he had indeed seen the dread reality. His mind was weighed down with the prospect of the eternal, the unendurable suffering of the wicked; and it was not until he was enabled to take a comprehensive view of the government of God, that he threw off the gloom that rested upon his mind. It was the only time I ever saw him gloomy. From this time the salvation of souls from this eternity of misery, was the one subject that occupied his time, his conversation, and his prayers. From this time may be traced his rapid increase in spirituality, and his evident ripening for heaven. Soon after, his symptoms became alarming, but for himself he manifested no anxiety. The passage in Phil. iv. 6, 7, seemed to dwell upon his mind, and to leave its own impress there. These dropsical symptoms soon yielded to medical skill, and returned not again till after my mother's death. But that noble frame which had stood firm and erect for more than sixty winters, was henceforth to crumble away under the influence of disease.

On my father's return to this scene of his early labors, he

was welcomed with a warmth of affection, to him unexpected and overwhelming. Here he found many of his spiritual children, who hastened to remind him of their spiritual relations; and many of the children of his departed friends, whose parents had taught them to honor him from their infancy. Here too he found the aged sinner, who in former years had listened to his appeals as an ambassador for God; and here and there a child of the covenant, who was yet an "alien from the commonwealth of Israel." Amidst such recognitions, the yearnings of a pastor's heart revived. Early in the spring he commenced a course of visitation, which occupied his mornings for several successive weeks. And who that marked his feeble footsteps as he bent before the chilling blast, but felt that some mighty purpose moved his soul? These visits, these admonitions, these prayers of anxious love, can never be forgotten. They will be reviewed at the judgment. God grant that they may not then appear as a witness against any whom he sought to save!

He preached eighteen sermons during the last year, besides attending several funerals and addressing us, in his own impressive manner, at our communion seasons.

The only objects for which he wished to live, as he repeatedly said, were to promote revivals of religion by his prayers, conversation and preaching, and to prepare his MSS. for the press. For this he was willing awhile to linger an exile from heaven.

He was permitted to sow the good seed in many hearts;—to lay up a rich inheritance of prayer for his children and friends;—to commend the departing spirit of his beloved wife to his Saviour and hers, and to see her precious remains safely deposited in sure hope of a glorious resurrection;—to show us how a good man may live, and how too he may die;—and then he was taken, I doubt not, to the "rest that remaineth to the people of God." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCES LOUISA SMITH.

FROM THE FACULTY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE TO DR. SMITH.

The Faculty of Williams College, having recently heard of the death of the Rev. Dr. Griffin, and having been long associated with him either as his pupils, or in the instruction and government of the college, are desirous to express to his family and near friends their sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement, and the high sense which they entertain of his talents and worth.

They feel that a great man, and a benefactor of his age has departed. From his powers as a pulpit orator, and the peculiar positions which he occupied, his influence as a preacher will be long felt, while his writings must take their place among standard theological works.

Of his connexion with this College, we, in common with all its friends, would speak with gratitude. To him, probably more than to any other man, is it owing that this College was placed on a permanent foundation, and enjoys its present degree of prosperity. His labors in its behalf were arduous, persevering and successful. During his Presidency the College enjoyed several powerful revivals of religion, and it was especially from its connection with the cause of Christ, that he watched over its interests and prayed for it. Through his pupils his influence is now felt in heathen lands.

We rejoice to hear that his death was peaceful, and that in that trying hour he was supported by the religion which he had so long preached, and so extensively promoted.

The former members of his family, whom we can never cease to regard with interest, will please accept, together with yourself, our respectful and affectionate remembrance.

In behalf of the Faculty,

M. HOPKINS, *Pres't.*

DR. L. A. SMITH.

FROM THE REV. HOLLIS READ TO MISS GRIFFIN.

Babylon, Nov. 13th, 1837.

My Dear Miss Griffin,

The Newark Daily Advertiser, announcing the death of your dear and venerated father, has this moment reached me. The first impulse of my heart—that ever beat with love and gratitude to that ever-blessed, but now glorified saint, and with the most tender and respectful affection for his family, is to beg the privilege and honor of mingling my tears with yours on this mournful occasion. But how mournful? I mourn for myself that I have lost so valuable a counsellor, and so dear a father and friend. I mourn for you, dear sister, and for all those to whom he was so justly dear and valued. I mourn for the church of Christ and for this dark world, because another bright and shining light has sunk below our horizon. But here my mourning stops. My tears dry. I look up and see that innumerable throng around the throne. I listen—a new harp is strung. A new voice is heard. Its infant notes are distinguished amidst the countless host. They mingle with the harmonious sounds of the ten thousand times ten thousand in the New Jerusalem. It is the voice of our father. Yes, of *our* father. I am the son of the travail of his soul. He has entered "the gates of pearl." He walks the golden streets. He finds peace within its jasper walls—rest on its "precious" foundations. Though the mortal part slumbereth in the dark grave, yet slumbereth not the spirit. He hath no need of the sun to shine upon it, for the glory of the Lord enlighteneth it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Thanks then to God that he has gone before us. Heaven is now nearer, dearer, sweeter. Is it not pleasant to think that our dear father waits to receive and welcome us? He has taught us here how to sing the song of redeeming love. And now, since he has gone to take lessons at the feet of infinite Perfection, may he not there again teach our unfledged souls to soar and sing and praise him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood?

Happy, happy saint! We love to follow him. We love to

listen to the sweet sound of his heavenly music now. We love to look back and recall the past. What scenes with us are associated with one period of his ministry! We love to contemplate him now so soon reunited in the bonds of everlasting love, to your dear mother; forever joined in holy activity and ceaseless praise with "heaven's best gift" in his earthly pilgrimage.

But hark! there comes another sound from those once loved and always revered lips. It is a sound of warning, of fear and trembling, for his spiritual sons and daughters. It comes to me; to you; to all who stand in this endeared relation. It says, "beware"—"watch"—"strive"—"fear lest a promise being left—some of you should come short of it."

But I must close. Accept my most heart-felt condolence in this hour of severe bereavement. Your tears will flow. It is nature. It is right. You know the Mourner's Friend. Your Redeemer liveth. May he be found a ready help.

Mrs. Read unites with me in hearty sympathy and affectionate regards to yourself and Dr. and Mrs. Smith. I beg they will receive this humble token of condolence and affection equally with yourself.

Yours very affectionately,

H. READ.

FROM THE REV. DOCTOR HUMPHREY TO DR. GRIFFIN'S CHILDREN.

Amherst College, Nov. 13th, 1837.

My afflicted Friends,

The southern mail, last evening, brought us the intelligence that your revered and honored father has fallen asleep! Soon, but not too soon for him, has he followed your beloved mother, as we confidently believe, to her eternal rest. The news was not so unexpected as to be surprising; for when I saw him at the meeting of the American Board, his hold on life appeared too feeble to last long. I have known Dr. Griffin for about forty years, and have always regarded him as one of the most eloquent, pungent, and useful preachers, that

I ever heard. There was a melody, a solemnity, a charm in his voice, during all the prime of his ministry, and even up to the age of sixty, which always struck strangers as very remarkable, and what was of infinitely greater importance, he dealt so faithfully with the conscience, that few could go away so much admiring the preacher as to forget themselves.

His natural talents were certainly of a high order. His mind, if not quite so rapid in its movements as some others, was highly discriminating. He could grasp a difficult subject with much apparent ease, and hold it at his pleasure. He saw the relations and differences of things, with uncommon perspicuity; and what he saw clearly himself, he knew how to present in a strong light to other minds. Of this there are many fine examples in his Park-street Lectures—a book by the way, which will go down to posterity.

To say nothing of the eminent services which he rendered to religion and learning, in other stations, few ministers of the age, I believe, have been instrumental of awakening and saving more souls than Dr. Griffin. How will his crown of rejoicing sparkle with gems in the day of the Lord Jesus! Though he spent more time in several other places than in Boston, I have always been impressed with the belief, that his pre-eminent usefulness was on that ground. When he went there, the piety of the pilgrim fathers had nearly ceased to warm the bosoms of their descendants. Calvinism was a bye-word and reproach. Orthodoxy hardly dared to show its head in any of the Congregational pulpits. It wanted a strong arm to hold up the standard of the cross, a strong voice to cry in the ears of the people, and a bold heart to encounter the scorn and the talent that were arrayed against him. And nobly, in the fear and strength of the Lord, did he "quit himself."

Nothing was more striking in his character, than the high ground which he always took in exhibiting the offensive doctrines of the gospel, particularly divine sovereignty, election, the total depravity of the natural heart, and the necessity of regeneration. These doctrines he exhibited with great clearness and power, before friends and enemies. The crisis re-

quired just such a master-spirit, and Boston felt his power; or rather felt the power of God, which I must think wrought in him mightily during his short ministry in Park-street. From the time of his going there, orthodoxy began to revive; and we all know how many flourishing churches have, as it were, sprung from that one stock.

With your thrice honored father God was every thing, and man was nothing. He wanted to see every body lying at the footstool with perfect submission to the divine will, putting a blank into God's hands, to be filled up just according to his infinite wisdom and pleasure; and there he loved to lie himself. This was the theme of his remarks when I saw him at your house, a few weeks ago. He seemed fully resolved, that if ever he was saved, God should have all the glory of it—that if he went to heaven, he would go there to sing redeeming love. Never shall we forget either his address, or his prayer, on the last forenoon of our session in your church. Both were close on the verge of heaven! And how exquisitely did he enjoy the hymns of praise in your family circle on the evening of the sabbath when I saw him last.

Most sincerely do I sympathize with you in your afflictions, and rejoice with you too, in the bright hopes which shine upon the path of your sorrows. May the Lord bless and sanctify you; and may you ever be followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises!

I am, very sincerely, your friend,

H. HUMPHREY.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. BURDER of London, shows in what estimation Dr. GRIFFIN'S character was held abroad.

Hackney, June 7th, 1831.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

It cannot but be gratifying to me to have an opportunity of addressing a few lines to you, under circumstances which shelter me from the charge of being obtrusive. A few days

ago I had the honor of receiving the diploma which bears your signature; and in my view, if the entire value of that document were derived from that revered name, it would be entitled to warmer acknowledgments than my words can convey. I feel, however, greatly indebted to every member of the "Senatus Academicus," as well as to their honored President, for the degree which has been conferred in a manner so kind, and handsome, and indulgent. To you, my Dear Sir, and to the learned body over which you preside, I owe, in some respects, even a greater debt of gratitude than to the University of Glasgow, where I pursued my studies, whose kindness has conferred a similar honor. May I become less unworthy of a distinction which I could never have presumed to solicit!

Through the kindness of our mutual friend, Dr. S., I have had the pleasure of cultivating that kind of acquaintance with you, my Dear Sir, which is rendered practicable by the press. To many of the habitual and powerful workings of your mind I am no stranger. You have assisted me in my feeble efforts to seek a "Heavenly mind." Your Park-st. lectures have given many a vigorous impulse to my thoughts on the great things of God; and this very morning I have perused, with no ordinary emotions, your Murray-st. discourse on "glorying in the Lord." May those energies of intellect which the Father of spirits has awakened and consecrated, long be continued, in unimpaired power, for a blessing to America, to Britain, to the world.

I am beyond expression interested and impressed by the intelligence I have received in reference to the present revivals of religion in your happy and honored country. Oh what a day of glory has dawned upon your churches! Did my family (of four children, now motherless,) and my flock permit, how enraptured I should be to cross the ocean and mingle with you in your joys and thanksgivings and supplications. Oh pray, my Dear Sir, for us, that the blessed influences of the Holy One may thus descend upon the land of your fathers!

With blended emotions, of gratitude, respect, and attachment, believe me to be, Rev. and Dear Sir, very cordially, and faithfully, and obediently, yours,

HENRY FORSTER BURDER.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

It has been the design of the preceding chapters to exhibit Doctor GRIFFIN'S general course through life, in connexion with such extracts from his private journal as seemed best adapted to illustrate the various stages of his christian experience. It only remains to present some of the more prominent features of his character a little in detail, and to attempt some general estimate of the extended and diversified influence of his life.

Doctor GRIFFIN was remarkable in his *physical* conformation. He measured six feet and nearly three inches from the ground, and his frame was every way well proportioned. His gigantic and noble form attracted the attention of strangers as he walked the streets; and when he rose in a great assembly, he towered so much above the rest as to throw around men of ordinary stature an air of insignificance. His countenance was peculiar—expressive both of strong thought and strong feeling; and those who knew him will recognize a faithful delineation, both of his features and his expression, in the engraved portrait prefixed to this memoir. Though he was somewhat feeble in his early child-

hood, he ultimately developed a fine constitution, and during much the greater part of his life possessed an uncommon share of physical vigor. It may also be mentioned in this connexion, that he was remarkable, even to the last day of his life, for his habits of personal neatness. "The last sun that shone upon him," says a member of his family, "found him brushing his teeth as thoroughly as he ever did, and his regular shaving and change of apparel were never intermitted."

It is hardly necessary to say that Doctor GRIFFIN was quite as extraordinary in his *intellectual* character as in his physical powers and proportions. It would perhaps be difficult to say whether the imagination or the reasoning faculty constituted the predominating feature of his mind; for he was one of the rare instances of pre-eminence in both. He seemed equally at home in the heights and in the depths: if his mind was prolific of the most magnificent and burning conceptions, it was also capable of pushing the most abstract subject of inquiry to the farthest limit of human investigation. But while his imagination soared high, and his reasoning faculty penetrated far, neither the one nor the other was particularly rapid in its operations. The movements of his mind all partook more of the majesty of the thunder-storm than the impetuosity of the whirlwind.

His intellectual *habits* were substantially those of every thoroughly disciplined mind. He had no time to devote to useless employments, and his faculties never became rusty from inaction. A do-

mestic in his family testifies that she never entered his room without finding him engaged in writing, reading, or prayer. He was also in all things, the smallest as well as the greatest, remarkably attentive to system; and he was never satisfied unless every thing around him occupied its appropriate place, and every thing devolving upon him was done at the proper time. And to these qualities may be added a spirit of uncommon perseverance; a fixed purpose to do well whatever he undertook; to get to the bottom of every subject which he attempted to investigate. During the last year of his life he copied out a little book of hymns, as correctly as if they had been designed for the press; and within a sabbath or two previous to his death, as he was reading some missionary journal, he requested his daughter to hand him his atlas that he might find certain places mentioned in it, and he bent over the map with untiring interest until he had traced the whole course.

Dr. Griffin's *dispositions* and *feelings* were so far moulded by the influence of religion, that it was not easy always to distinguish between the man and the christian;—between the elements of nature and the graces of the Spirit. There was, however, a tenderness and generosity and magnanimity about him, which every one felt to be instinctive. He was also naturally of a social turn, and accommodated himself with great felicity to persons of different ages and capacities. In almost every circle into which he was thrown, he was sure to lead the conversation; and yet not in

a way that seemed officious or obtrusive, but because he was put forward by the united consent of those who felt his superiority.

It would appear from the journal that he kept of his private religious exercises, that the leading element of his *christian* character was a deep sense of his own corruptions and of his entire dependance on the sovereign grace of God in Christ; and hence he was always peculiarly jealous for the divine glory:—always ready to buckle on his armor for conflict when he saw any movements in the theological world, which looked hostile to the sovereignty of God or the dignity of his Son. In the early part of his christian course, his mind seems to have been occupied more with the severer truths of God's word, especially the nature and obligations of his law; but in his later days he was much more disposed to dwell upon the grace and glory of the gospel—the fulness of its provisions and the freeness of its offers; and hence his piety, as he advanced toward the end of his course, became increasingly cheerful and attractive. Those who had the opportunity of enjoying his society in the last months of his life, felt that his eye was turned directly and habitually upon the sun of Righteousness; and that every desire of his heart was swallowed up in this—that God's will might be done, and God's name glorified.

Doctor GRIFFIN was remarkable for his *strict adherence to truth*. He had no sympathy with those lax notions on this subject which have been so lamentably common in these later years, among many

professed christians, not to say ministers of the gospel—especially the notion that it is lawful to practise some degree of deception in religious matters, for the sake of gaining what is supposed to be an important end: on the contrary, he allowed not himself either by his words or his actions, either in respect to religion or any thing else, intentionally to leave an impression upon any mind that was at variance with his honest convictions. "I well remember," says his daughter, "his early attempts to fix my confidence in his word;—a confidence which he never forfeited. He would place me on a high mantle piece, and then removing himself a short distance direct me to throw myself into his arms, assuring me that it was safe, and that he would take me down in no other way. I would sit for a long time, pleading, trembling, perhaps weeping, till finding him inflexible, I was forced to make the dreaded leap, and test the truth of his promise. In after life it was his frequent and fearless appeal, 'Did your father ever deceive you?' In his diary he mentions assuming a smile at the side of Ellen's sick bed, in order to conceal from her my danger, and then adds, 'and for the first and only time deceived my child.'"

Another peculiarly amiable feature in his character, was his *freedom from censoriousness*. The law of kindness was upon his lips; and though he was often engaged in controversy, and felt himself called in obedience to his strong convictions of duty, to expose what he deemed the errors of others either in doctrine or practice, yet he was uniform-

ly courteous toward his opponents. The maxim which regulated his conduct as a controvertist was, "Crush heresy, but spare the heretic."

Intimately connected with the preceding, was another quality which, to those who knew him best, constituted one of the brightest attractions of his character—viz. *a meek and forgiving spirit.* Few men have suffered more than he, either from the detraction and virulence of enemies, or the mistaken impressions of friends; and few, it is believed, in similar circumstances, have evinced so much of christian forbearance and magnanimity. Doctor SPRING, who had known him long and intimately, says, in the sermon preached at his funeral, "I have known him a greatly injured man, but I have never known him cherish a retaliating or revengeful disposition. I have seen him weep under injuries, but I never heard him utter an angry sentence against those who reviled him. There was a kindness, a generosity, a nobleness of heart about him, which his enemies never knew how to appreciate." If any further evidence were needed of his possessing in a high degree this attribute of christian character, it is furnished by the following record—equally touching and sublime—which he made in his diary, relative to certain slanderous reports which had been put in circulation concerning him.

"At this period the greatest trial of my life commenced through the unkindness of friends whom I had never injured. Through misrepresentations and misapprehensions I was accused of things of which I was perfectly innocent. In that time of trial I was determined not to say a wrong thing, or do

a wrong action, to save my character or life. I never saw before how little love I had, how hard it was to love a mere neighbor, an enemy as myself, and never before saw the miracle which was exhibited in the pretorium and on the cross. I felt a spirit of forbearance and kindness which I scarcely thought possible; and when another spirit arose, my remedy was to go to my knees, and pray for my persecutors until I could forgive them."

As the interests of Christ's kingdom lay specially near his heart, he was always ready not only to urge upon others the duty of *consecrating their property* to its advancement, but *to do this himself* according to his ability. He was never rich; but out of the competence which he possessed, he contributed more or less to most of the great benevolent objects of the day. The generous donation which he made to the college, and with which he commenced the effort that resulted in its extended means and increased prosperity, has been noticed in a preceding chapter. During his residence at Williamstown, he had, on a certain occasion, subscribed a hundred dollars to assist a feeble congregation in the neighborhood in building a church. As the time for payment drew near, he found it difficult to command the necessary means for meeting it. About that time he journeyed eastward in behalf of the college, with an intention to spend one sabbath with his friends in Boston. But on his arrival there, he met a clergyman who urged his passing that sabbath with *him;* and added, "My wife says, If Dr. G. will come and preach for us, I will give him fifty dollars." The Doctor understanding this to be intended for the college, relinquished his

purpose of remaining in Boston, and accepted the invitation. When his plate was removed from the breakfast table Monday morning, he found a hundred dollar note lying before him, with a request that he would accept it as his own. This sum, with his accustomed promptness, he appropriated to the payment of his subscription. The circumstance he was accustomed to reckon among the peculiar providences of God toward him.

And this suggests another striking feature of his character, viz. his *habitual recognition of a divine providence, and his confidence in God under all circumstances.* He was fond of repeating the maxim of the blind Mr. PRINCE, "He that will observe the providence of God shall never want for matter of observation." His calculations for the future seemed always to be made in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, "If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that." A striking instance of his confidence in God for the success of his labors, occurred at a meeting of ministers shortly after his removal to Boston. The conversation having turned upon the peculiarly difficult and responsible station in which he had been placed, Dr. SAMUEL SPRING turned to him and said, "Dr. G. you seem like a man placed upright upon the point of a steeple with nothing to hold by—now how will you stand?" "You mistake," said Dr. G. "I have God to hold by."

As he felt deeply his dependance on God, his life, especially the latter part of it, seems to have been eminently a life of prayer. For a considera-

ble period previous to his death, no small part of his waking hours was spent in private devotion. The following touching circumstance, as related by his daughter, shows how closely he had interwoven this duty with the economy of every day: "On one of his last sabbaths," she says, "when his debility had produced a drowsiness hard to be overcome, about noon he suddenly raised himself and said, 'I have not prayed since morning, I have been so sleepy. I wish you would lead me into the next room' (where there was no fire) 'that I may wake up to pray.' I accordingly led him to the sofa, and wrapped a cloak about him and left him alone. Here as he sat for nearly an hour, I heard his voice from time to time raised in supplication. He then asked for his Form of Self-examination, and remained some time longer engaged in reading it over."

In glancing at Dr. G's *public* character, it is natural first to contemplate him where he was perhaps more in his element than any where else—*in the pulpit*. As a preacher it may safely be said that few of any age have reached so commanding an eminence. Some of our transatlantic brethren, who have listened to him, and who were familiar with the best specimens of the eloquence of the pulpit in Great Britain, have unhesitatingly expressed their conviction that Dr. G. was not exceeded, either in matter or manner, by the best British preachers they had ever heard. In the selection of his subjects he evidently kept in view, in an unusual degree, the only legitimate end of preaching—

the sanctification and salvation of men; and hence he never degraded the pulpit by the introduction of topics which might gratify a mere intellectual taste, but which could never find their way to the conscience or the heart. His sermons were eminently rich in divine truth; those truths which humble man and exalt God; and no man who listened to him attentively had ever any just reason to complain that he had nothing to carry away. Though he was an acute metaphysician, yet he rarely introduced metaphysical discussions into the pulpit; and whenever he did, it was rather with a view to repel the assaults of the enemies of truth with their own weapons, than to borrow light from reason for the establishment of scripture doctrine. He reasoned indeed, and reasoned with great power; but his arguments were based on scripture and common sense, and were ordinarily within the comprehension of any class of his hearers. And as he administered to the intellect its appropriate aliment, he knew how to address himself with equal power to the feelings; and it was difficult to say which was most to be admired, the cogency of his reasoning, the grandeur of his conceptions, or the tenderness of his appeals. Now he came down upon the sinner's conscience with the weight of a mountain, and again, by a wonderful effort of imagination, he seemed to raise the christian to the very gate of heaven, and hold him there till he became well nigh entranced with its glories. His manner was emphatically his own; and though a faint resemblance of it has been shadowed forth in a considerable number of our preach-

ers, yet the best effort at imitation does nothing more than painfully remind us of the magnificent original. In more senses than one he might be called the giant of the pulpit. His stately and noble form, his erect and dignified attitude, would enchain a congregation of strangers before he opened his lips. And then his voice was in good keeping with his person: it could express the softest and gentlest emotions with inimitable effect, while it could swell into the majesty of the thunder or break upon you in the fury of the tempest. His sermons for the pulpit were always written, and with very few exceptions always read; but his style was so adapted to his manner, and his reading so admirably perfect, that even the most bigotted opposers of reading in the pulpit were constrained to acknowledge that this mode of preaching answered very well for *him*. His gestures, like every thing else that pertained to his manner, were bold and striking; and when he was excited, as he almost always was in some part of his sermon, they succeeded each other with great rapidity. In his ordinary preaching, there is said to have been very considerable inequality; though even his most moderate sermons had something to identify them as his own, and bore more or less of the impress of his noble mind. In his more public and extraordinary efforts, for which he always took ample time to prepare, he rarely if ever failed; and on some of these occasions he rose to the very highest pitch of eloquence. His sermon on "the art of preaching," delivered before the Pastoral Association of Mas-

sachusetts, is perhaps the very best thing extant on that subject; and it would be difficult to find a man who combined in a higher degree than Dr. Griffin himself the qualities which he has there so admirably described as essential to perfection in preaching.

In his *pastoral and private religious intercourse* Doctor G. exhibited all the tenderness of his heart. He attached great importance to visiting from house to house, not only for the general purpose of religious intercourse with his people, but that he might learn from the state of his congregation what he ought to preach on the one hand, and what effect his preaching had produced on the other. The following circumstance furnishes a beautiful example of the tenderness of his spirit in his intercourse with the careless and ungodly. A Jew who now professes to be a christian, called upon him in company with a clergyman. In the course of the interview, Dr. G. turning to his clerical brother, inquired, "What are our young friend's views on the subject of religion?" He could not tell. The Doctor instantly took the hand of the Jew, and threw his arm around him, and exclaimed, "I love the Jews—Oh, you *must* love the Lord Jesus Christ."

But it was in *revivals of religion* especially that Dr. G. appeared with surpassing advantage; and in connexion with these perhaps he has rendered his most important services to the church. The history of his life seems little less than the history of one unbroken revival; and it would perhaps be difficult to name the individual in our country since the days

of Whitefield, who has been instrumental of an equal number of hopeful conversions. But while he possessed in so high a degree the spirit of revivals, he had no communion with the spirit of fanaticism; and when he saw a community at the very highest point of religious excitement, he still insisted that every thing should be done decently and in order. No man deplored more deeply than he the erratic and extravagant measures by which so many of our more modern revivals have been marked; and no one labored more zealously than he to purify those scenes in which he so much delighted of every unhallowed admixture, and to bring back the scriptural simplicity and order of other and better days.

The following extract of a letter from a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian church, who was a pupil of Dr. G's at Williamstown, will not only serve to show what he was in revivals, but to illustrate some striking traits of his character.

Early in the spring of 1824, if I remember rightly, there were glowing appearances of a most extensive revival. The college and the town were greatly shaken. Dr. G. was all fervor and zeal. The excitement continued four or five weeks. A few individuals seemed converted. A wicked fellow, by the name of R——, began to exhort us with great power and effect. But the excitement subsided as suddenly as it sprang up. And after all feeling had passed over, there was but one in town or college that gave evidence of true conversion; and that was William Hervey, whose bones repose in India, where he went as a missionary under the American Board. He was one of the best men I ever knew. In a few weeks R—— was found drunk. In reference to all this matter, I heard Dr.

G. say afterwards, "To save one immortal soul the Lord will shake a whole church, a whole town, and if nothing less will save it, he will shake a whole continent." And to illustrate this position, he would narrate, with melting pathos, the story of Hervey's conversion.

If I recollect dates aright, in the spring of 1825 there was a truly powerful and genuine revival in town and college. In this work Dr. G. was the prime instrument. Some of the most touching moral scenes that I ever saw or heard of occurred during its progress. Guilty of the sin of David, we numbered the converted and the unconverted. The report went out one morning, and reached Dr. G. that all college was converted but eighteen. There was to be a prayer meeting that night, and he sent over word that he would meet with us. Although the evening was dark and stormy, and the ground exceedingly muddy, there was not probably a student of college absent from the meeting. We waited in breathless silence for the Doctor. He came, and the lecture room was so crowded that he stood in the door, whilst giving his hat to one, and his cloak and lantern to others. He stood for a moment gazing through his tears on the crowd before him. Then clasping his hands and lifting up his face to heaven, he uttered in the most moving accents these words—"Or those *eighteen* upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?" The effect was overpowering. For minutes he could not utter another word, and the room was filled with weeping. It was one of those inimitable touches which he could occasionally give beyond all men that I have ever known. I narrated the incident to him a few weeks previous to his death. He wept aloud on its recital; but had forgotten all about it.

Another of these touches he gave at the last service but one that I heard him perform. It was at the funeral of the Rev. Mr. G. of this town. After a solemn service he offered the concluding prayer, which he commenced thus—"O Lord, we thank thee that good men may die." Being uttered, as it

was, in his peculiar manner, it deeply impressed and affected every mind.

During revivals his sermons were nothing in comparison with his talks and lectures. I have heard him preach great sermons, but the most eloquent and glowing thoughts that I ever heard from mortal lips, were from him in the school-houses at Williamstown.

In my repeated interviews with him previous to his death, I found nothing to interest him so much as little incidents in reference to revivals in college, and intelligence in respect to the usefulness of students who had been converted under him. He seemed to feel as if he had been multiplying himself in every student converted through his instrumentality. In my last interview with him, I told him the story of the conversion in 1825, of a Mr. H. now a highly useful minister, but then a profane and worthless profligate. The Doctor was in the habit of frequently closing his sermons with "Hallelujah, Amen," and always repeated the words in a peculiarly varied and musical tone. His tones were caught and repeated with laughable accuracy by H——. Just at the commencement of the revival he was often heard repeating these words, and with great force and wit and sarcasm, exhorting his fellow students to get converted; swearing that he himself would get converted the very first one. And as God would have it, he *was* converted the very first one. He was seen on a fast day morning coming into the prayer meeting, as we all thought, to make sport. But before the meeting ended he arose, and such an appeal to the students as he made, and such an effect as it produced, I never witnessed. And to the close of the revival he was as useful as any among us. The story affected the Doctor to such a degree that for a time he was entirely overcome.

It has already been intimated that Doctor G.'s heart was much in the great cause of christian benevolence, and that his hand was ever open to con-

tribute to its advancement according to his ability. But much of what he did on this subject, belongs rather to his public than his private character. The spirit of missions is intimately allied to the spirit of revivals; and if he caught the latter at a very early period and in a very high degree, he was not less eminently imbued with the former. In the formation of most of those great national institutions which for years have been radiating points of benign and illuminating influence to the world, he was active; his eloquent voice has often been lifted up in the most overwhelming appeals on their behalf; and there are multitudes with whom the impression that he produced on these occasions still remains almost as vivid, as if it were of yesterday. The American Board of Foreign Missions with which he had been identified from the beginning, and in the formation of which he exerted an important influence, continued always the special object of his deep and earnest regard. At the last meeting of this Board which occurred at Newark a few days before his death, he was present, though in a greatly enfeebled state, and took part in its deliberations, and even made a public address, which is said to have been one of his most delightful and impressive efforts. It was the voice of an aged pilgrim on the verge of heaven, pleading for the salvation of a world from which his spirit was in a few days to take its final flight.

If there was any one department of christian benevolence in which Doctor G. took a deeper interest than in any other, perhaps it was the education

of young men for the sacred office. He saw early and clearly that this was vital in any system of instrumentalities which should be introduced for evangelizing the world; and upon this he seems to have had an anxious eye at least from the period of his introduction into the ministry. In a letter to the Rev. Calvin Durfy, then of Hunter, Greene county, New-York, dated March 4, 1828, he writes thus: "I was glad to hear of the blessing of God upon your labors, and of the prospect of your settlement in that part of the country. May you be used as an instrument of great good to Zion. I hope you will be able to send some of those young men whom God is sanctifying, to assist our prayers here, to take your place within these halls, and to prepare here for the future service of the church. Will you not keep your eye steadily fixed on this object? I used to think at your age that if I could bring forward one young man who would make a better minister than myself, in that single act I should do more good than in all my life beside." In accordance with the sentiments here expressed, he had always a watchful eye and a helping hand in relation to this subject; and there are not a small number now usefully engaged in the ministry, who, but for his paternal counsel and aid, would have been devoted to this day to some secular occupation.

Doctor Griffin was in no small degree distinguished as a *teacher of youth*, especially in the department of rhetoric and oratory; and hence those who enjoyed the privilege of his instructions at Andover, are so often heard to speak of him in this

respect, in terms of unqualified admiration. His powers of criticism were well nigh unrivalled. A piece of composition which to an ordinary eye might seem to be tolerably free from defects he would take, and in reading it over a single time would reveal errors enough, even to the author's own eye, at least to furnish an antidote against any over-weening pretensions. To a friend who requested him to criticise a sermon, he said, "Yes, I will do it; but you ought to know that I am a bloody man in these matters;" and then proceeded in his criticism, verifying his declaration by drawing blood at every stroke. Those only who have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions, can form an adequate idea how much he was above ordinary teachers, especially in every thing belonging to the department of criticism.

Notwithstanding he presided over the college with great dignity, and was particularly successful in keeping up those various forms on which the order of such an institution so materially depends, yet, after all, his power of *managing youth* is said to have been less than his power of communicating instruction; owing to a natural quickness of feeling which sometimes temporarily prevailed over the dictates of his judgment. But ordinarily he manifested much of a fraternal spirit toward his pupils, and he was especially alive to every thing in which their religious interests were involved. One of them gives the following interesting account of his first interview with him:—"I was first introduced to him by letter in the fall of 1822, when I went to

Williamstown to enter the Freshman class. The first sight of his gigantic frame overawed me. In a moment he placed the timorous boy at his ease. After reading my letter, he rose and came to the corner of the room where I was sitting, and laying his hand on my head, said, 'I am glad to see you here; you must be my son, and I will be your father, and you must inform me of any thing that you need or wish.' He acted to me the part of a kind father, in every respect, as long as he lived."

As a *theological writer* Doctor GRIFFIN is no doubt destined to occupy a place among the first of the period in which he lived. His treatises on the atonement and on Divine efficiency are both monuments of great intellectual labor, and could never have been produced but by a powerful and thoroughly disciplined mind; but it was, after all, in the composition of sermons that his pre-eminence as a writer especially consisted. His Park-street Lectures is perhaps the work on which his reputation hitherto has depended more than upon any other; though there are several of his occasional sermons which are not at all inferior to the best portions of that volume. It is an invaluable legacy to posterity that he has left in the sermons which are now to be given to the public; and it will be gratifying, not only to his friends but to the christian community at large, to know that there are sermons enough in manuscript still remaining, for one or two additional volumes, all of which have been rewritten in his later years, and have undergone his careful and finishing touch.

It may probably occur to some readers that the view which has here been presented of Doctor Griffin's character must certainly be a very imperfect one, inasmuch as he was a man, and yet nothing has been said of his infirmities and imperfections. Of course it is not intended to claim for him an exemption from the frailties of human nature; but whatever defects of character he may have had, (and where is the man who is free from them?) those who knew him need not be told what they were, and those who did not know him, would be little likely to profit by the information. Suffice it to say, if the record of his private experience is to be relied on, he was prone to any thing rather than self-justification. No small part of his life seems to have been passed in mourning over his errors and corruptions; and the views which he has recorded of his own character before God greatly exceed what the most scrutinizing caviller would have dared to utter before men.

In reviewing the life of Doctor Griffin, we find occasion to acknowledge the divine goodness, not only in the transcendant powers with which he was endowed, and the holy impulse which these powers received from the influence of God's Spirit, but in the providential arrangement of events with reference to their most advantageous exercise. He began his career at a period of unrivalled interest; a period when great events were the order of the day, and the spirit of missions was breaking forth in one country, and the spirit of revivals in another, and in a third, a storm of atheistical fanaticism, that made

the very foundations of society rock. He quickly caught the spirit of the new era—a spirit for regenerating the world; and he found himself at home in the field which opened around him. Had he lived at an earlier period, he would indeed have been remembered as a great man, and perhaps as an eminently devoted minister; and yet the monuments of his pious activity might have been comparatively few: his commanding energies might have been exhausted in prophesying to bones upon which the breath from heaven had not begun to fall, even to the time of his going down to the grave. But he came upon the stage at the very time when the preparation in providence seemed to have been completed for the introduction of a new order of things: the fields where white around him, and what he had to do was to take his sickle and go forth to the harvest. It is worthy of remark also, that, upon his first settlement in the ministry, he was thrown into the immediate society of some of the most eminently devoted ministers which this or any other country has produced; such as Mills, Hallock, Gillet, &c. and there is no doubt that his frequent and intimate intercourse with these venerated men, had an important bearing upon his subsequent character and usefulness. Nor is the providence of God less to be acknowledged in respect to the different public stations which he occupied;—stations for which his talents and acquisitions admirably fitted him. His first settlement was indeed in a comparatively obscure place; but while his labors there were crowned with an abundant blessing, the retirement

of his situation was favorable to increasing his stock of ministerial furniture, and thus preparing him the better for the more public field which he was destined to occupy. At Newark he preached to one of the largest and most important congregations in the United States, while the vicinity of his residence to the city of New-York, brought him much before the eye of that metropolis, and greatly increased the amount of his general influence. Though his sojourn at Andover was short, yet it was of great importance, not only on account of the benefit which his instructions secured to his pupils, but on account of the character which his pre-eminent talents at once gave to the infant institution. In Park-street he accomplished what it may safely be said scarcely any other man could have done. Fearless of opposition, and relying on Jehovah his Strength, he planted the standard of evangelical truth there, and called aloud upon those who were willing to appear as soldiers of the cross to rally around it. Though his doctrines found no favor with the multitude, there was an attraction in his eloquence which it was not easy to resist; and there were some who came to scoff, and others who came to admire, that went away to pray. It was an enterprise of fearful hazard and responsibility which he undertook;—an enterprise that drew towards him the anxious eye of many a friend of Zion, and that drew upon him the bitterest obloquy of many an enemy of the cross; and though, in its progress, he seems sometimes to have become well-nigh discouraged, and to have imagined

that he was spending his strength for naught, yet he was really laying broad and deep the foundation of one of Zion's noblest watch towers ; and those only who remember the religious state of the metropolis of New-England previous to 1809, and are familiar with it now, can form an adequate estimate of the importance of his labors. At a later period he became president of Williams college, just in time to save it, by his persevering efforts, from extinction, and to raise it to the highly respectable standing which it now holds ; and here for fifteen years his ruling religious passion had full scope in the opportunity he enjoyed of endeavoring to bring as many as possible of the rising generation into the service of Christ and his church. And after his bodily energies began to fail, and his gigantic frame to totter, there was a moral sublimity in that providence which carried him back to die on the spot which was most endeared to him, with his entire family once more gathered around him, and in the midst of a community to a large part of which he had been united in one of the tenderest relations. Here he passed his last days, with the simplicity and dignity of a patriarch ; blessing those whom he had baptized, and administering counsel, consolation, warning, to those around him, as God gave him opportunity. In the last months of his life especially, all who visited him were deeply impressed with the tenderness and the heavenliness of his spirit, and felt that he had nearly reached the gate of that world where the everlasting employment is thanksgiving and praise. And the same gracious

providence that gave such serenity to his last days, kept him tranquil and fearless in the dark valley. Jesus and his salvation were the burden of his thoughts,—the theme of his praises, so long as his tongue could move; and death did its work so gently, that when the breath was gone, it was not easy to realize that he had been in the hands of an enemy. Thrice honored father, while we cherish thy memory and embalm thy virtues, we will bless the God of nature for endowing thee with such noble powers, and the God of grace for sanctifying and directing them, and the God of providence for placing thee in a field where thou couldst labor so effectually for the salvation of men and thy Redeemer's honor!

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